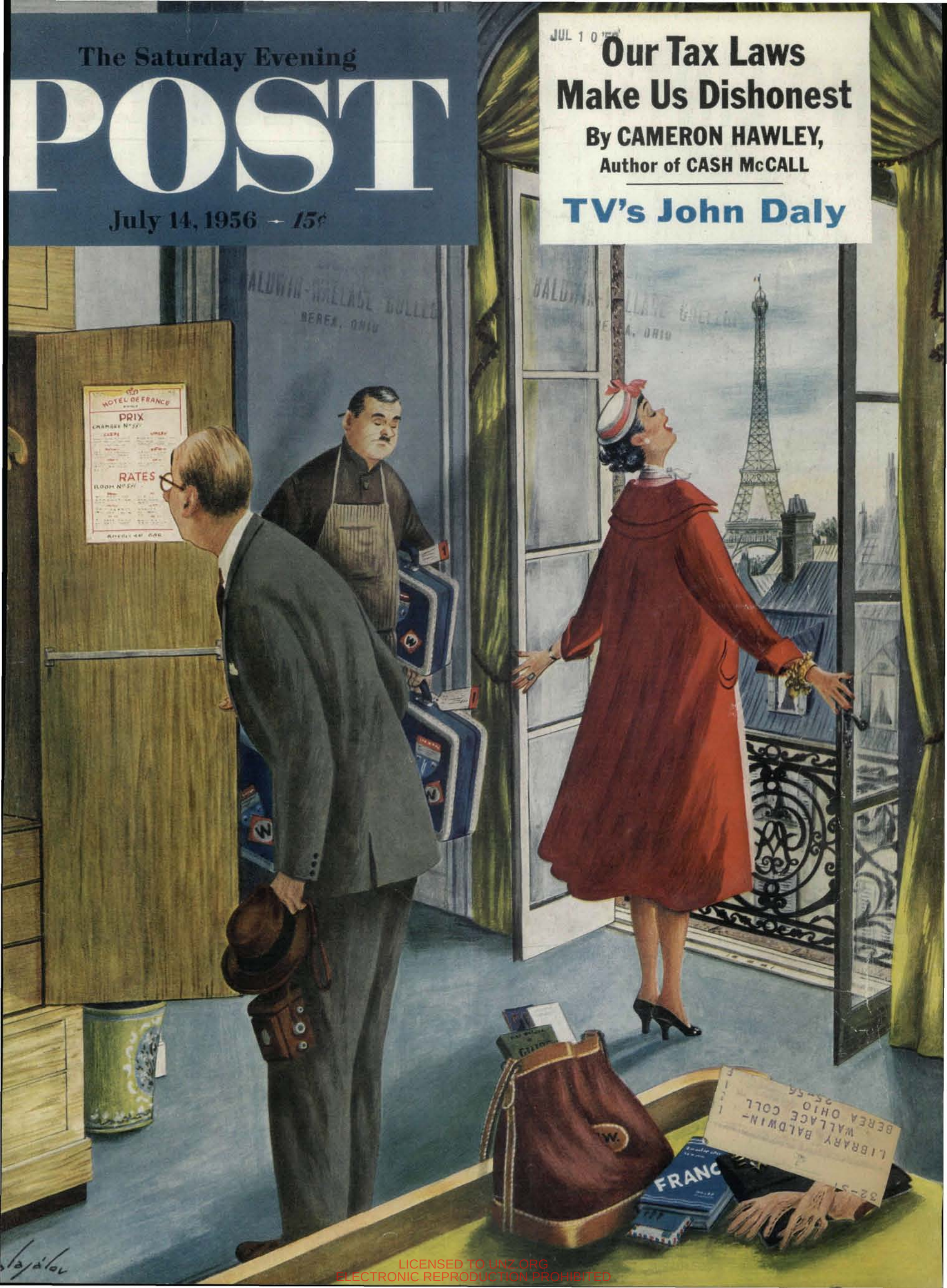
The Saturday Evening
POST
July 14, 1956 – 15¢

JUL 1 0 '56

# Our Tax Laws Make Us Dishonest

By CAMERON HAWLEY,
Author of CASH McCALL

## TV's John Daly

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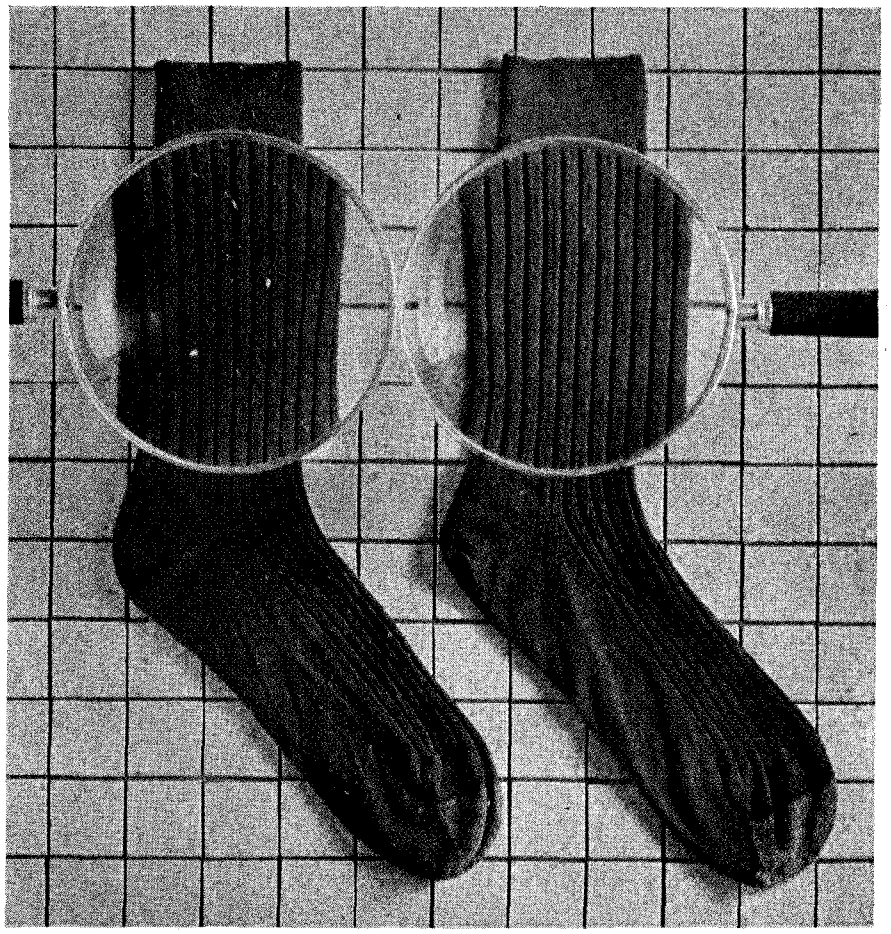
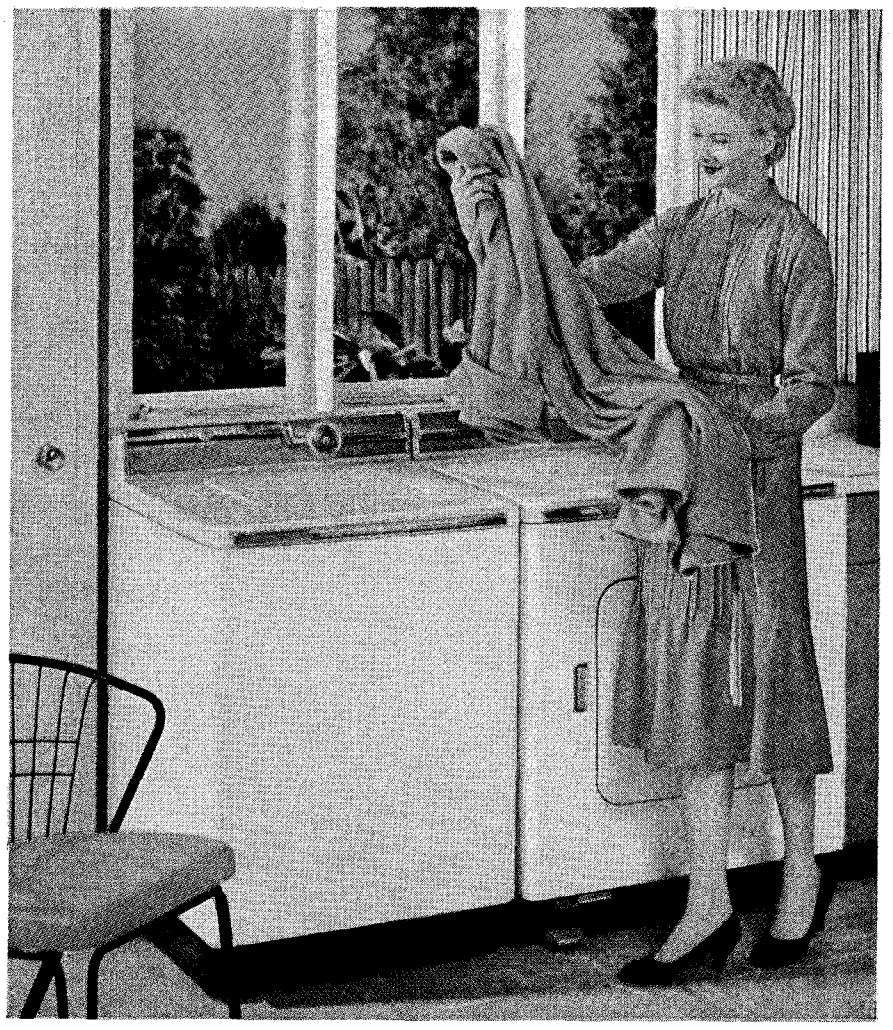
# NO LINT FUZZ ON CLOTHES!



**Here's proof** that the new G-E Filter-Flo Washer washes clothes without lint fuzz! After 11 washings in a washer with *no filter*, the sock at left was flecked with unsightly lint. After 11 washings the Filter-Flo way, a similar sock (right) —washed in an identical washload—showed practically no lint!



**5 Mix-or-Match Colors.** Choose the G-E Automatic Washer in petal pink, canary yellow (shown), turquoise green, cadet blue or woodtone brown, at $10 additional cost. Also white. About $3.35* weekly. Models for every budget from less than $200 with your old washer. Also see matching G-E Automatic Dryer.

## New G-E Filter-Flo® Washer cleans and re-cleans wash water to give you cleaner clothes

**Removes lint, sand and soap scum automatically!**

Never again put up with linty wash water that leaves lint fuzz on clothes and dulls colors! As you wash, the marvelous new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer circulates and filters the water at the rate of six gallons every minute. Your clothes wash clean, white and bright.

As the washbasket continuously overflows, sand settles out the bottom. Soap scum floats away. Lint is caught in the filter which lets only cleansed, sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

**Look for** the G-E Filter-Flo Washing System—today's most talked-about improvement. The full tub of water is filtered five times during one wash cycle without wasting water or detergent. Above, see the lint and loose threads being caught as circulating water flows through the filter. Easy to clean, the filter slips in and out. Also dispenses detergent evenly through your wash.

**Big capacity, too.** You get over 50% more clothes capacity than in many other automatics. Water Saver Control lets you save water on small loads. 5-year written warranty on transmission. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

*After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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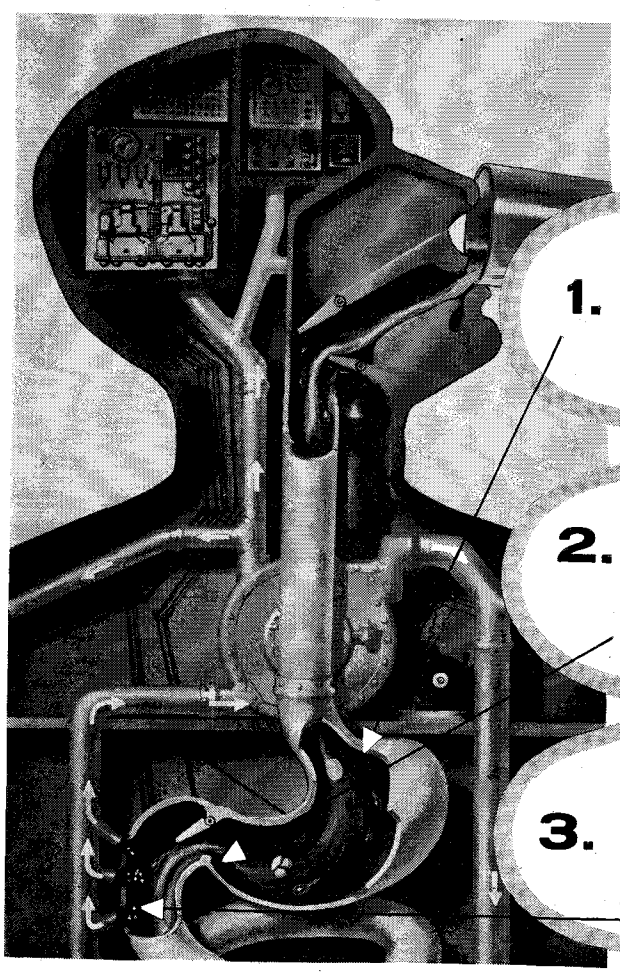
*Says Arthur Godfrey,*
*"Take it from me,*

# BUFFERIN®

## acts twice as fast as aspirin

**AND IT WON'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH!"**



**1.** Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

**2.** Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

**3.** Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

**Ask your own doctor** about Bufferin's remarkable ability to relieve pain, about its freedom from harmful ingredients.

**8 years** of continuous medical research in hospitals and clinics have established Bufferin's effectiveness and speed of action. Bufferin has met the rigid tests a doctor demands of medicines used in his own practice.

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

**IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN**

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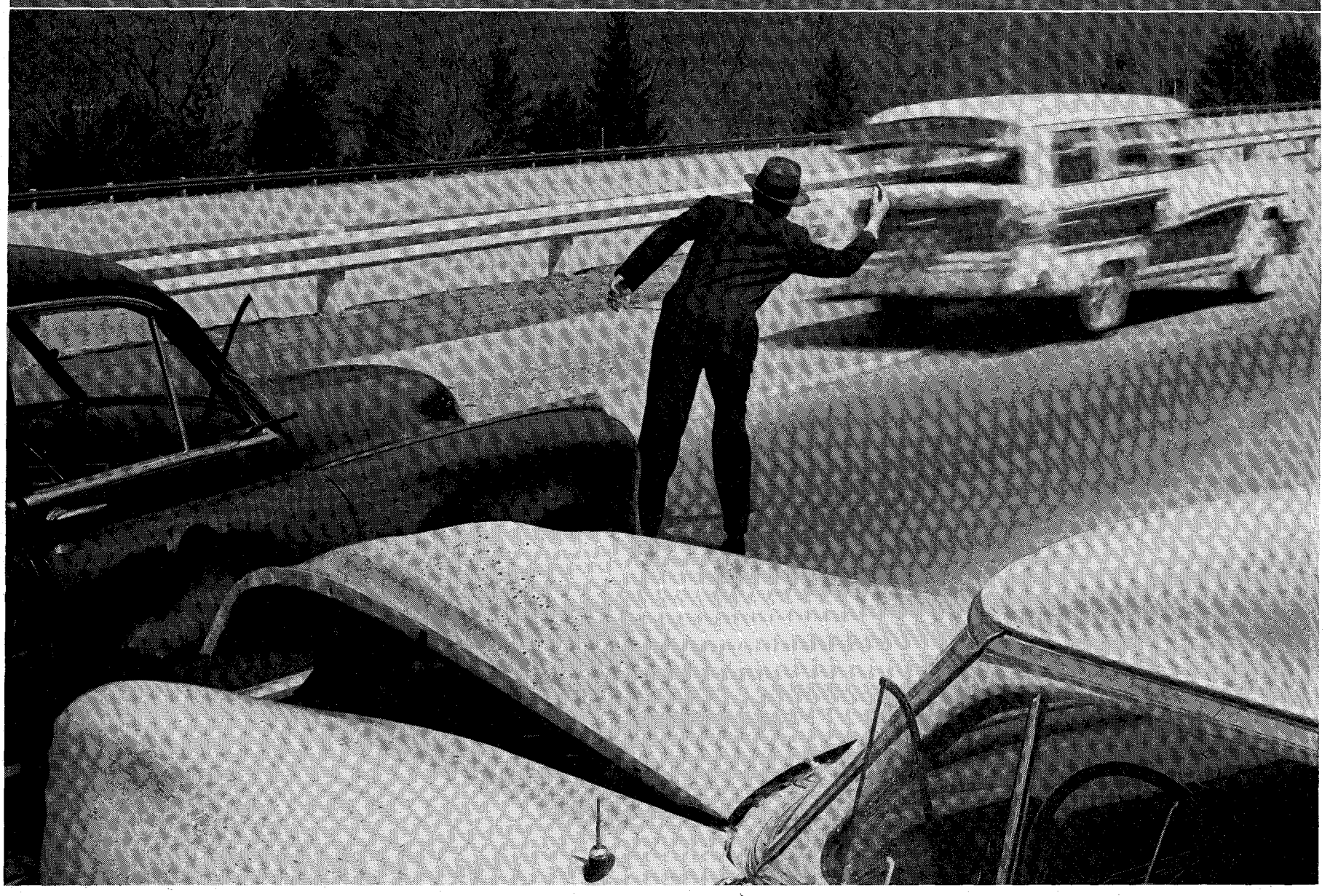
# LIBERTY MUTUAL

*The Company that stands by you*



## "My only witness high-tailed it for Kansas!"

### (BUT LIBERTY KNEW WHAT TO DO!)

ANOTHER car ran into a Liberty Mutual policyholder. The other driver threatened to sue and had friends in his car to testify. Fortunately, a third motorist witnessed the collision and . . . well, let our policyholder tell the rest.

"Suddenly I saw my witness driving away — and all I knew of him was his Kansas license number. Kansas was a long way off, but when I phoned Liberty the claimsman assured me that Kansas members of their nation-wide team could handle *that* problem. And they *did*. They got hold of my witness and got me off the hook!"

Liberty's smooth-running organization is instantly ready to help you — not just in one city, but across the nation. And this fine service is thrifty. Savings to automobile policyholders (*through dividends*) are currently 15%.*

**YOU PLUG INTO A FAST-MOVING ORGANIZATION** when you phone Liberty Mutual. Liberty's team is always ready to work on *your* problems — not just one man, but hundreds. Wherever you drive you can phone one of Liberty's 144 branch offices for help — from anywhere in the U.S.A., Canada or Hawaii — at any hour of the day or night.

**THE GREAT FINANCIAL STRENGTH OF LIBERTY,** which protects you so well, and the fine claims service you get, both result from highly efficient operation. This same efficiency has given Liberty Mutual policyholders savings of 15%* (*in the form of dividends*) year after year. It pays in every way to insure with Liberty.

*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.

LIBERTY MUTUAL

HOME OFFICE: BOSTON

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY · LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

**INSURANCE FOR:** AUTOMOBILE, LIABILITY, FIRE, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, ACCIDENT AND HEALTH, GROUP, INLAND MARINE, OCEAN MARINE, CRIME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## THE COVER

Ah, la belle Paris! Ah, voilà la Tour Eiffel! Also voilà les rates de la rooms de la Hôtel de France! Leaving the lady to acquire an undying memory of the first time she saw Paris, let us regard whether her husband is rendered hors de combat by the prix list. The initial effect of reading how the chambres cost francs by the thousands will collapse his joie de vivre. But the translation à la dollars will resuscitate him some, and when he reads "American Bar," and ponders an early tête-à-tête with some vin extraordinaire, vive la France!—especially vive l'ancienne province de Champagne! Yes, in enchanting Paris a rare time will be had by the voyageurs of l'artist Alajálov. But first, Monsieur le Guest, slip the portier beaucoup francs, lest he become irrité and blow his sommet.


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*The* LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 211

The greatest star of the screen!

If you are a sinner or a saint or both in some perplexing mixture . . . you're bound to like "Somebody Up There Likes Me."

Since this is M-G-M's frank filming of that amazing fellow Rocky Graziano's own best-selling story of his rocky road to love, the sheer *likability* of it strikes us as exciting news.

No-punches-pulled stories, filmed honestly, are inevitably absorbing as M-G-M proved so notably with "I'll Cry Tomorrow" and "Love Me Or Leave Me."

Rocky's stormy career is lifted by a special warmth as brilliant new star young Paul Newman portrays his life, lovely Pier Angeli plays his true love.

Every heartbeat of the book is here and it's all more charming and tender because Rocky himself managed to hang onto shreds of childhood innocence even as his emotions were being ripped this way and that across thirty years of tears, rage, and rewards.

These are the years Rocky lived in two underworlds—his "Blackboard Jungle" youth and the plush gangland of toughs, touts, skirts, muscle-men, and money-mad power lords of his maturity.

So here's a rare and racing account of a poor but dishonest kid who fought the law, and then fought to make good in a "legit" world that was lots tougher.

Never underestimate the glower of a woman who frowns on violence. Nor the Sunday punch of her picnic lunch. Nor her way of walking in when everybody else is walking out.

These are among the many, and amusing, moments that emerge from this inspiring story of the one girl who made love blossom where there was hate in the heart of the kid called Rocky.

Pier Angeli and Paul Newman might both be Oscar-bound, and equal subtleties of characterization are achieved by Everett Sloane as a man who went from selling ladies' underwear to less dainty things; Eileen Heckart as the mother who never lost faith; and Sal Mineo as Rocky's partner in youthful crime.

Many others all suit to a T-shirt the moods and manners so faithfully reproduced by Ernest Lehman's taut script based on Rocky Graziano's autobiography written with Rowland Barber. Robert Wise directed and Charles Schnee produced this flesh-and-blood masterpiece from the honest materials of life.

No wonder everybody out there, who has a heart, a head, and two hands to clutch at happiness, will like "Somebody Up There Likes Me"!

Coming! M-G-M's "Tea and Sympathy" will be talked about as was the stage hit. Deborah Kerr, John Kerr and Leif Erickson play their original stage roles.

—*Leo*


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# Ever feel like trading yourself in for a new model?

**Some of us take a lot better care of our automobiles or television sets than we do of ourselves.**

The slightest murmur sends us off to the service station to have the fan belt tightened or the car lubricated. Or a flutter on a screen has us jiggling the phone, asking the TV specialist to hurry over.

Now, there's nothing wrong with pampering our possessions, but isn't it common sense *to apply the same care to our most precious possession of all—our complicated, sensitive bodies?* Yet, how few of us do!

Autos, TV sets can be exchanged, traded in. *But you just can't trade yourself in for a newer model.* You just can't buy a new set of nerves, head or stomach. Not even if you're an oil man from Texas or the King of Saudi Arabia.

Before you say to yourself, "Joe should read *this*. This is for *him*..." STOP! This message is for YOU.

### On using your common sense

Unless you stop to ask yourself some mighty pointed questions, you're not likely to believe yourself guilty of the very symptoms you so clearly see in others.

Are you irritable . . . find yourself in needless arguments . . . toss and turn all night, yet wish for another 40 winks as the alarm goes off? Then chances are you're *not* taking care of yourself as you should.

Yet—very often, the "knock" or "squeak" you develop as the years go by may be corrected very simply . . . almost as simply as tightening a fan belt.

### Your doctor would tell you . . .

*Your doctor would be the first to tell you that, for some people, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is caffein.*

The use of this strong stimulant day after day may make you nervous, irritable. However, if you're addicted to this habit, *there's no reason in the world why you can't get yourself in tune again.*

You replace a *bad* habit with a *good* one. You switch from caffein-heavy drinks to a wonderful beverage—*Instant Postum.*

There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in Postum. It can't make you nervous, irritable. It can't keep you awake at night because there isn't a single grain, speck or fleck of caffein in it.

### New! Tastes like coffee

Now available for the first time is a new and delicious Instant Postum—Imitation Coffee Flavor. What a rich aroma this new drink has! And it's so full-bodied, so satisfying.

You make Postum instantly, right in the cup. Just add boiling water and stir. You can enjoy it straight or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

Your grocer has both new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum and regular Instant Postum with a distinctive flavor that millions have enjoyed for years.

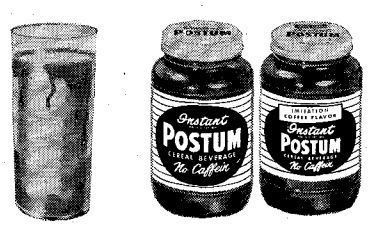
You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this satisfying, caffein-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days or even a week.

### Costs half as much as most coffees

Whether you choose new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum (red label) or regular Instant Postum (blue label), you'll get up to 100 cups from the 8-oz. jar and up to 50 cups from the 4-oz. jar—*for less than a cent a cup!* Both are so low-priced, compared with ground, instant or decaffeinated coffees. Cup for cup, Postum costs only *half as much.*

So, try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your life . . . make *every* day so very worth while!

Don't let another day go by without giving this caffein-free beverage a fair trial. Start the 30-day test *today.* See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better! Postum is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corporation.




**Frostiest, most refreshing drink** you'll taste all summer! It's the Postum milk shake—made with milk and Instant Postum. See easy directions on jars. You'll also enjoy Instant Postum iced or hot, of course. Have some today—*any* way!


# Letters

### Kidnaped Baby

Dear Sirs:

It is far from me to blame or even criticize Mrs. Marilyn Damman for anything, because I feel only sorry, very sorry for her and the lesson she had to take [WHO'S GOT MY BABY?, as told to Jimmy Breslin, June 9]. But she and your reporter seem to have a very wrong opinion, when they say "parking children under 3 years of age unattended in front of a supermarket is as common to a housewife as cooking eggs for breakfast." Many good mothers will be very upset about that. I try to recall having seen children so small outside a store by themselves. I cannot recall one case like that in our area. And I cannot believe that it should be so common anywhere else in this country.

MRS. CHRISTINE POHLIG
*Beltsville, Md.*

Dear Sirs:

I know she must have crucified herself hundreds of times since this terrible tragedy happened, but I see so many women doing this same thing over and over again. . . .

I only hope that Mrs. Damman's story will teach other mothers that children can never be left alone on a busy street, not only because of kidnapers, but children not old enough to reason will dash into the street or just plain wander away.

MRS. ROY V. NICHOLS
*Battle Creek, Mich.*

### Girl Scouts and Politics

Dear Sirs:

I am grateful for the fair and factual report contained in your editorial [BUT, ADLAI, THAT 1953 GIRL SCOUT MANUAL NEEDED PRUNING!] of June 9th concerning Adlai Stevenson's reference to the so-called wave of hate and hysteria.

In writing the article, "Even the Girl Scouts," it was my hope that the Girl Scouts themselves would rectify the damage being done by their 1953 handbook. This they did.

ROBERT LE FEVRE
*Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial . . . warmed my spirit, which has been suffering from the black frost of internationalism, so blatantly displayed wherever I turn.

Perhaps I am not alone in waiting for a patriotic presidential candidate. Candidate Eisenhower has become such a "one-worlder" that I simply cannot vote for him. But for whom????

JOSEPHINE T. HUGHES
*Sand Springs, Okla.*

Dear Sirs:

I hold no brief with Adlai Stevenson in his reference to the "reign of terror," but I strongly resent the heading of your editorial. . . .

The fourth law of Girl Scouting is "A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout." . . . The Girl Scouts of America are members of a world organization of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides, and we are very proud of it. Through our exchanges of girls and women we are doing more to bring about understanding between nations and lay a sound base for world peace than many high-sounding committees and organizations. . . .

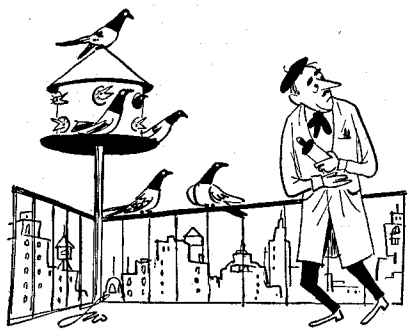
As a mother of four Girl Scouts, a leader of two troops, and a trainer of Girl Scout leaders, I have studied the disputed passages many times since Mr. Robert LeFevre first made his accusations. I still can find nothing un-American or, as you term it, "oddly uncharacteristic," whatever that means.

MRS. MARGARET M. BURCH
*Elmira, N.Y.*

### Artist and Pigeons

Dear Sirs:

Small wonder that Alajálov couldn't induce his "foster-grandchild" (Keeping Posted, June 9) to consume any of his breakfast food.



Had he taken the trouble to phone the Museum of Natural History, the reference department at the public library, John Kieran, or any ornithologist, or even to look in the encyclopedia, he'd have learned that, like other members of the dove family, an immature pigeon lives on "pigeon milk," a secretion from the crops of its parents.

If he hopes to be a foster parent or grandparent to any more young pigeons, he'd better start learning how to secrete pigeon milk.

BRUCE COLE
*Tucson Natural History Society*
*Tucson, Arizona*

### Stockbroker

Dear Sirs:

How come broker Harry Kahn, Jr., writes about the Stock Exchange after only four years in the business? [I DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOUR SHIRT, as told to Milton Lehman, June 9.] I'll bet he doesn't even have an ulcer.

After twenty-eight years as a broker, I have had my ulcer removed and am starting all over again.

J. FRANKLIN GREENLEE
*Charleston, W. Va.*

Dear Sirs:

My guess is that if he writes another article after his second four years in the brokerage business it may properly be entitled "I lost your shirt—and pants."

HARRY O. BOND
*San Francisco, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

May I, after twenty-three years in the investment business, comment on the temerity of Harry Kahn, Jr. . . .

He quotes the Dow, Jones at 500 without mentioning how unreliable the Dow, Jones is as a yardstick. He failed to mention that 41% of the stocks on the NYSE (Continued on Page 6)

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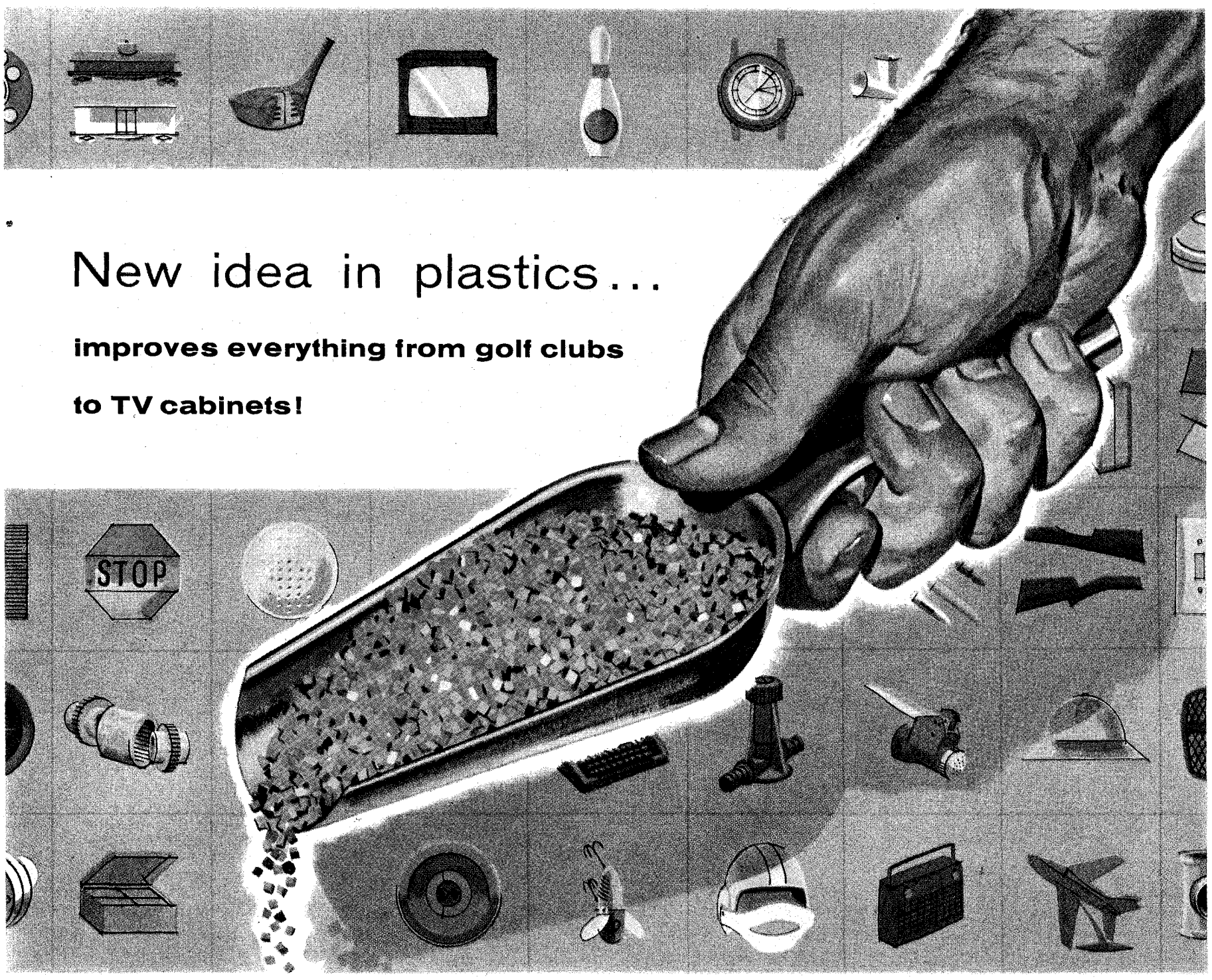
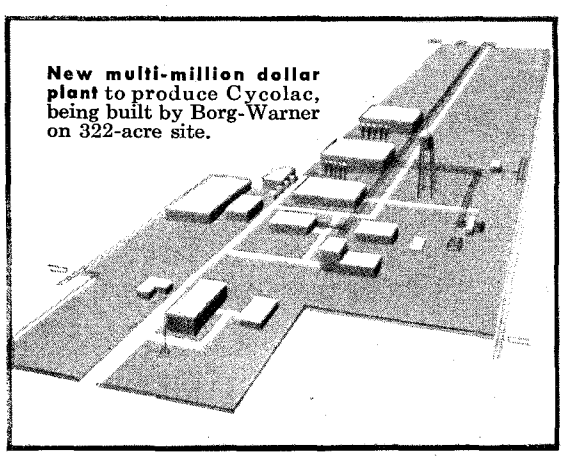



# New idea in plastics...

**improves everything from golf clubs**

**to TV cabinets!**

# Borg-Warner skills today help set the pace for tomorrow!



**New multi-million dollar plant** to produce Cycolac, being built by Borg-Warner on 322-acre site.

Many have sought to develop a rigid plastic as "all-purpose" as this remarkable plastic created by Borg-Warner. Cycolac* it's called, and it's really tough. It shrugs off sledge hammer blows . . . stands up to boiling water . . . takes sub-zero cold that turns most other plastics brittle as glass. Yet it's beautiful in a rainbow of colors.

This new chemical development is already giving new durability and beauty to the products of dozens of B-W customers.

Today, the creative eagerness and engineering talent that produced Cycolac are making the name Borg-Warner notable in many fields.

You'll find B-W on super-secret missiles, on all supersonic jets . . . on many electronic wonders. B-W contributions mark every U.S. atomic reactor . . . serve daily in every oil field.

In home building, steel, automobiles, appliances, farm equipment—a host of B-W products evidence Borg-Warner's ability to "design it better—make it better." *Borg-Warner, 310 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.*

**Almost every American benefits every day from the 185 products of**

ENGINEERING B-W PRODUCTION

# Borg-Warner

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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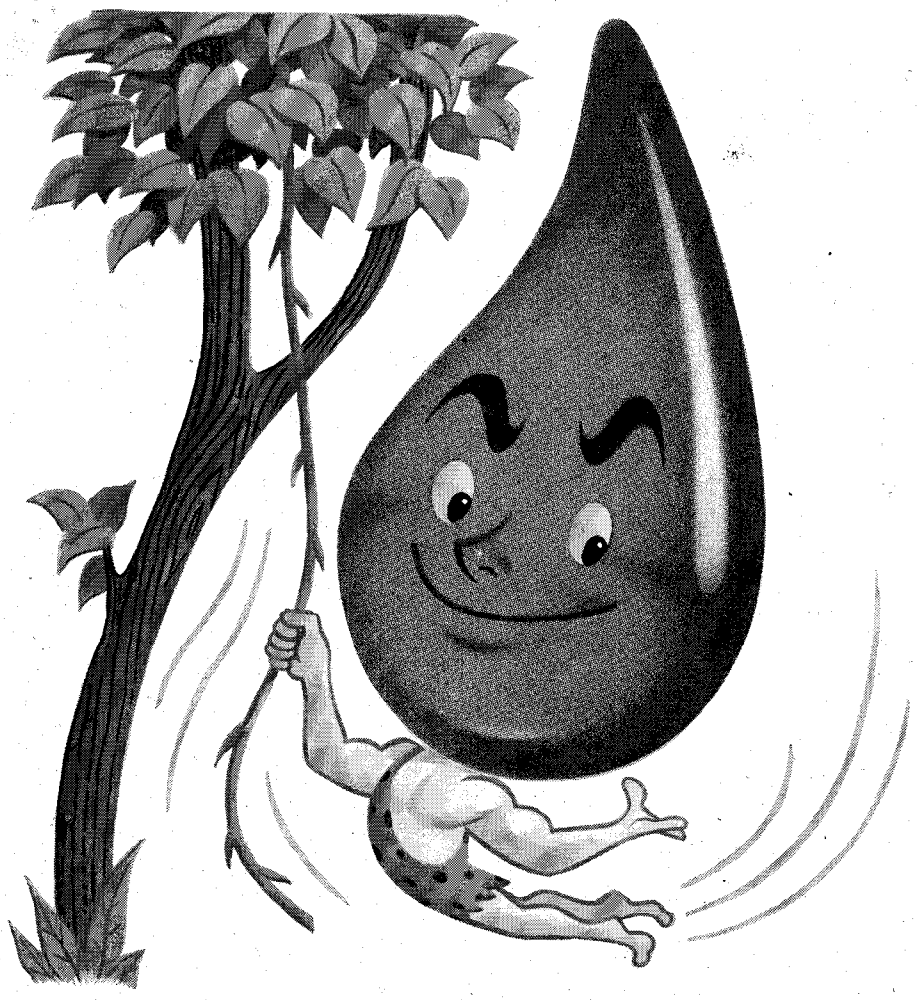

Pete Penn...

# Nature's Boy

Native of the country where nature's finest crude oil is found, Pete Penn stands for the *best and most durable* of modern motor oils . . . brands of Pennsylvania.

With close-fitting engine parts and today's high speeds, your car deserves to be protected by *the best oil you can buy.*

A Pennsylvania motor oil will *last longer, increase fuel economy* and *lower maintenance costs.*

At your next oil change, tell the man to put in a brand of Pennsylvania... carried by good dealers everywhere.

**Today's BEST Oils**
**Start with Nature's BEST Crude**
***...and that means Pennsylvania!***

INSIST ON A BRAND OF

PENNSYLVANIA Motor Oil

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

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PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

# Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

are selling below their 1946 highs. He mentioned the peak of 1929 without making any allowance for the inflation of our currency. Nowhere did he mention the difference between the brokerage business and the business of selling long-term investments. In fact, he showed about four years of experience, or less.

NORRIS BRYANT
*Wenatchee, Wash.*

Dear Sirs:

A recent article in The New York Times' financial section stated that 60% of the Ford Motor Co. stockholders owned ten shares or less, an investment under $700. Could Mr. Kahn be shying away from small commissions?

He also failed to discuss the rewards of long-term investing. . . . Wall Street is not Monte Carlo, as some believe. It is American business.

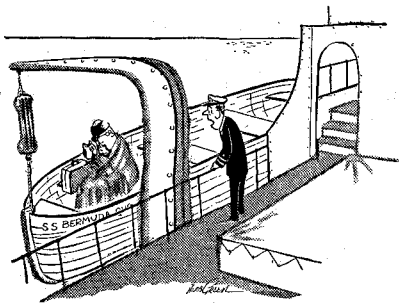
MRS. HELEN W. TOLSTOY
*Sea Cliff, N.Y.*

## Timid Traveler

Dear Sirs:

My family and friends feel that Herb Green has not been at all fair to me in the cartoon in your issue of June 16.

In the first place, my ship is the Queen Frederika, not S.S. Bermuda, as I am going to Europe. Secondly, my dear little cat, Marigold, is not taking the trip with me this time. The last crossing overtired




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
"Now, now, Mrs. Borden, if there's any danger we'll let you know in plenty of time."

her, so I am sending her to the Kitty-Wee Rest Home here in East Longmeadow to await my return in the fall. Then, too, I'd never wear my glasses in public, not even in a lifeboat, as spectacles do not become me (I'm even sorry that I had them on when I saw this awful cartoon). Last of all, I never really do get *in* the lifeboat. The deck steward places my chair strategically near one, with my own personal life jacket neatly folded beneath it.

MRS. MARGARET BORDEN
*E. Longmeadow, Mass.*

## Misspelled

Dear Sirs:

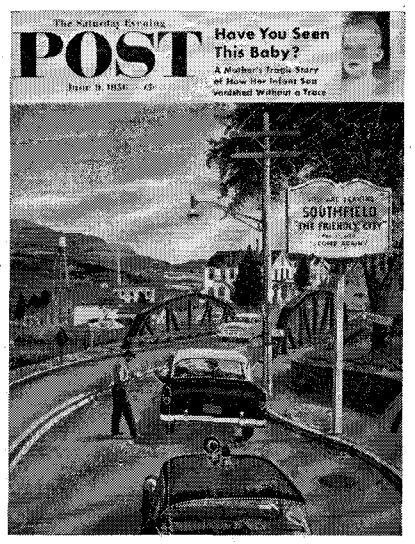
In the May 26 issue in Stewart Alsop's article, BARNUM OF THE G.O.P., I almost had a thrill comparable to seeing my own name in print. On page 120 of that issue Mr. Alsop mentions ". . . a smart young Texan, Paul Letric . . ." Here is someone I know, and have known since pre-grade-school days. But, alas and alack! his name was misspelled. The correct name is Paul C. (Mickey) Ledrick.

LILLIAN BENEDICT
*Washington, D.C.*

## Friendly Ticket

Dear Sirs:

Ben Prins' cover, June 9, certainly illustrates a situation, which we hope is taking place all over the United States.


The Saturday Evening
POST
Have You Seen This Baby?
A Mother's Tragic Story of How Her Infant Son Vanished Without a Trace
SOUTHFIELD
THE FRIENDLY CITY

We heartily endorse a more realistic attitude towards traffic offenders.

There is one thing in the picture, however, we would like to point out, and that is the very dangerous location in which the artist has portrayed the police officer standing. You will notice that this is not only on a curve but also on the approach to the bridge, and we would certainly recommend more safety-conscious portrayals of traffic matters in the future.

FLETCHER HARRIS, JR.
*Chairman, Traffic Advisory Commission*
*Galveston, Texas*

## Religion and Psychiatry

Dear Sirs:

In your June 2nd issue, page 94, PSYCHIATRY'S MOST PUZZLING PATIENTS, by Milton and Margaret Silverman, the statement: "Similarly, multiple personality may be a factor in nightmares and sleep-walking . . . and in the experience described by some deeply religious people as being converted, or 'born again'" is a good tip-off as to why psychiatrists are the butt of so many crude jokes. If psychiatry is anything like the science it is supposed to be, the writer knows nothing at all about it, and he most assuredly knows nothing at all about being converted.

GEORGE E. BLANCHARD, *Pastor,*
*St. James Methodist Church*
*Chattanooga, Tenn.*

**Post Picture Credits**

*Reading across pages, then down:*

19–Chicago Sun Times, Illinois State Bureau of Identification and Investigation. 20–Larry Keighley. • 21–Two from Illinois State Bureau of Identification and Investigation; four from Federal Bureau of Prisons; Larry Keighley. • 22, 23–Fred Ludekens. • 24, 25–Harland Sutherland. • 26–Al Muenchen. • 27–Bob Henriques. 28–CBS, ABC, two from CBS. • 29–Jacob Lofman, CBS, ABC. • 30–Kyodo. 31–Ray Prohaska. • 32, 33–Hans Knopf. • 34, 35–Ben Stahl. • 36, 37–Gene Lester. • 38, 39–Robert Moore. • 43–Hy Rubin. • 100–Paul Stevens, Rocco Padulo, John R. Wells, Harry Saltzman.

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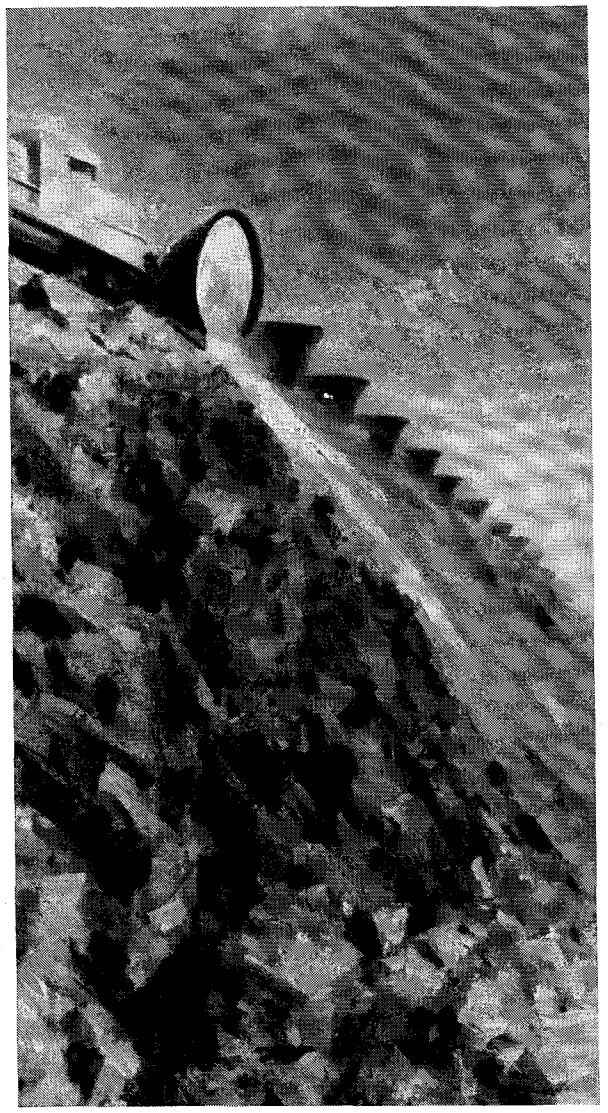
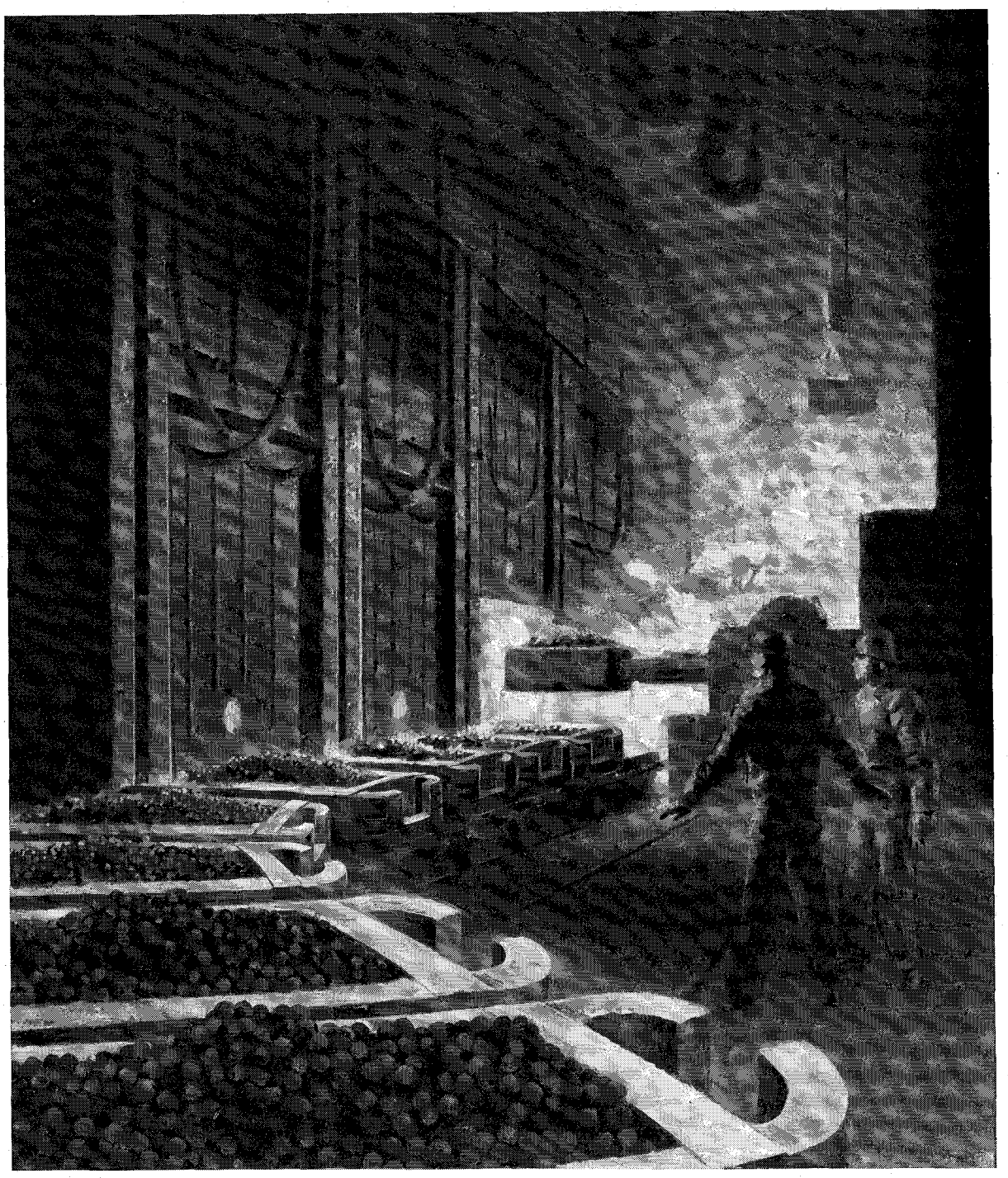
## Inco Nickel Progress Report

***How Inco's more-from-the-ore research program is expanding North America's natural resources***



**Once** the iron in Nickel-containing pyrrhotite went to slag heaps.



**Now** this high-grade iron ore—product of Inco research—goes to steel mills. Here you see it being fed into open hearth furnaces.

# Now Inco saves iron in Nickel ore from the slag heap

ALSO RECOVERS NICKEL

**There's iron** in Nickel ore.

But for years, this iron was of no commercial value. No one could find a way to recover it.

Recently, after years of research, International Nickel pioneered a new extraction process.

**Saves the iron—**
**Nickel is recovered, too!**

This new Inco process not only recovers iron ore from pyrrhotite *economically:* it is the highest grade iron ore (68% iron) now produced in quantity in North America. It also recovers the Nickel in the ore.

For its pioneering new process, International Nickel has built a $19,000,000 recovery plant. Modern and streamlined, this plant is only the first unit of the new Inco Iron Ore operation. It is expected to add hundreds of thousands of tons a year to this continent's high-grade iron resources.

**More from the ore**

That's one of the prime objectives of International Nickel's expansion program. As in the case of iron ore, this has enabled Inco to expand the free world's natural resources. Today, International Nickel gets fourteen different elements from its Nickel ores.

***"The Romance of Nickel"***
makes interesting reading. Write for your free copy of this beautifully illustrated, 65-page book. The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 179e, New York 5,N. Y.

©1956, T.I.N. Co., Inc.

INCO TRADE MARK

**International Nickel**

*Producers of Inco Nickel, Nickel Alloys, Copper, Cobalt, Iron Ore, Tellurium, Selenium and Platinum, Palladium and Other Precious Metals.*

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# Now! New Internationa
# With the most GC

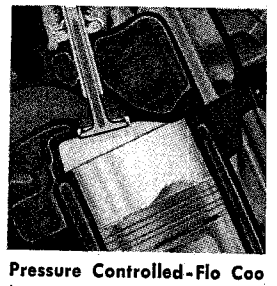
**Three great V-8's** for a new INTERNATIONAL V-Line! New power partners for the famous INTERNATIONAL Sixes! 206, 226, 257 hp! Four- and six-wheel, conventional and COE models. GVW 24,000 lbs. and up—GCW 50,000 lbs. and up.

**INTERNATIONAL® TRUCKS**

*All-Truck Built to save you the BIG money!*

Motor Trucks • Crawler Tractors • Construction Equipment • McCormick® Farm Equipment and Farmall® Tractors

**WORLD'S M**



**Pressure Controlled-Flo Coo** brings coolant direct to cylin head. Full circulation, evenly tributed for low valve tempe ture and maximum life. By-p for easier cold weather starti

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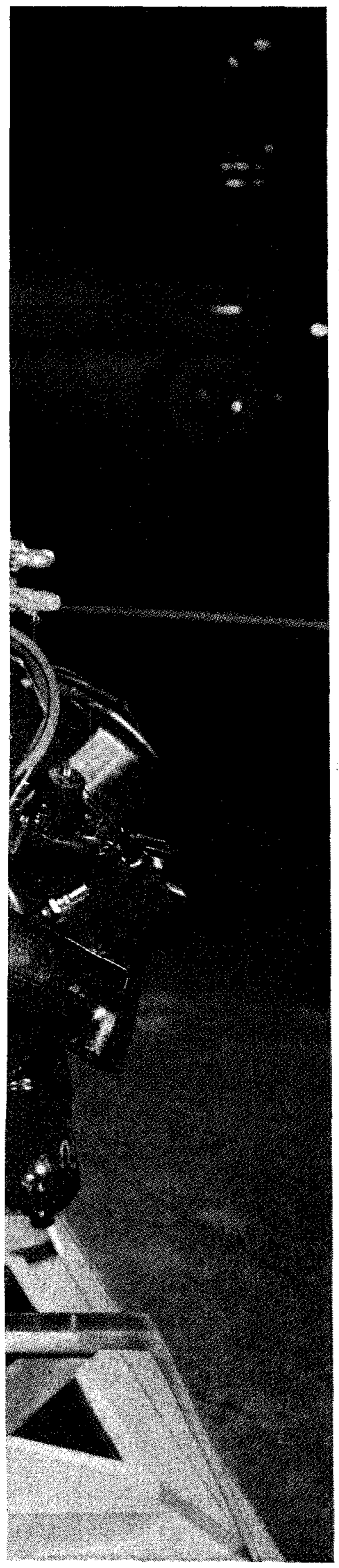
July 14, 1956

# Heavy-Duty V-8's! under any truck hood!



## Designed and powered to pace today's traffic!

These new V-8's now offered in the INTERNATIONAL V-Line have a "built-in" swift response with maximum payload. They give you more *go* at traffic lights . . . more "keep going" on the hills with shifting greatly reduced. They build higher average road speeds within legal limits – offer top performance and economy where it's needed most.

Short bumper-to-back-of-cab dimension gives maximum payload capacity, often increases capacity within legal limits. You get vastly greater power per payload pound, shorter trip time, more ton-miles per gallon.

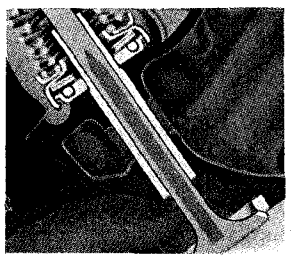
In short, the new INTERNATIONAL V-Line is built to set new highs in your profit column!

## Tested and proved as no other trucks have ever been!

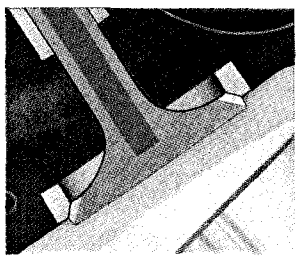
Developed and tested first in over 30,000 laboratory hours, then put through more than 1,000,000 test-track miles. But, most important, in 2,500,000 miles of actual fleet on-the-job operations – on milk tank runs over the mountains, gravel hauling off-highway, on logging and ready-mixed concrete jobs.

These weren't just "scientific" tests. They were made by profit-minded truckers with a gimlet-eye on mileage, hauling time and repair bills. Their conclusions – "Great, on every count!" For details on these reports read the new, special booklet, "New Heavy-Duty V-8 Power Where You Need It Most." Use the coupon at lower right – or make a date soon to see your INTERNATIONAL Truck Dealer or Branch.

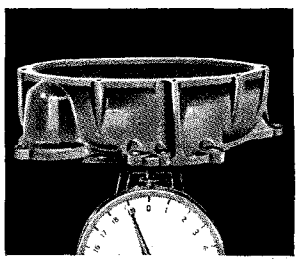
### )DERN V-8 TRUCK FEATURES



**Wet" Replaceable Exhaust 'alve Guides** allow direct water ontact, take heat away *fast.* ositive valve rotators at base of alve springs keep valve faces and eats free of combustion deposits.



**Exhaust Valve Faces and Seats of Stellite,** a material well known for its ability to resist the destructive effects of exhaust heat and gases. Valve seat inserts are undercut for faster, easier removal.



**Aluminum Flywheel Housing** with rib-reinforcements weighs just 19 lbs.! Cast housing weighs 60-70 lbs. This one modern lightweight INTERNATIONAL feature saves 40-50 lbs. of engine weight.

**"Driver-Designed" Cab** with new, comfortable steering angle. No "dog house" in roomy cab. New *insulated, ribbed accelerator* ends "hot foot." New placement of pedals for easier, safer driving.

International Harvester Company
P. O. Box 7333, Chicago 80, Illinois

Please send me booklet on development and testing of the New INTERNATIONAL V-Line models.

NAME .....

FIRM NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

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# Editorials

## Are We to Continue Aid to Tito?

By SLOBODAN M. DRASKOVICH

Western aid for communist Tito after his expulsion from the Cominform in 1948 has been based on the premise that he was defending Yugoslavia and the West against Soviet imperialism.

Between 1945 and 1956 Tito received nearly $2,000,000,000 from the Western democracies in food, financial help and arms. Western aid rescued Yugoslavia's disastrously mismanaged economy from complete bankruptcy. All this was done on the assumption that Tito was a "good" communist, in contrast to the bad communists in the U.S.S.R., and that he was on our side. His joyful reunion with the Kremlin, which came as no surprise to students of communism, ought to make it clear that he isn't.

In Yugoslavia, Tito has used the resources sent him by the capitalist West to build communism "in consonance with our needs." After his break with Moscow he continued to eradicate the "class enemy." He conducted three general elections in the strictest Stalinist manner and jailed hundreds of thousands of dissenters. He proclaimed as Yugoslavia's "greatest contribution to democracy" a new constitution based on the Leninist principle of the "unity of power"—that is, all power to the Communist Party.

In World War II the West's acceptance of Stalin as a democrat led to the enslavement of 100,000,000 Europeans and subsequently of more than 500,000,000 Chinese. But that was not enough. The communists wanted the whole world, and Stalinism had lost its appeal. New methods were needed to penetrate the enemy's ranks. Tito, after his rift with Moscow, was the ideal agent to promote communism among those who had no stomach for Stalin's brutalities. The important thing was to prove that Tito was "different" from other communists, for if there can be good communists and bad communists, then resistance to all communists is weakened, and a Red victory becomes only a matter of time.

In the winter of 1952 to 1953 Tito sent emissaries to Asia to carry the message that Tito's communism was "different" from Stalin's. High Indian officials were convinced that communism need not necessarily be imperialistic. In the winter of 1954 to 1955, after Stalin's death, Tito himself visited Asia, where he explained to Indians, Burmese and Egyptians that—unlike Stalin—Khrushchev and Bulganin were easy to get along with. Thus he prepared the way for the triumphal reception of the Soviet leaders when they visited Asia last year.

In 1903, when the Bolshevik Party was founded, Lenin explained that the communists would greatly facilitate their task by concealing their "maximal" program of world conquest behind "minimal" programs calling for innocuous "bourgeois" reforms.

The conflict between Tito and Stalin was to a large extent a contest between a minimalist and a maximalist. They disagreed on the means, but there has never been disagreement upon the ultimate aim, communist world rule. Stalin stood for communist centralism and for the intimidation of the West. Tito advocated communist decentralization and propaganda emphasizing independence, equality, peace, coexistence, and so on. Khrushchev and Bulganin are reconciled with Tito and have adopted Titoist methods. The disruption of Western morale already created by this new approach augurs ill for the future.

The policy of keeping Tito in power, representing him as a world figure and a friend of the West will, if continued, spell the inglorious defeat of all Western, particularly American, achievements in the defense and advancement of liberty and human dignity.

Are we to go on helping Tito?

Editors' Note: Doctor Draskovich was formerly professor of economics at the University of Belgrade. He is now Chief Editor of SRPSKA BORBA (The Serbian Struggle) published in Chicago.

## The American Mother Can Make it Tough for the Jobholders

There is evidence that the American Mother is no less fierce, resolute and courageous than her predecessors in myth and history. She defies city hall, the police and all forms of authority when she believes that her young are not getting a fair shake in their daily rounds of school and play.

Recently, in New York City's Central Park, a band of these maternal vigilantes, accompanied by dozens of children, linked arms to prevent a bulldozer from turning a playground into a parking lot. The poor man atop the bulldozer quailed and gave up. So did the police who arrived on the scene to restore law and order. A craven administration used guile, and in the dark of night threw up a stout fence behind which the work could proceed with decorum. The women hired a lawyer and rushed into court to obtain an injunction against the park officials. They got the injunction, but the city fights on.

In Chicago, a Baby-Carriage Parade made its way to city hall, where several angry spokeswomen demanded that a traffic light be installed at an intersection. Forewarned, the administration had put up the device the night before. "Why not go home, ladies," an official purred, "and have a look at the corner?" The ladies were only slightly abashed. One shouted, "We made you do it!" The official, a man of tact, merely bowed and held his peace.

Almost daily across the nation, the irate mother is up in arms about an untidy lot or strewn streets, traffic lights or playgrounds, school conditions or the smells from a nearby factory. Sometimes the good ladies are right. But too often, in the immemorial tradition of irate mothers, they fly off the handle and rush to the attack before considering the problems involved or the routine way to record a gripe.

But no matter how wrong they are at times or how right, mothers on the warpath are entitled to admiration. They and their perambulators get things done while their husbands are being casually brushed off by indifferent bureaucrats.

## "Clean" Campaigns, When Uncontrolled, Can be Tedious

From time to time, some shy and oversensitive character comes up with the not-too-original idea that the coming political campaign should be clean, devoid of personalities, devoted exclusively to the issues, and thoroughly dull. If this means that one candidate should not refer disparagingly to the parentage or ancestry of his opponent or make use of plainly scurrilous material, we are prepared to go along. Usually, however, those who talk about clean campaigns refer to campaigns in which the unfavorable part of the record of their candidate is ignored.

For example, the detractors of Vice-President Nixon frequently charge him with having conducted an "unfair campaign" in 1952, although it is usually necessary to misquote Mr. Nixon to make the point. Some people go back to his congressional campaign in 1950, when his opponent was Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas. Mr. Nixon felt that the voters had a right to know something about Mrs. Douglas' record of left-wing voting in Congress, and produced it. On that account he is still criticized in some quarters for "attacking a woman"—as if chivalry were a justifiable defense of political ineptitude.

The recent slugging match between Senator Kefauver and Mr. Stevenson, despite their efforts to kiss and make up, makes it appear that a campaign involving either of them will not be devoid of color, and surely no Republican is naïve enough to expect or hope that the record of President Eisenhower's administration will not get a thorough going over.

Charge and countercharge, however some introverts may shudder, are in the tradition of American political campaigns. As early as the presidential campaign which resulted in the election of John Adams, one fervid orator, according to an account in The New York Times of twenty years ago, let go with this one: "Damn John Jay. Damn everyone who won't damn John Jay. Damn everyone who won't put lights in his windows and sit up all night damning John Jay."

John Jay wasn't even running!

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# Why suburbanites (and other busy drivers) like E-Z-EYE

If you hop into your *car* practically every time you want to go someplace, E-Z-EYE Safety Plate Glass is *made* for you. It reduces sun and sky glare and makes your driving so much more pleasant and comfortable.

Ask your dealer to order E-Z-EYE with the neutral-blue shaded windshield in your next car — whether it's a Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Pontiac or Packard.

P.S. When you have broken glass replaced in your car, look for the sign of the authorized L·O·F Safety Glass shop.

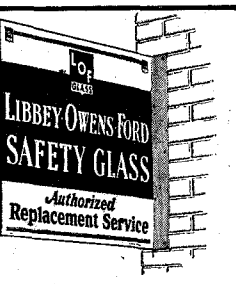
L·O·F GLASS

**E-Z-EYE SAFETY PLATE GLASS**

**with the shaded windshield**

*Reduces Glare, Eyestrain, Sun Heat*

LIBBEY • OWENS • FORD GLASS COMPANY • TOLEDO 3, OHIO

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A NEW HIGH IN THE MOVIE SKY. M-G-M PRESENTS IN VISTAVISION AND COLOR
A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION
starring

# BING CROSBY · GRACE KELLY · FRANK SINATRA

in the hilarious low-down on high life

## "HIGH SOCIETY"

co-starring

CELESTE HOLM · JOHN LUND · LOUIS CALHERN · SIDNEY BLACKMER
and LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS BAND

Screen Play by JOHN PATRICK · Based on a Play by Philip Barry · Music and Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Music Supervised and Adapted by JOHNNY GREEN and SAUL CHAPLIN · Color by TECHNICOLOR · Directed by CHARLES WALTERS · An M-G-M Picture

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# *Here's the way to make your money last longer out of doors*

What's *your* pleasure when it comes to fun in the sun: woods, lakes, parks, ranch, seashore, mountains? Weekend jaunts in the car, maybe, and picnics under a tree? Or perhaps just a family dinner right in your own backyard or patio!

Whatever it is, get yourself properly equipped for the kind of outdoors living you like—that's more than half the fun. And buy *right* the first time when it comes to metal equipment: buy it made of stainless steel. That's how to be sure of lasting service and real economy, because nothing else . . . *repeat: NOTHING ELSE* . . . is as bright, strong, lastingly beautiful and resistant to rust and wear as stainless steel. It's the champ—good for a lifetime, even in rough, tough outdoors service—able to resist weather, salt air and food or fruit acids, and come up smiling and ever-new with just soap-and-water cleaning.

So, for fishing equipment, outdoor grills, cooking and serving utensils, vacuum bottles, tableware and table service, etc., save yourself money in the long run . . . walk into your favorite store and look for these items—*ask for them*—made of stainless steel.

And remember about stainless steel, the next car you buy, too. The car that uses stainless steel for brightwork and trim is the car that requires the least work . . . that looks better, lasts longer, and is worth more when you trade!

It's Stainless for LIVING from

AL STAINLESS STEEL ®

WSW 6149

## Allegheny Ludlum

**Nation's leading producer of stainless steel in all forms**

Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corporation
2020 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

As soon as it's available, send me a FREE copy of your booklet "Stainless Steel for Living" . . . illustrating the products made of time-tested AL Stainless Steel for indoor and outdoor use, and who makes them.

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# Take the NERVOUS tension out of night driving!

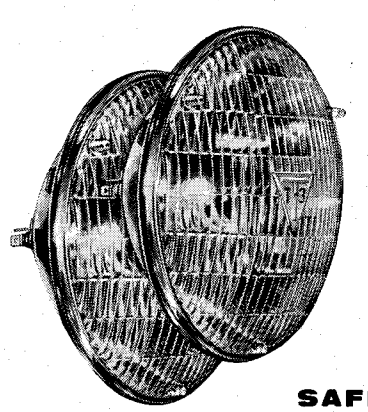
## See eighty feet farther down the right side of the road with Guide T-3 Headlamps precision-aimed with the new T-3 Safety-Aimers!

No more "edge-of-seat" driving! No more squinting and straining for a clear view of every flickering shadow on the road ahead. Not with Guide's new T-3 Safety-Aim Headlamps!

The new T-3 Safety-Aim System is the most important contribution to night driving safety in recent years. Now, you can SEE—*really see*—farther on the driving beam . . . farther on the passing beam . . . farther in rain, snow or fog, too!

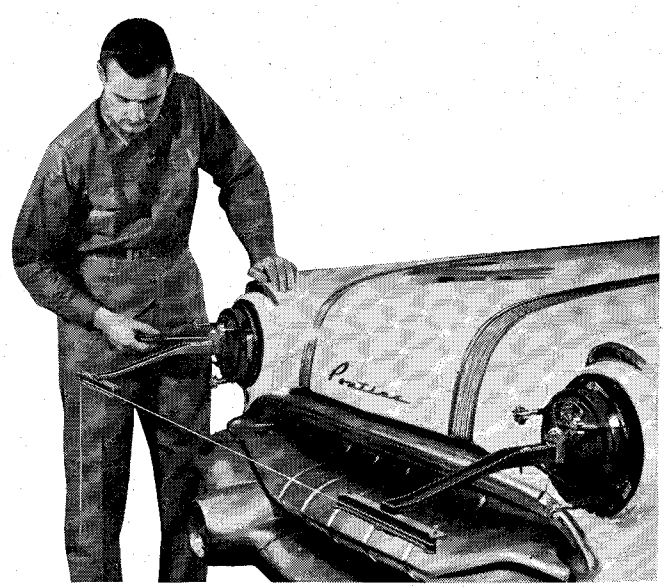
Yet, all these wonderful improvements in the headlamp itself are far from being all the story. Aiming is of equal importance because no headlamp can provide the light you need unless it is properly aimed. *Guide T-3 Headlamps can be perfectly aimed in less than ten minutes and in broad daylight!*

Ask your nearby authorized Guide dealer about Guide's new T-3 headlamps and T-3 Aiming. Start enjoying *more light, aimed right*—now!



GUIDE T-3

SAFETY-AIM HEADLAMPS



Your authorized Guide T-3 dealer merely places the T-3 Safety-Aimers over the three "Guide Points" molded into the lens of every T-3 headlamp. A few quick turns of a screwdriver and headlamps are perfectly aimed without even turning headlamps on.

**Buy in pairs . . . where you see these signs . . .**

MORE LIGHT . . .
AIMED RIGHT!

AC GM GENERAL MOTORS authorized GUIDE T-3 HEADLAMP SAFETY-AIM STATION

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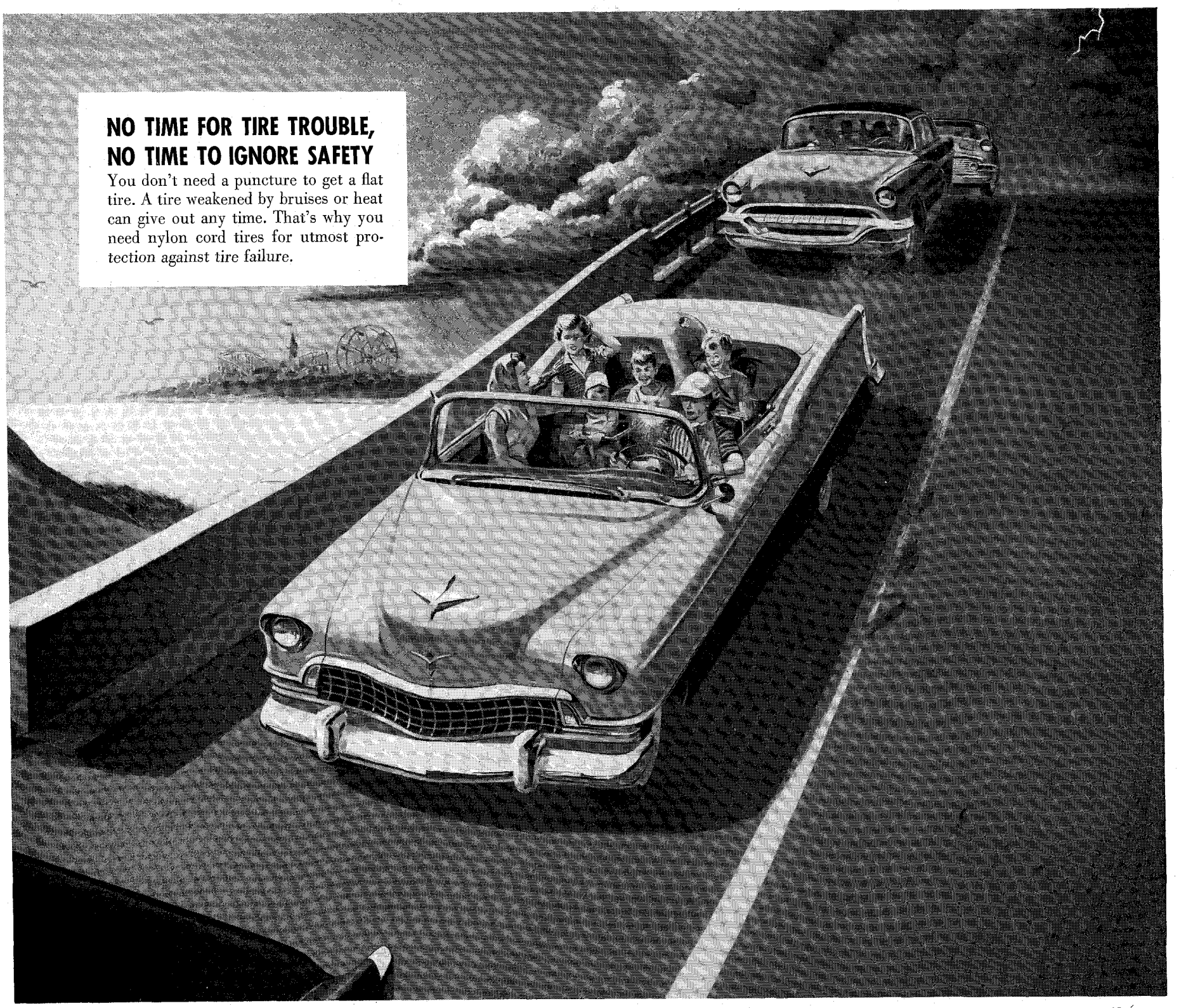
NO TIME FOR TIRE TROUBLE,
NO TIME TO IGNORE SAFETY
You don't need a puncture to get a flat tire. A tire weakened by bruises or heat can give out any time. That's why you need nylon cord tires for utmost protection against tire failure.

**IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS:**

# Only nylon cord tires can give you utmost safety—*surest protection against tire trouble*

For some kinds of driving, ordinary cord tires will meet your needs. But there are too many times when you can't afford to risk tire trouble or ignore tire safety—when you need tires that assure greatest dependability. These are the times you'll be glad you're riding on tires with nylon cords.

*You'll find nylon cord tires cost very little extra—give you and your family priceless extra protection. See your tire dealer. He'll gladly explain the advantages of nylon cord tires.*

**THE FOUR THINGS A TIRE CORD MUST DO...NYLON DOES BEST!** Nylon gives superior resistance to bruise damage, moisture, heat and flex fatigue.

Nylon makes possible a far stronger tire cord than conventional yarns—provides greater safety and durability. Today almost every military and commercial aircraft lands on nylon cord tires; billions of miles of truck-tire use have proved nylon's superiority.

*Du Pont produces the nylon fiber. Tire manufacturers make nylon cord tires —in tubeless or conventional types.*

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

*Watch "Du Pont Cavalcade Theater" on Television*

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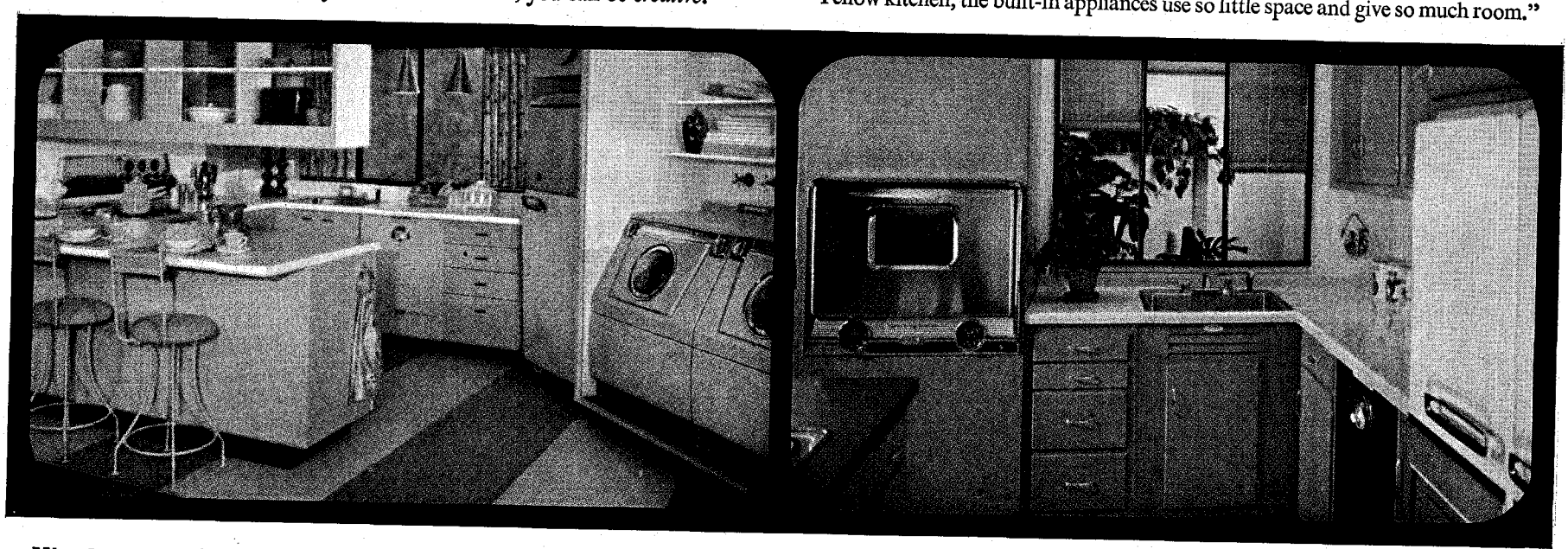
# Four Famous Women

## GREAT NEW WESTINGHOUSE APPLIANCES MAKE

"All my hats are off to Confection Color Kitchens," says **Lilly Daché,** famed milliner, President of Lucien Lelong Perfumes, and Marie Earle Cosmetics. "I'm French. I know good cooking, and good style. These Westinghouse kitchens offer both. That refrigerator with changeable color panels makes redecorating easy as buying a bonnet. And with fifty color combinations, you can be *creative.*"

"Like everyone in motion pictures, I'm lighting conscious," says **Martha Scott,** featured in Cecil B. DeMille's production of "The Ten Commandments," and an off-screen wife and mother, "So I naturally love the new Beauty Tone light-bulbs. They make kitchens, and cooks look wonderful! . . . I like that Lemon Yellow kitchen, the built-in appliances use so little space and give so much room."



**Mint Aqua,** one of 5 Westinghouse Confection Colors, keys this kitchen, starting with the Choose-N-Change Color Panel on the Frost-Free Refrigerator. This panel and the refrigerator's new shape give a planned-in look, without built-in cost. The Mint Aqua double-oven DeLuxe Range, matching dishwasher, and DeLuxe Laundry Twins perfect this easy plan for modernizing an "old" kitchen.

**Westinghouse built-in appliances** are designed to "work-in" perfectly with wood cabinets like these. Here, refrigerator and freezer units are side-by-side for extra convenience. The brushed chrome oven has a big Look-In Door. Radio? Of course!—and in gay kitchen-right color. There's extra work-space too, because Laundromat and Dryer are installed *under* a Westinghouse Micarta Counter.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

***Watch Westinghouse Studio One Summer Theatre on television—every week!***

**WATCH**

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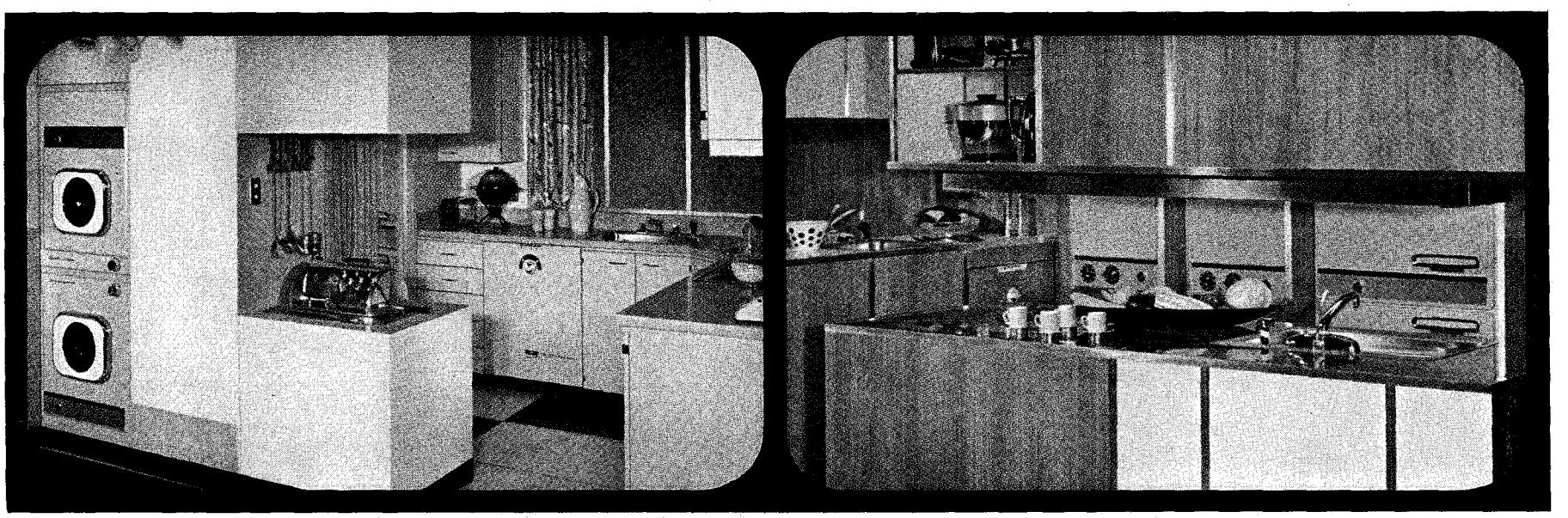
July 14, 1956

# Take Their Hats Off!

## *THESE "DREAM" KITCHENS—YET YOU CAN OWN THEM THIS YEAR!*

**Eleanor Steber,** internationally famous Metropolitan Opera star, with an enviable reputation as a cook, says, "When you keep house, both in town and the country and entertain often, you just automatically keep up with what's new to make it all as easy and comfortable as possible. Westinghouse seems to have thought of everything—well ahead of everyone. They've really made wishes come true."

"I could settle down for life with any of these kitchens," says **Myra Waldo,** travelled author of "Round the World Cookbook." "My compliments to the designer, Melanie Kahane, for dreaming them up. My favorite idea? That's the Automatic Appliance Center. It's wonderful to have a single central place where you can plug-in toasters, and roasters, and mixers and all—all at one time!"



**Center**—combination electric-charcoal broiling with the built-in rotisserie... a fan draws off smoke. Left, the revolutionary, new, Laundry Twins that dry one load above, while another is washed below—in just 25 inches of floor space. Like all the kitchens, this has built-in dishwasher, food-waste disposer and air conditioning with New Action Control that gives 11 kinds of weather with a twist of the wrist.

**At left,** the Automatic Appliance Center, concealed in the hanging cabinet where worksavers like the Cook-N-Fryer and Grill-N-Waffler may be stored. Below is the work counter. Plug-in cords roll up when not in use. And there are *two* ovens and refrigerators, *four* surface cooking units in this kitchen! Precision-eered television, too. All reasons why you can be SURE... if it's Westinghouse!

# WESTINGHOUSE

*Where* **BIG** *things are happening for* **YOU!**

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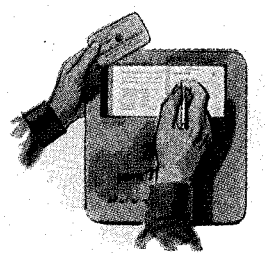

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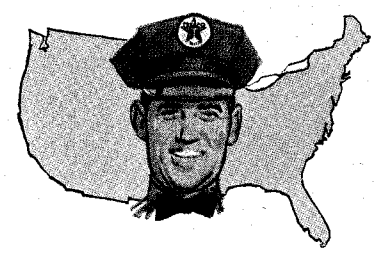
CONVENIENCE YOU AND YOUR FAMILY WILL APPRECIATE. STOP WHERE YOU SEE THIS FAMILIAR GREEN AND WHITE SIGN—CLEAN ACROSS AMERICA!



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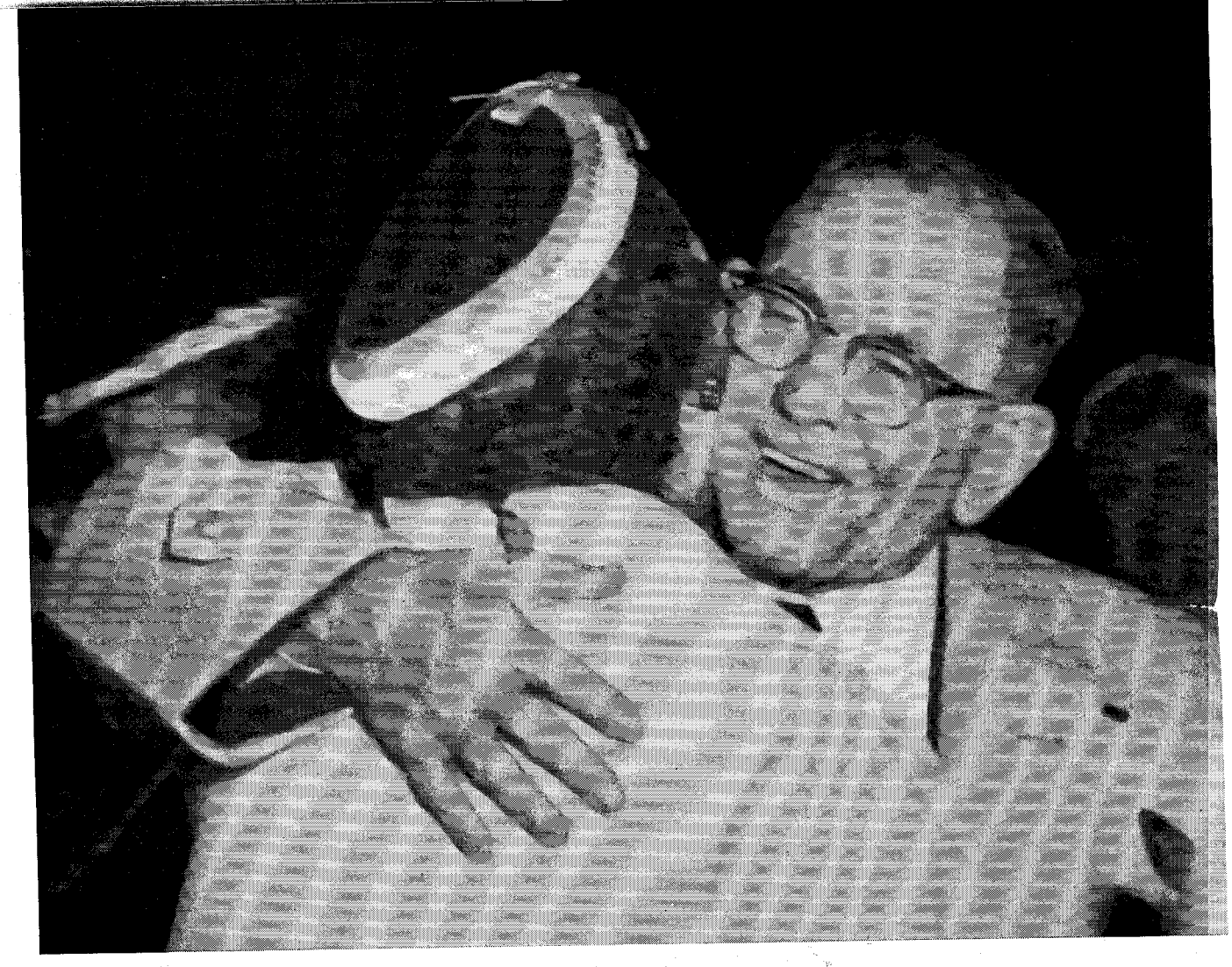
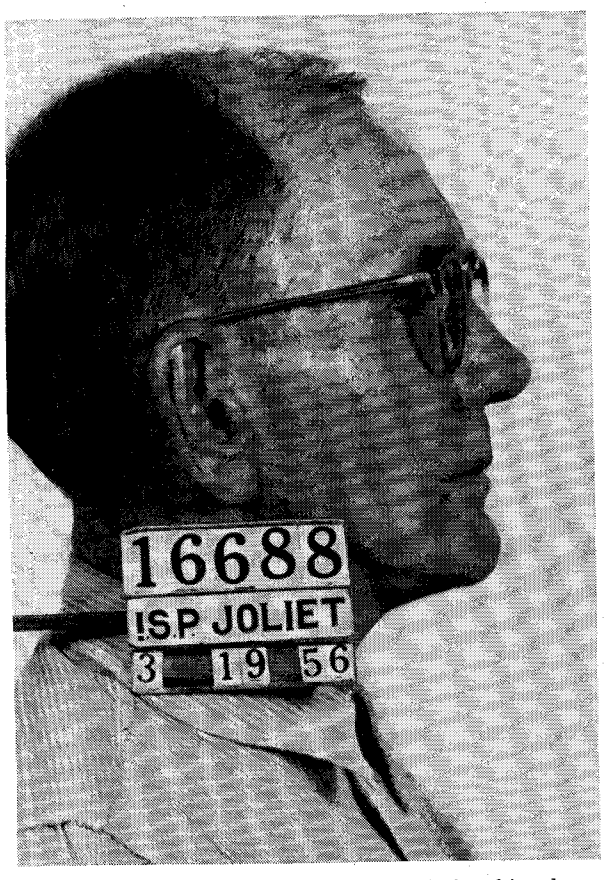


Eaton, at 52 a free man with his rights restored, is reunited with his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Kerr, of Bloomington, Indiana.

# The Case of Prisoner No. 16688




A "mug shot" of Eaton, just before his release. "I was born on a Friday the thirteenth," he wrote while in prison, "and I've been unlucky ever since."

## A strange set of coincidences put Roy Eaton in prison for a crime he never committed. This is the story of his successful sixteen-year fight for freedom.

By John Kobler

On June 27, 1940, an ailing, destitute, semiliterate mechanic of thirty-six named Roy Eaton stood trial in Rock Island, Illinois, for an armed robbery committed there twenty-one months earlier. Eaton, however, had never been in Rock Island before. At the time of the holdup he had been living in the little mining town of Lordsburg, New Mexico, many hundreds of miles away. Nevertheless he went to the state penitentiary at Joliet under sentence of one year to life. He served sixteen years.

But for the dogged efforts of a young trial lawyer and the conscience of a state's attorney, Roy Eaton probably would still be incarcerated. Eaton was freed last April. He will ask the Illinois State Legislature to compensate him for his lost years in the amount of $250,000.

The most disturbing aspect of the case of Prisoner No. 16688 is that the action taken against him bore no taint of illegality. All of it proceeded well within the framework of what the majority of Americans pride themselves is the most equitable system of justice on earth. Yet Eaton was innocent. The real culprits have since been exposed.

What, then, went wrong? In part, Eaton was trapped by a tangle of fantastically improbable coincidences. He was also a victim of certain grave defects in an otherwise sound legal machinery, defects which prevented a fair trial, even though it was a constitutional one. Those defects still prevail in many courts, and as long as they do, a man like Eaton—poor, uneducated, with a blemished past—could wind up in prison for a crime he never committed.

On that October afternoon eighteen years ago, a salesman for the Procter & Gamble Company, one James L. Crooks, was in Rock Island, sitting in his car, when a short, light, sandy-haired man in his late twenties, with a ruddy complexion, stepped up to the open right-hand window and asked, "Where's Route Sixty-six to Chicago?"



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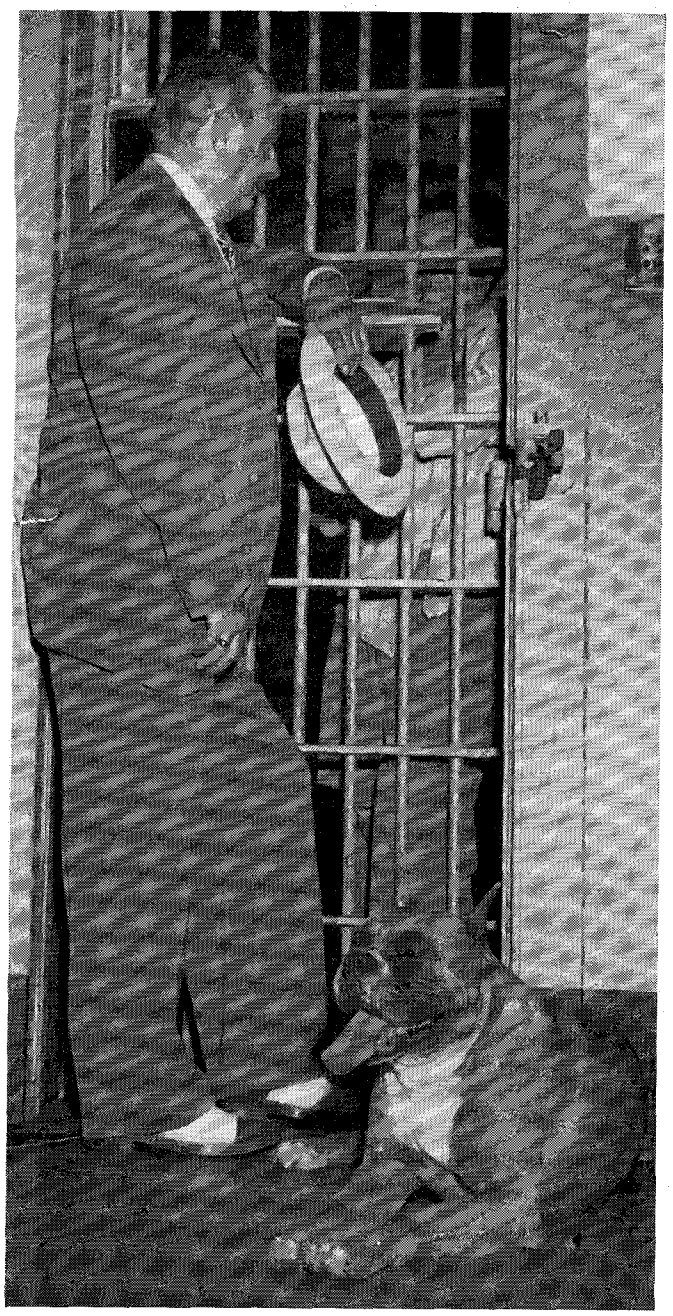

Warden Joseph Ragen, of the Illinois State Prison at Joliet, pays a call at a "solitary" cell. Eaton's constant efforts to vindicate himself made him unpopular with prison officials, and he spent many days here.

Before Crooks could reply, a second man appeared at the driver's window. He was somewhat younger, slighter of build and had dark hair. The first man opened the right-hand door and slid in beside Crooks, brandishing an automatic.

"This is a stick-up," he said. "Keep quiet. We're ex-cons and don't give a damn. You won't be hurt if you do what you're told."

The second man climbed in from the left, shoved Crooks over and took the wheel. He drove about six blocks into an alley. There the bandits demanded Crooks' wallet. It contained, in addition to his Social Security card, fifty dollars in cash and two checks made out to him by Procter & Gamble—one for fifty dollars, the other for $73.50. They also took from him a gold watch and chain.

They ordered him to sit on the floor in the rear of the car. The younger man now took the wheel. He addressed his companion as "Dick." Presently, Dick informed Crooks that his last name was Wellington.

Twelve miles south of the city they stopped by a cornfield. They hustled Crooks out of the car, bound his arms and ankles with adhesive tape and drove off. The tape was insecure. Crooks freed himself and from a nearby farmhouse telephoned the state police. The car, abandoned in Galesburg, Illinois, twenty-eight miles farther south, was recovered next day.

Checking the crime files, the Rock Island police found that a Richard Wellington was serving time for rape in the Iowa State Penitentiary at Fort Madison. One of the bandits, they surmised, must have known him and borrowed his name as an alias. They placed the alias on the wanted list, and to the charge of armed robbery added that of "unlawful flight to escape prosecution." This is a Federal offense which was declared so as a device to bring all fugitives within Federal jurisdiction where the facilities of the FBI could be drawn upon to track them down.

Procter & Gamble stopped payment on the checks. Both, however, had been cashed within twenty-four hours. A shoe-store salesman in Omaha, Nebraska, accepted the check for fifty dollars. When the bank refused payment, he told the police that two men entered the store on October fifth and chose a pair of five-dollar Oxfords. The older man, whose description tallied with Crooks' description of "Dick Wellington," identified himself with Crooks' Social Security card, endorsed the check "James L. Crooks," and handed it to the salesman. The latter returned to him forty-five dollars in cash.

The second check bounced back to the Chicago & North Western Railway Depot in Council Bluffs, Iowa. A man, exhibiting the same credentials, presented it to the ticket agent, W. E. Cunningham, in payment of a $17.16 coach fare to Cincinnati, and left with $56.34 in cash. Inquiry disclosed that he first had tried to cash the check at the Council Bluffs Railway Express Agency, but the cashier, Bellinger Drew, would not oblige him.

A third clue to the older bandit's movements was picked up in Los Angeles. When the Chicago & North Western learned of the stop payment, it issued a stop against ticket No. 73711 on the chance that the purchaser might attempt to redeem part or all of it. He already had. The Los Angeles office forwarded an unused portion worth nine dollars together with an application for refund signed "Carl Rogers." Assuming that "Dick Wellington" had adopted a second alias, the Rock Island police entered it on the wanted list. This proved to be a disastrous error.

In Los Angeles, Chief of Detectives Joseph F. Taylor, requested by Rock Island to be on the lookout for a Carl Rogers, quickly traced him. The name was genuine and its bearer the eminently law-abiding personnel supervisor of a magazine. Rogers told Taylor that he had advertised in the local newspapers for salesmen. Among the applicants was a man who introduced himself as Richard Wellington. Rogers hired him, instructing him to report for

Eaton and his lawyer, Robert Gorman, who fought eight years for Eaton's release.

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Eaton at the time of his imprisonment.

Eaton received a sentence of one year to life after a robbery victim identified him—mistakenly—as the man who held him up. In 1955, Burrall confessed his guilt and named Davis, in prison on another charge, as his accomplice.

John Davis, for whom Eaton took the rap.

Louis Burrall, accomplice in the robbery.

work in the morning. Wellington said he was broke. Would Rogers advance him nine dollars on the remainder of a train ticket? Rogers complied. He never saw the man again. A few days later he turned in the ticket.

Chief of Detectives Taylor reported the incident in a letter to the Rock Island police. Unaccountably, that letter sank to the bottom of a departmental file, not to see the light of day for fifteen years. And so a name which had no connection with the robbery remained on the wanted list. It was one of the numerous freaks of chance which undid Roy Eaton.

For the capture of the younger bandit, the police did not have long to wait. Returning to Rock Island, he was caught trying to rob the Becker Army Store. He was Louis C. Burrall, a veteran criminal. He had a watch chain in his possession. Summoned from his home, Crooks recognized the chain as his, and Burrall as the younger of his assailants. From rogues'-gallery photographs rushed to them, the Omaha shoe salesman and ticket agent Cunningham identified Burrall as the companion of the check passer.

But Burrall was indicted for neither the Becker Army Store nor the Crooks robbery. The Federal authorities had a more pressing claim—the robbery of a postal substation. Burrall pleaded guilty and was sentenced to twenty-five years in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth. He disclaimed all knowledge of the Crooks robbery.

Early in 1940 the name of Carl Rogers popped up again on the wanted list. During the preceding winter a patent-medicine firm had consigned a case of tonic to an M. Rogers, c/o General Delivery, Lordsburg, New Mexico. The consignee was supposed to sell the tonic at the retail price, remit the wholesale price and keep the difference. Receiving no money, the firm made inquiries of the Lordsburg postmaster. A Carl Rogers, the postmaster replied, had taken delivery on the case. The firm filed a complaint with the postal authorities, and shortly the FBI noted that a Carl Rogers was wanted for defrauding the mails. Was this the same Rogers believed to have been Burrall's accomplice? The FBI asked the Lordsburg police to detain him and sent an agent to investigate.

"I was born on a Friday the thirteenth," Eaton once wrote a friend from prison, "and I've been unlucky ever since." The son of a steel puddler working in the mills of Bessemer, Alabama, he was unwanted from birth. His mother died of t.b. when he was thirteen months old. His father fobbed him off on relatives in Bloomington, Indiana. Eaton stayed with an aunt until his tenth year, attending the Bloomington public school. It was the only formal education he ever got.

At twelve the son landed in a reformatory for fifteen months. The docket listed truancy. But it was his father who signed the delinquency petition, which left the sentencing judge no choice. In his early teens, restless and bitter, Eaton roamed the state, picking up occasional odd jobs at construction sites. At seventeen he joined the Army, raising his age to twenty-one, the then-legal minimum for enlistment. He was discharged within a few months for physical disability, having contracted a mastoid infection.

Back in Bloomington, Eaton found work as a gang sawyer in a stone mill, cutting limestone slabs, then as a crane operator. He married. He was eighteen. The bride convinced the marriage-license bureau she was sixteen. She was actually thirteen. They had two daughters a year apart. Earning as much as eighty-five cents an hour, Eaton, for the first and last time in his life, enjoyed prospects of a settled, secure existence. But the couple's immaturity foredoomed the marriage. They were divorced in 1926. She remarried the next day. Eaton, too, married again almost immediately. His second wife was sixteen.

That year he was arrested for petty larceny. According to his account, he had lent his car to a friend. The friend stole five gallons of gas, and the police believed that Eaton had guilty knowledge of the theft. Both defendants went to a state-penitentiary farm for eighty days.

Afterward Eaton decided to try his hand at peddling moonshine from the Kentucky hills. He struck up a partnership with a like-minded friend and came a cropper almost at once. Driving his car back from Kentucky with one of his first hauls, he was challenged by state troopers. (Continued on Page 94)

Eaton hopes to retire to peace and freedom and live near his grandchildren, James and Rebecca Kerr.

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# THE BLACK POOL

By ERIC HATCH

## There was no time to think or ask questions—the evidence of the floating cap called for action . . .

John Larkin, stretched out luxuriously in an aluminum deck chair on the terrace of his quietly expensive country house in Northern Connecticut, accepted the tall, frosted drink his wife handed him.

"Thanks, Marion."

He looked at her blond, well-dressed comeliness, smiled his appreciation of her as her blue eyes met his dark ones. He was enjoying hugely for the moment that so welcome Friday feeling of being able to look forward to a weekend of cool peace and relaxation after the hot hecticness of his week's work in the city.

"Thump!"

A basketball bounced heavily on the flagstones at his feet. Startled, he lurched away from it, sloshing half his drink onto a trousers leg. He controlled his temper with an effort.

"Oh, John, I'm so sorry! Here, let me fix it." Marion Larkin took his glass, began dabbing at the stained trousers with her handkerchief. "Please don't be upset at him. I'm sure he didn't even know you were home!"

"That I'd give odds against," said John Larkin.

A bright-faced boy, wearing faded dungarees, sneakers and a white sweat shirt with a green camp insigne on the chest, ran onto the terrace after the ball. He saw John Larkin. The run became a self-conscious walk and the brightness left his face.

"Oh," he said. "You're home." Then, as a deliberate afterthought, "Sir."

Marion Larkin, as though she could feel the tension that spread through the still summer air of the terrace as her son and her husband first met after the week's separation, made a helpless, defensive, shrugging gesture.

"You see, John," she said with an artificial laugh, "Bobby didn't know you were home."

John Larkin smiled reassurance at her. He, too, shrugged. Then he looked up at the boy.

"Robert," he said, "your aim with a basketball is either superbly lousy or absolutely superb."

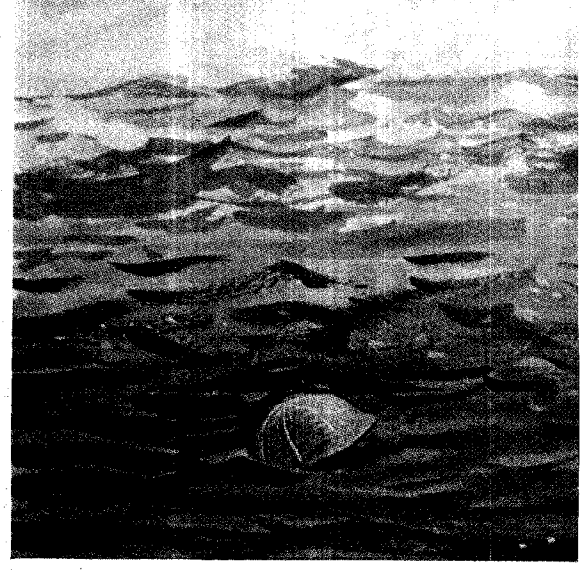
"Is that all you're going to say? After I made you spill your drink and everything?"

The boy stood by the foot of the chair now, staring down at the man out of eyes that held a look of puzzled unhappiness—a sort of lost look.

John Larkin felt the frustrating sensation of a man punching at feathers.

"What should I say?" he snapped. "What on earth do you want me to say?"

"Look, Robert." John kept his voice discreetly low. "Let's call a truce, just for today. Shall we?"



Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

"Nothing—I guess. I guess I don't want you to say anything."

Robert shuffled off toward the house. As, pulling the screen door open, he turned toward the terrace again, John Larkin saw his face. It was twisted, as though he were fighting to control some violent emotion. It could have been hate, or anger, or loneliness. He saw his stepfather looking at him, managed a twisted smile, and as his head turned, a shaft of sunlight fell on him and for a second he looked so like his beloved Marion that John Larkin felt a twinge of pain and his heart was heavy with regret for what might have been. He had always wanted a son. Marion could bear no more children, but this tall, handsome boy could so easily have come to be that son.

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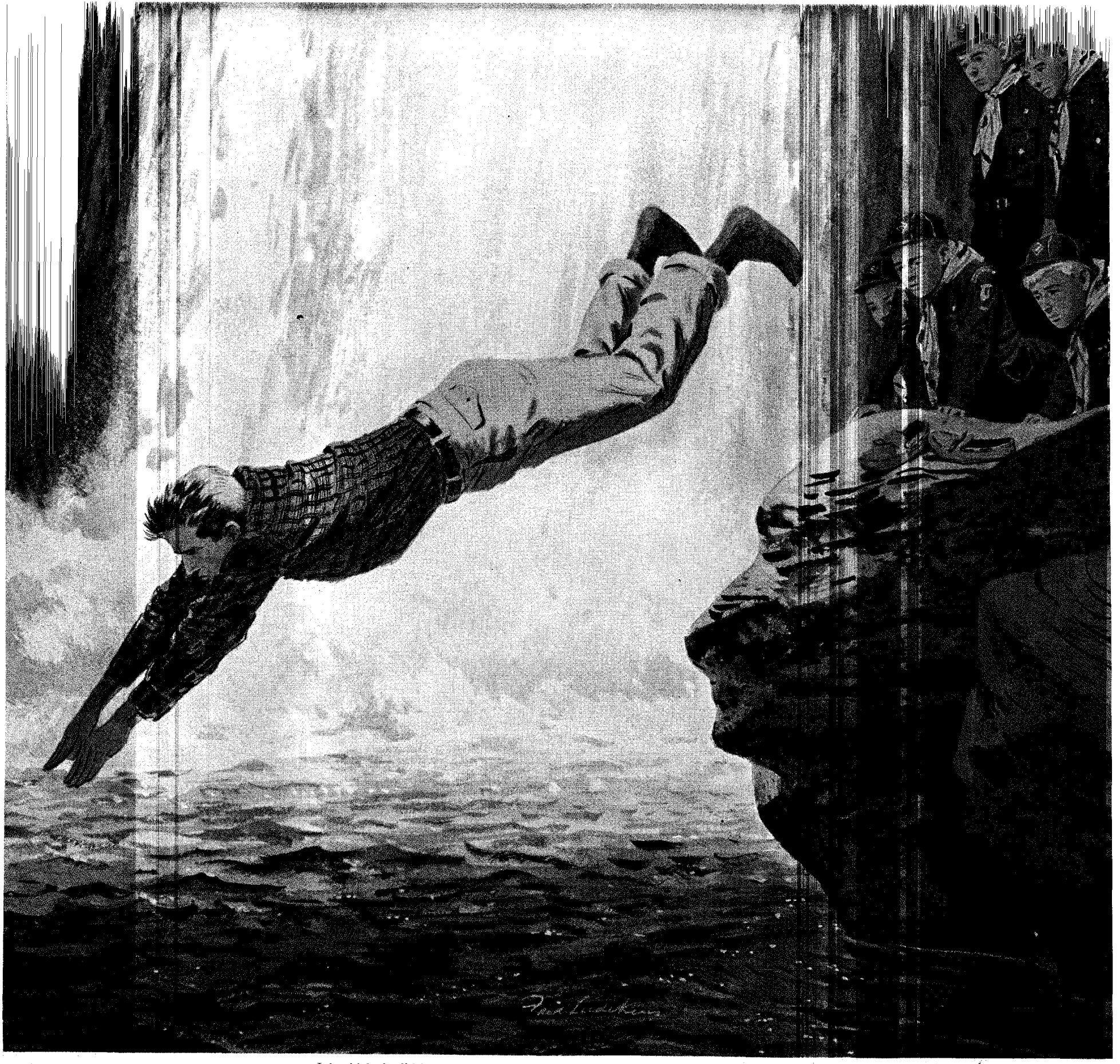

John kicked off his moccasins and dived into the swirling currents.

*Oh, heaven*, he thought. *Why won't he let me love him? Lord knows I've tried. For this whole year since Marion and I were married, I've knocked myself out trying. I've given him everything under the sun. Boats, imported three-speed bicycles, a pony! What else can I do to make him—stop tolerating me—if that?*

He sat erect, looked at his wife. "Marion, what is it with that kid? Does he resent my marrying you? Is that it?"

Marion shook her golden head.

"No, John, he wanted me to marry you. He used to envy all the other kids that had fathers. Don't forget that his own father died when he was too young even to remember him."

John Larkin sighed. "What does he want?" he said. "What does he want?"

"I don't think he knows, himself," she said. "That's—that's the trouble. Please keep your temper with him, John—for my sake, please! I—I felt, when he came on the terrace just now, it—it was like watching two dogs meet who have some sort of instinctive kind of hate for each other."

"I think he does hate me. But I don't hate him. How could I? He's your son."

Marion stepped close to him, took his hand, pressed it in appreciation of the deepness of his compliment.

"I do love you so, John," she said softly. "Sometimes—sometimes I feel—I feel as if something dreadful was getting ready to happen between you. Please don't let it. Please keep trying with him, John—for our sake."

A trimly uniformed maid stepped out onto the terrace.

"Telephone for you, Mr. Larkin."

He scowled. "Who is it?"

"One of Bobby's friends. Danny Keever."

"For me?"

She nodded. Puzzled, he got up and followed the maid into the house.

The landscape around him was what he described to himself as "tall." The rocky, pine-needled trail up the hill that to his nonwoodsman eyes was a mountain seemed appallingly tall and steep. The pine trees of the state forest were so tall that the full summer sunlight could hardly fight its way through them to the ground.

(Continued on Page 88)

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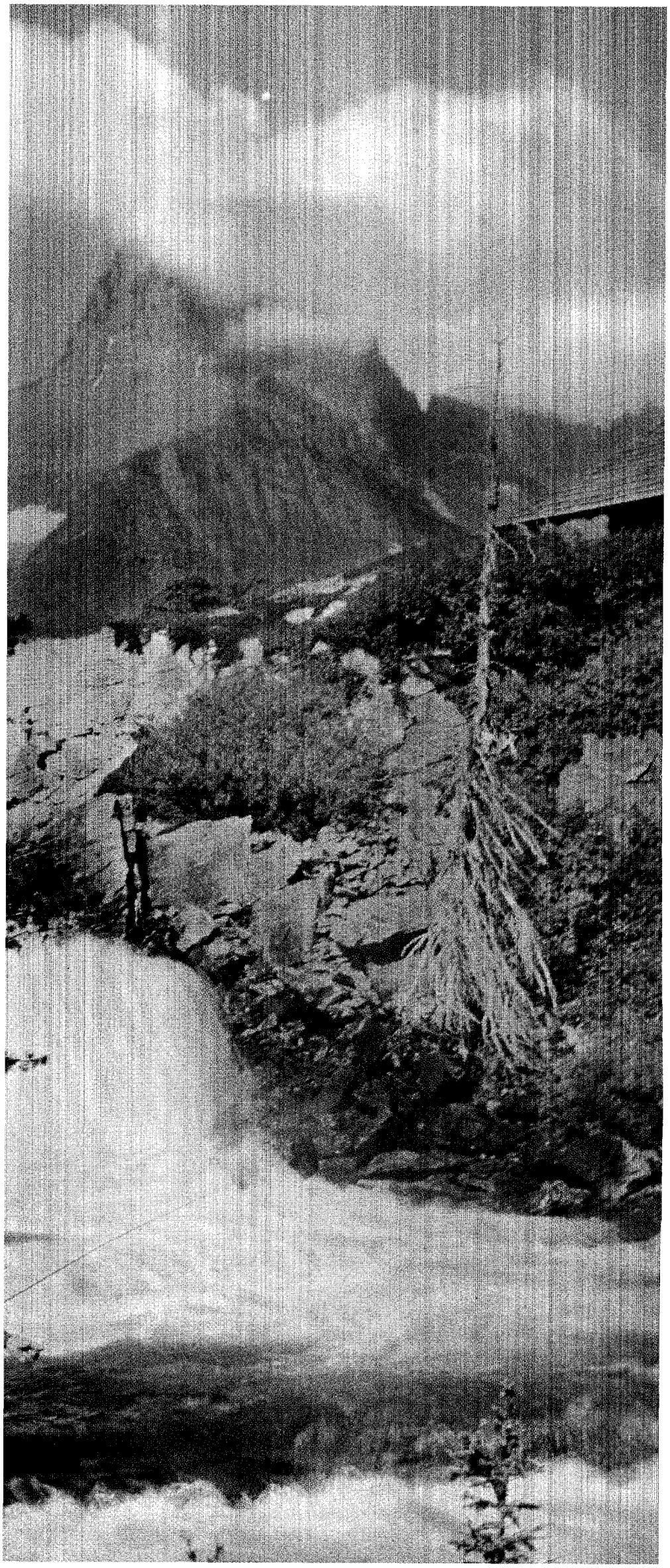

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The Face of AMERICA

# The Land of Dancing Waters

The outflow of Swiftcurrent Lake drops 100 feet in its short passage to Lake Sherburne. It tumbles down the east slope of the Continental Divide in the glacier country of Northwestern Montana. Here two nations rule a primitive preserve of Rocky Mountain alp and ice, lake and forest. Forty-six years ago the United States Congress established Glacier National Park. In 1932, Canada's Parliament added a piece of Alberta Province to form Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park. You may step across the park's twenty-three-mile-long international boundary without knowing it: no mine fields, no barbed wire. Civilization has intruded in the form of three hotels, a highway traversing the Divide, guest chalets and truck trails. But if a Blackfoot brave returned he would find things largely unchanged off trail—plenty of bighorn, elk, mule deer and beaver. And fish—cutthroat, rainbow and brook trout, wary but greedy, swift to strike and fight. Here on Swiftcurrent water, John Mach, of Minneapolis, uses the civilized fisherman's technique—subtle, delicate and entrancing. • Photograph by Harland Sutherland

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# The Trusting Type

Travel alone in the wilderness with a strange man? Didn't Janey know enough to be afraid?

By MERLE CONSTINER

At 4:27 in the morning, as was his weekly custom, John Eberly stepped out onto the board sidewalk before his shop and peered eastward into the predawn darkness, up the railroad tracks. He was a small, muscular young man with tin-rimmed glasses, and as he waited he picked up the loops of his galluses and slid them over his shoulders. The train, of course, was always late, but that was their business, not his. Dawn came with a rush, lighting the prosperous but shabby little cow town and burning the encircling mountains in scarlet and brass.

The neatest building on Railroad Street, which was the town's heart, was John Eberly's shop, a small general store. Nailed to its clapboards was a weathered sign which said: AGENT FOR THE NEW YORK FEDERATED, COMMISSION BUYERS & FORWARDING FACTORS, DELIVERIES GUARANTEED. Eberly's big work was cattle brokerage. The forwarding service, of course, here in the shadow of the Rockies, was pretty nebulous. Nevertheless, it was an item in Eberly's contract, and he kept a sharp eye on all trains.

The train rolled in at 5:11. A young lady alighted from the rear, and a trainman swung out a carpetbag from the baggage car. The trainman waved at the young lady, a sort of good-by, and the young lady waved back.

Out of kindness, and curiosity, Eberly approached her. She was pale and young, perhaps seventeen, and was dressed in shoddy black. It was a sort of uniform, he was to learn later. A poorhouse uniform.

"Well," she said shyly, "here I am. At last."

They stared at each other.

"I saw you standing in front of that sign," she said. "Are you the New York Federated man?"

When Eberly nodded, she said, "I want to be forwarded to Zeller's ranch."

Gently, Eberly said, "We don't forward people. Just parcels and freight—things like that."

"I'm talking about my carpetbag. Don't you see the tag? I shipped it New York Federated away (Continued on Page 44)

They found themselves laughing. "It's wonderful," she said.

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### AN ACCUSING VOICE

The Post breaks a long tradition by publishing this article. We ordinarily do not use material which has already appeared elsewhere, but we are making an exception in the case of this devastating attack on the way our income-tax laws encourage dishonesty. We feel all Americans should resent this shameful situation just as bitterly as the author—and we—do.

Cameron Hawley's scathing words originally were uttered before the Pennsylvania Bar Association early this year. The response was overwhelming, and when the Bar Association Quarterly later reprinted his speech, the reaction spread. Letters from all over the United States—and Europe as well—arrived in nearly unmanageable numbers.

Mr. Hawley's interest in the broad social consequences of the tax situation arose during his writing of Cash McCall. In that best-selling novel, the fictional hero degenerates morally under the influence of laws which invite corruption. Here, Mr. Hawley shows how our whole country suffers from the same infection. —*The Editors*

# Our Tax Laws Make Us Dishonest

By CAMERON HAWLEY

## In the income-tax jungle, honest citizens pull shady tricks with farfetched "deductions," and it's often more profitable to kill a going business than to keep it alive.

*An Indictment by the Author of the Sensational Novel, Cash McCall*

When I began several weeks ago to think about what I might say here tonight, it was my first impression that it would probably be best if I avoided any reference at all to my new novel, Cash McCall, for fear that you might think me so ungentlemanly as to abuse your hospitality by trying to get you to rush down to the nearest bookstore the first thing tomorrow morning.

However, as I thought about it, it did seem rather silly consciously to avoid talking about Cash McCall. After all, if I hadn't written the book I wouldn't be here—and furthermore, it is directly because of Cash McCall that I have been asked to talk to you upon this subject of morality in relation to the law—that being, of course, the essential theme of the book.

So I hope you won't think it too much of an impropriety if I do talk a bit about Cash McCall—not so much, perhaps, about the book itself as about what lies behind it. At least that will give me a take-off point.

This novel, as some of you know, tells the story of a man named Grant Austen, who, like so many owners of small manufacturing businesses today, finds himself in a position where common sense almost forces him to cash in a capital gain and sell the business that he has spent his whole life building. As he faces that prospect, he is confronted with problems in morality and ethics—and additional problems are immediately raised in the hearts and minds of the people to whom he turns for advice and counsel—bankers, management consultants, tax experts—and, of course, lawyers. Into this situation, steps a man named Cash McCall—a so-called "operator"—a man who has made millions by trading in corporate properties, buying and selling and merging companies. It is the appearance upon the scene of Cash McCall that brings into sharp focus all of the problems of morality vs. legality that are faced, not only by Grant Austen but by all of the other people involved in the story—Cash McCall himself included.

On the surface, this is a novel about the man whose name serves as its title—and because there are a number of "Cash McCalls" around the country who have been making a lot of headlines, because they are so little known, so often suspect, I suppose it's only natural that this aspect of the book should be the one that is attracting so much public attention and arousing (Continued on Page 97)

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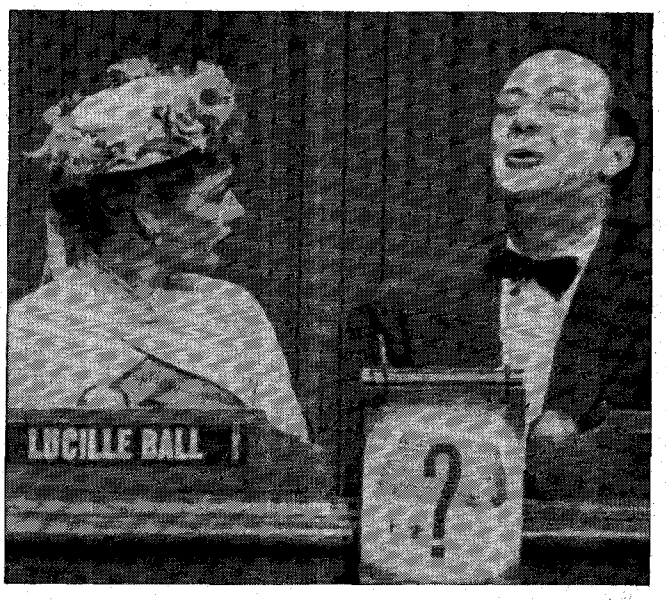
ıel show. Italian movie star Anna Magnani is at left, and her interpreter




of very special women. Samples: actresses Gloria Swanson, Lucille Ball a

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# The Lighthearted Battler of TV

"This new thing, television," John Daly said. "There won't be any place in it for me." But two years later he hit the top and stayed there . . . mostly by bullying his bosses.

*By Bill Slocum*

In February of 1948 John Daly was only thirty-four years old and he had more reason than most young men to be pleased with his lot. He had come to the United States in tow of a newly widowed mother when he was nine, and by '48 he was one of the top reporters in radio. The Columbia Broadcasting System paid him some $50,000 for doing a job he dearly loved—traveling the wide world to cover news. Then he scented disaster.

He had started his radio career in October, 1937, and eleven years later, almost to the day, he came home in a black mood. "I'm all washed up in this business," he told his wife, Kit. "I'm going to quit. I think I can get a job on a newspaper."

Kit was aware that John had been quarreling with the CBS management; but then, he always did quarrel with CBS. And CBS wasn't the only network in town. She couldn't see much to get alarmed about, and said so.

"It's this new thing, television," Daly explained. "There won't be any place in it for me. We've done pretty well on radio because apparently I have some talent for describing news events as they happen—political conventions, disasters, inaugurations and such. But I can't describe anything one one thousandth as well as a camera. In a couple of years everybody in the country will have a television set. When they want to know what's going on, they'll look for themselves. They won't need any ad-libbers."

Kit had to admit that this made sense, but she offered a wifely wisp of encouragement, "They'll still have news shows, won't they?"

"Yes, they will," Daly answered, without hope. "And they will take pictures of the newscaster. And you know the way I photograph!"

That did it. Kit knew how her husband photographed. Everybody knew. A dozen crack portrait photographers had worked on Daly at the behest of the CBS publicity department. All had produced one glacial monstrosity after another. Daly simply couldn't take a decent picture.

Daly's personal estimate of his TV future must have set some sort of record for being wrong. A conservative guess at his annual income today would put it at four times what it was in his radio heyday. He gathers all this loot by being something of a split personality. Most of the time he is a severe, almost ponderous, news reporter on his own network show and occasional related features. When he is his other self he becomes one of the land's outstanding dispensers of suavity, deep chest tones and charm. Particularly charm. He is seen most often in this role as moderator on TV's oldest established quiz show, What's My Line? Even after six years, more than 8,000,000 families gather each Sunday evening to follow Daly and his panelists through thirty minutes of laughs and leers.

Daly's personality is just as split off screen as it is on. Among his friends, or even among strangers, he is the same lighthearted young man he seems on What's My Line? But in the counting house he is a tiger. What's more, he drives his bargains with no help from an agent. "An agent would spoil my fun," he says. Some people, of course, suspect that Daly has other, less sporting, motives for dispensing with an agent's services.

(Continued on Page 74)

The Dalys—Charles, Kit, John, Buncy and Neal. Father fancies himself a wicked card shark.

Daly, now an ABC vice-president, is at his best as a glib on-the-spot reporter. He's his network's top hand at covering the Presidential nominating conventions.

Daly—then called Charlie by his friends—covered Marine Corps maneuvers in 1941 (left). Later he covered the real war.

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Today, Japan regards America's ally, South Korea, as a greater threat than Red China. Here, fishermen's wives protest the detention of their husbands by the Rhee government.

**A communist psychological offensive is wooing away some of our best friends in Japan. Is it too late to halt this threat to our security? A Post editor reports from Tokyo.**

# The New Red Peril in Japan

**By Demaree Bess**

TOKYO.

When people talk about a Red menace they usually are thinking of deep-laid conspiracies hatched in Moscow by global communism. But that is not the kind of Red menace which has developed alarmingly during recent months in Japan. In this island stronghold across the Pacific nobody considers the Japanese Communist Party or its fellow travelers an immediate threat. At this moment the men and the ideas which are most helpful to the Reds in Japan are all noncommunist and some of them are violently anticommunist.

Returning to Japan after an absence of four years, I have found that the United States has suffered serious setbacks here, particularly during the latter half of 1955 and the first half of this year. American influence in Japan has been damaged not so much by Soviet plotters as by two developments on our side of the Bamboo Curtain. Danger No. 1 is Red China's magnetic pull upon the Japanese, and especially upon Japanese nationalists of a type peculiar to this country. Danger No. 2, in this American election year, is the Washington Government's reluctance to clarify its Far Eastern policies. Because of uncertainties about long-range American-Japanese relations, the moderates of Japan, natural allies of the United States, are steadily losing ground to extremists of left and right.

The most spectacular example of Red China's current fascination for Japanese nationalists is an eighty-six-year-old pioneer tycoon named Fusanosuke Kuhara. This venerable industrialist, who has made and lost several huge fortunes, has become extremely chummy with Peking's top communists, following a two-month tour of Red China last autumn. His (Continued on Page 71)

Peking's best Japanese booster is F. Kuhara (cane), venerable capitalist whose daughter married an American.

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Helen Jennings' face became a solicitous mask. "Are things bad, darling, that your husband has to go back to that?"

# MORGAN'S WIFE

By WILLIAM HOLDER

## She was an outcast in the town because of her husband's reputation.

Even as they waited at the station for the train, the anger Mary had known for a month did not abate. Then the 8:45 rolled around the turn, slowing. She said it almost out of habit. "Take care of yourself, Lew." She had said it perhaps fifty times before, but not under these conditions.

He gave her the easy grin she knew so well. "I'm just the man to do that, kid. Take it slow. I'll see you later." He winked at her and kissed her, then kissed Ellen and told her, "You be a good girl, now."

He got out of the car and went to the train with his loose, straight walk. With the other commuters. The other men who had jobs that permitted them to take the 8:45 into the city. And that was a laugh.

"Where's daddy going?" Ellen asked.

"To work," Mary said.

Not really to work until ten o'clock tonight, but this day started early. It would be one of the days she had always hated, one of many she had known, but one which she hadn't expected to encounter again. A day of going through the motions with her mind in suspension; working through the endless hours until the night, when he would come back to her.

She drove Ellen to the kindergarten, except that they called it the Island Heights Pre-Grade School, and said, "I'll call for you at noon, sugar," and watched her go up the walk to the long, low building.

Mary drove home and parked the station wagon in the driveway, and when she got out she looked at the house, as she always did. In three years it had not lost its loveliness, and she knew it never would. Two-story Cape Cod, eight rooms, graceful and solid and enduring, and perfectly fitted to the large piece of sloping land that gave them a view of the water. "A forty-, fifty-thousand-dollar layout," Lew had said in his quiet voice, when it was finished, "and it didn't cost us much over twenty, including the property. Not bad, eh?"

Not bad, but she wondered how much it would be worth to them after today.

She went in, and Mrs. Monahan, who had come early today, was in the kitchen. Mary said, "No trouble?"

"Not a peep out of him," the trim woman said. "He's a good little boy." (Continued on Page 78)



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# The Things They Ask Me to Do!

## A gas-station owner—who dispenses more "service" than gas—tells about the customers who make it tough for him.

By SAM O. GAMBLE, as told to Joe Alex Morris

The author in his role as Mr. Fix-it, one of the many parts he has to play while running a service station.

About a hundred times every year, you and some 60,000,000 other automobile owners drive into a roadside service station, nod to the uniformed attendant and mutter, "Fill 'er up—and don't forget to check the oil." You're usually in a hurry, and it's not likely you take more than a fleeting look at the man behind the gas pump.

Well, I'm one of the men behind the gas pump. Maybe you don't notice me, but I get a good look at several hundred of you customers every day. Let me tell you right off that you make my life interesting, unpredictable, difficult, amusing—and sometimes a real pain in the neck!

"Pretty soft for this guy," customers are likely to conclude, when my service station at Manning, South Carolina, is crowded with automobiles. "All he's got to do is stick that hose in the gas tank, watch the automatic pump click off the gallons and collect our money."

To be truthful about it, that's the way I like to have customers react. At any good service station, a lot of man-hours, money and imagination are expended every day in a highly competitive effort to provide maximum service—in a minimum time. If everything goes smoothly at my station, for example, I know that we're pleasing the customers—both our regular patrons in Manning (population: 2900) and the heavy tourist trade on U.S. 301, which is part of the main route between Florida and points north. So, when somebody says we have it "soft," I usually smile.

But what I'd like to say is: "Brother, you ought to stick around for a while and see what really goes on here." You ought to help us police up the station at dawn for the early-bird trade and stand by until we close up in darkness. You ought to know how much time we spend at special classes so we can keep up with the fantastic mechanical changes in your new automobile. And you ought to give us a helping hand with customers who, day after day, make some remarkable calls for "service" at the nation's 207,000 service stations.

Just to mention a few examples that, in smaller towns, can be regarded as routine:

The Small-Favor Seeker. Mrs. J., who lives in the next block, stops by to explain hurriedly that the new draperies she ordered will be delivered this afternoon but she simply has to go to a bridge-club meeting because she's in charge of prizes. So she asked the store to deliver the draperies to the service station, and she knows you won't mind doing her a small favor by paying the man $88.57. She'll bring a check around tomorrow. And be sure the draperies are

(Continued on Page 91)

A boy on a bike gets Sam Gamble's personal attention. After all, one day the youngster may be a paying customer. Above: Swings and slides keep kids out of trouble while the family car is lubricated.

Photographs by Hans Knopf

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While a trailer gets its windows washed, paying business passes up the congested station. Ninety-five per cent of Sam's clients are friendly, appreciative folks. But that other five per cent can be "a real pain in the neck."

"Service" sometimes includes accepting deliveries for customers who can't be home when something arrives.

Bane of the gas station is the IWW (Information, Wind and Water) "patron" who pulls up for a map and a long list of services—then drives off without spending a cent.

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By MARGARET CRAVEN

# SUSANA AND THE SHEPHERD

**His was a grim and lonely life.**

**What woman would want to share it?**

All the passengers on the big transcontinental plane were interested in the young Basque who occupied the rear seat. He was a good-looking lad with his dark eyes and his proud, inscrutable face, tagged on the jacket with a check badge like a piece of luggage because he couldn't speak an English word.

"He's a sheepherder from the Spanish Pyrenees," the stewardess replied to an inquiry. "The California Range Association is flying over many of them. Usually three or four come together. He's the first to come alone."

Several of the passengers tried to be friendly, but the young Basque only stared at them, too bewildered and confused to smile, and finally a sure blonde, who had traveled in Spain, said she'd draw him out. She'd toss a little Spanish at him. She'd just go over and sit on the arm of his chair and give him the good old American *bienvenida*.

So she did it, and the young Basque fixed upon her a pair of scornful, suspicious eyes and ignored her.

"You know what I think?" said the defeated blonde to the stewardess. "I think his mother



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She looked at him not shyly, but boldly, as though taking his measure.

warned him to have nothing to do with American women. They'd eat him alive." And she was wrong; it was his grandmother who had warned him.

"Oh, he's a strange one," the stewardess told the navigator. "They're all silent, but this one wouldn't even talk if he knew how. I hope somebody meets him in San Francisco. I have strict orders not to turn him loose unless he's met."

The navigator was wiser. "He's from some small village, probably," he said. "Never seen a big city. Never been in a plane. If he's afraid, it's the kind of fear only the brave know. Otherwise he wouldn't be crossing an ocean and a continent to herd sheep for a stranger in a land he doesn't know. Let him alone. He's a kid with a dream."

And after that, across the plains and the mountains, the boy sat undisturbed, holding his dream, and his was the old dream many Basque boys have held in their hearts. Their land was not big or rich enough to support all. By custom, a family's land was left to the eldest son. The younger sons, therefore, must emigrate; their only hope of keeping the land they loved was to leave it—and come back rich.

It was possible. From his own village in the Valle de Arce in the province of Navarra several had done it. Felipe Lacabe had done it. He had herded sheep for six years in a place called Nevada. In all that time he had learned no more than fifty English words, and been to town twice, and spent not one coin on drink, smokes and girls. He had come back with twelve thousand dollars—a fabulous fortune—and he had bought himself a band of fine sheep and married the prettiest girl in Uriz.

Many had come back, and more had not. Whenever American tourists came to the remote villages of the Pyrenees some Basque father, prodded by his wife, said slowly, "If you have been to California, is it possible you know our son, Bonifacio?" or Fermín. Or Esteban. But they never did.

He, Juan Varra, was going to be one of the lucky ones. He had made up his mind. The American consul at Bilbao before whom he had appeared for his sheepherder's examination had praised him. The doctor who had given him his physical had spoken of his strength. And while he had waited the long months for the completion of his papers, the priest had strengthened him.

No Basque had ever been remembered for his words, the priest had said. Only for deeds and for courage. And if the ignorant thought he had a mist in his head like the mists of the mountains he loved, what of it? The thing to do was to be strong.

Yet when it was almost time to land, the boy found it hard to be strong. He reminded himself that an unknown *Americano* had paid seven hundred and eleven dollars and ten cents for his passage, sight unseen, and why? Because he knew—as who does not?—that for two thousand years the Basques have been famous for their skill with the sheep.

He thought hard on *abuelita*, his little grandmother. How confidently she had smiled at him as she had prepared his favorite omelet for his last supper at home. With no teeth, she had looked like a little old baby, and he vowed now that with his first wages he would send her enough money (Continued on Page 62)

Illustrated by Ben Stahl



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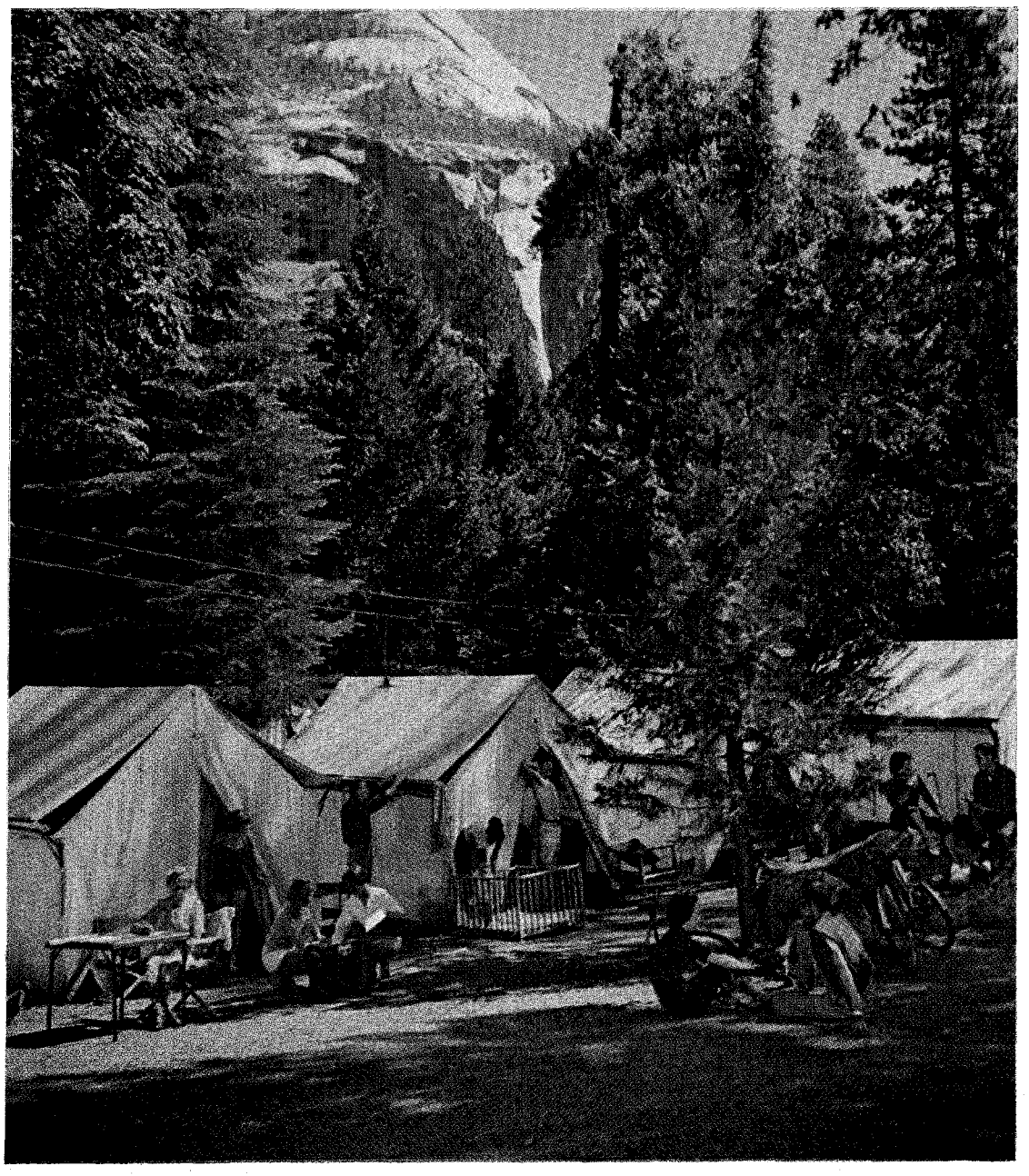
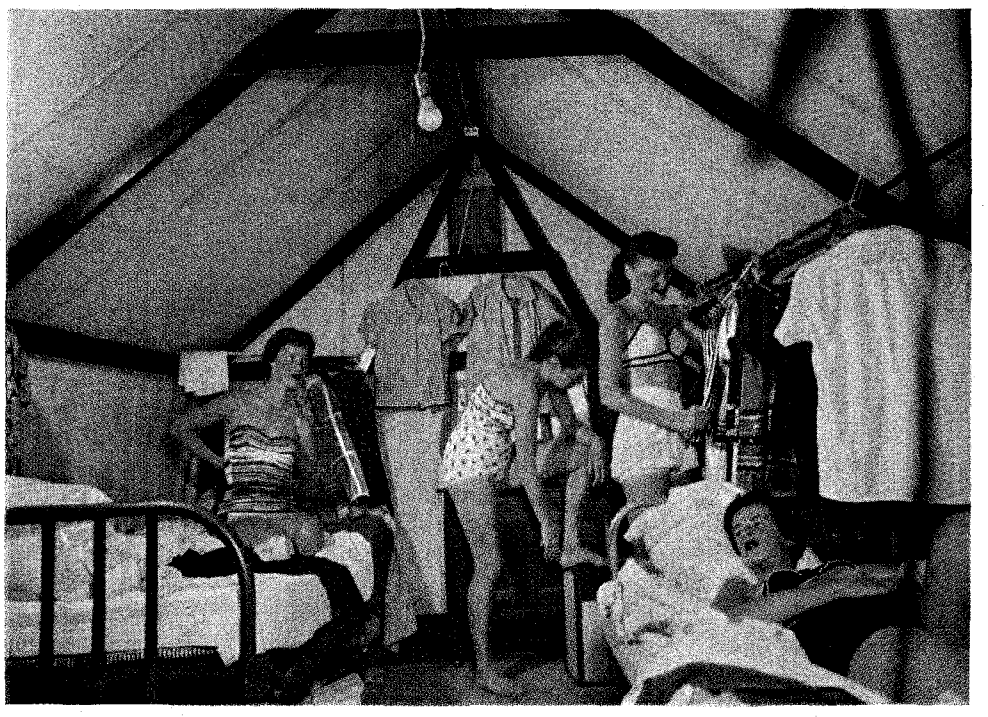
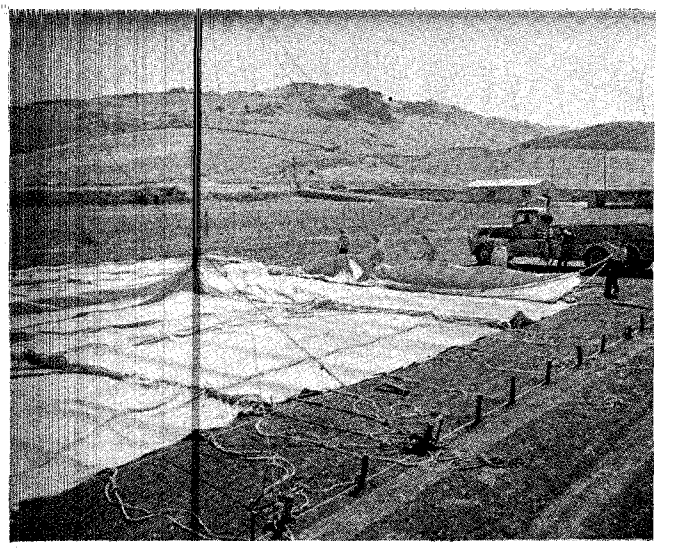
Photographs by Gene Lester



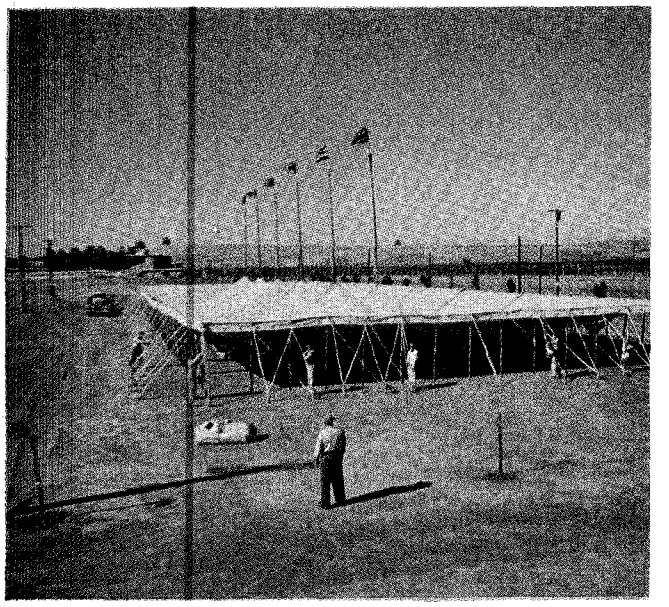
The J. L. Stuart Co. has sold or rented tents to clients from California to Arabia. Yosemite National Park (above) is a big customer, using hundreds of tents to house campers and park employees.



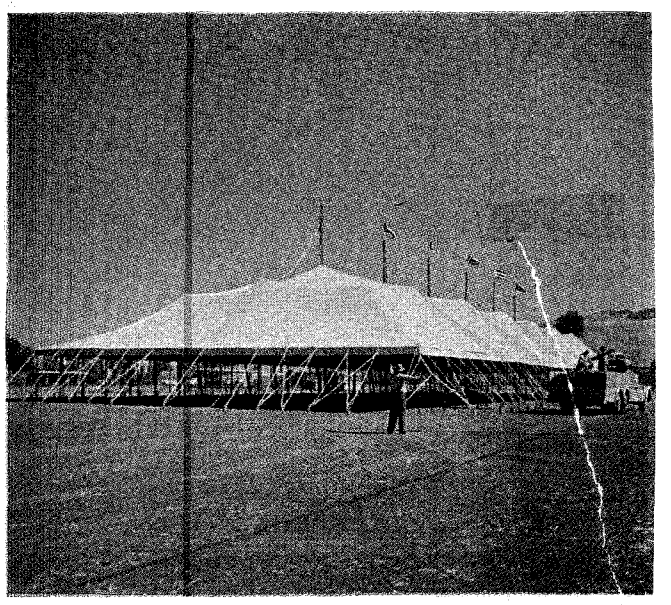
Waitresses and other female help at Yosemite live under canvas in a separate section of the park called The Terrace. Here, four residents of the tent village get set to take a dip in a nearby river.



Operation Big Top: a Stuart tent crew rolls out 200 feet of canvas at the Solano County Fair Grounds, Vallejo, Cal.



With side poles raised and the canvas only a short way up the center poles, the tent looks like a huge rain catcher.



Crew boss Denny Helms (front) uses a winch for hoisting canvas. As an old circus man he'd rather do it with elephants.

To the public, big tops mean circuses and fun. Fair-grounds managers find that they have to have tents to lure patrons.

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# Here Comes the Big Top

From a back-yard tent to a canopy covering several city blocks, this San Francisco outfit will supply canvas to put over anything. They even have an upside-down tent you can swim in.

John B. Sauter, with Denny Helms, supervises the vast tent-rental operations from the J. L. Stuart Co. offices in San Francisco.

**By Frank J. Taylor**

Every spring the phone rings overtime on the desk of a wiry, excitable San Franciscan named John B. Sauter, and one caller after another wants to know if he can rent a tent. Sauter, who has more robin's-egg-blue canvas to rent than anyone else, invariably answers "Yes" and switches the call to a husky, gum-chewing Texan named Denny Helms.

First Helms tries to find out whether the inquirer is a preacher about to go on an evangelistic tour, a real-estate man opening a new tract, a collegiate impresario aiming to stage an amateur circus, a garden-club secretary wanting shelter for a flower festival, or who else. That settled, Helms drawls, "Well, how big a tent do you need?"

"Oh, a real big one. What's the biggest tent you have?"

"We can give you one twenty-two hundred feet long and a hundred feet wide," replies Helms. "That's enough canvas to cover five city blocks."

After a gasp, the prospective customer manages to explain that a smaller tent will do the job. Sauter and Helms have plenty of these, too, but for some reason neither can figure out, all tents are big to the customer who wants to rent one.

Once ignited, the burning yearning for tents smolders so persistently that Sauter and Helms and their colleagues at the J. L. Stuart Company can count on a busy and profitable summer and fall, just renting and erecting tents and adorning them with banners, buntings and chandeliers. The patrons are so varied that Sauter has concluded that just about anybody is a potential tent renter, including Eskimos, who prefer tents to igloos; and Arabs, who are supposed to have masterminded the tent idea in the first place.

With glee, Sauter points out that the Stuart Company, of which he is president and controlling stockholder, has shipped thousands of tents to Saudi Arabia on order from the Arabian-American Oil Company. This is like carrying beer to Milwaukee or beans to Boston, and Sauter considers it the No. 1 compliment of his business career that the Arabians are happy and snug as bugs in their San Francisco-made tents.

In fact, one reason the Arabs dote on Stuart tents is that bugs don't eat them—the tents, that is. Saudi Arabia boasts a breed of ants with such voracious (Continued on Page 65)

Largest of the company's 250,000 banners and flags is a 70-by-120 Stars and Stripes, shown here at the East-West football game on New Year's Day.

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By MARTHA ALBRAND

# Reunion With Terror

## No matter what the facts seemed to say, Ward couldn't believe this man was a traitor.

The signs of struggle in Nemec's room were minimal. A glass of water spilled on the table, a chair lying on the floor, and a pair of broken glasses. But Nemec was gone. How had the Reds known he was here, Ward wondered. And where had they taken him?

Ward was an American Intelligence officer. Nemec was a high official in the Czech government. Recently, with Ward's help, Nemec had fled to Western Germany. Nemec had been kept under wraps as much as possible. Now, just hours after a visit with Dr. Franz Linden, a West German Security chief, Nemec was a captive of the Reds.

Linden himself had just been freed by the Russians after over a decade of imprisonment. Ward, who held a job as a reporter for a Munich newspaper as a front for his Intelligence work, had gone to Eisenstein to arrange Nemec's escape. While there he met Linden's daughter, Lisa.

Lisa, who had not seen her father since she was a small child, did not suspect that the man the Russians released was not her father. Instead, it was Stepan Kozlov, an M. G. B. agent who had been trained to play the role of Linden, formerly a high German official.

With Linden's reputation in back of him, Kozlov obtained a position with German Security.

Lisa unquestioningly accepted Kozlov as her father. The one person Kozlov feared was George Holm, a very close friend of Lisa's, and a member of the Security Department. Kozlov arranged a double coup by framing Holm for Nemec's abduction.

Holm was arrested. Lisa absolutely refused to believe him guilty. She could not understand how her father had consented to Holm's arrest, and said she'd do all she could to clear Holm. But if her father wouldn't help her, to whom could she turn?

Illustrated by Robert Moore

"What do you want to see him for?" Harrison asked. "We have the traitor. We have to regard the matter as closed."

III

Ward had just returned to his apartment in Schwabing when the doorbell rang. The messenger boy to fetch the copy, he thought. Well, he would have to wait. It had slipped his mind completely that he had to finish a feature article for the Munich News.

He pressed the buzzer that opened his door. "The film studios in Geiselgasteig today offered ——" he was typing, when he heard steps outside his door.

"Come in!" he yelled. "Sit down, have a smoke and keep quiet!"

He knew the door had opened by the small, quick draft on his neck. He heard it close, and a chair being moved. He typed on.

After a minute or so, with his typewriter making a noise like a machine gun, he said, without looking up, "Toni, get me a drink. Make it strong. Half Scotch, half water."

A hand was setting down a glass next to him on the rickety table when he happened to glance at it. It did not look at all like the grimy little hand of a twelve-year-old messenger boy. It had long, thin fingers, delicately shaped at the point, with very clean nails, kept rather square and unpolished. A heavy gold bracelet was at the wrist.

"What the devil?" he said, looking at the girl standing beside him. She wore a blue knit stocking cap, a duffel coat and high boots. The boots had made him mistake her steps for the boy's. "What are you doing here?"

"You told me to be quiet," said Lisa, "and I was because I saw you were working."

Fleetingly he thought of the night in Eisenstein. Then, as today, he had not really been himself, just a brain functioning around the question of Nemec, wondering where Nemec was, what had happened to him. Why did life bring them together only when he had no time for private affairs?

And then he felt it again—the rush of tenderness sweeping through him as it had swept through his mind that night when he had regretted not having been there during the hard years of her life.

"How ever did you find me?"

"Doesn't one always find what one really wants?"

He tipped back his chair and looked at her. "I wish I were as convinced of that as you."

"I just kept hanging around the News until I finally found someone who was willing to tell me where you lived." She smiled vaguely. "Please finish what you are doing and then ——"

"You can talk while I write," he said. "I mean it. When I get ready to type I've got it all figured out in my mind. It's no longer creative, just copying."

For a moment Lisa wondered what had made her trust this young man whom she really did not know, why she had remembered him so clearly that she knew all his features—the long face with the oddly cut, extraordinarily blue eyes, the way his chin was set, the strong neck rising from his sweater, the chestnut-brown hair that needed trimming, the little scar between the straight eyebrows, the smile that made his whole face come alive.

"Well, go on," he said. "Why have you come?"

"I need your help."

Help, he thought now, at this point, when he had no time

(Continued on Page 82)

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"You mean to say they think I might have been spying for the Russians because I believe secretly in communism?" Holm started to laugh, then he opened his shirt.

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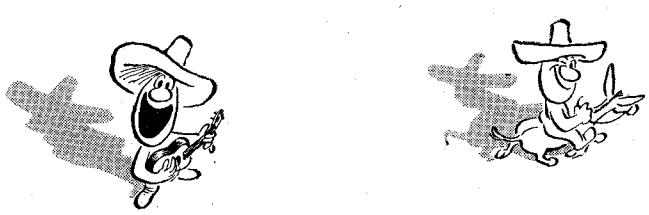


# Post Scripts

## Historical Sayings

I'm a little afraid that some of the famous historical sayings which are frequently quoted would be somewhat different had I been in the shoes of the persons who were responsible for them. I have an idea that they might have gone something like this:

"I think maybe we'd better not wait to fire until we see the whites of their eyes. Matter of fact, right now strikes me as being a pretty good time. Ready . . . aim . . ."

"If you think I'm going to get all those country people sore at me by saying something foolish, such as let them eat cake, you're crazy!"

"And I don't want any of you fellows to think that I mind a few torpedoes, but—well, I'm just wondering if it might be a good idea for me to forget about this full-speed-ahead business and ——"

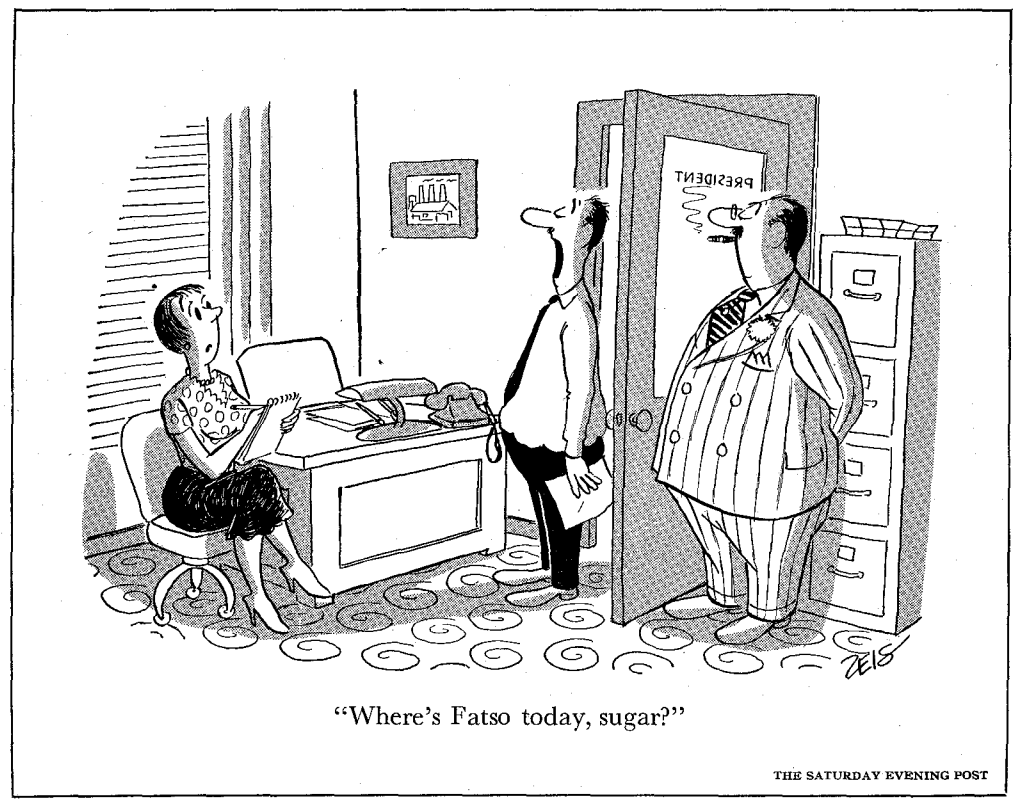
"We haven't just begun to fight. Why, it seems to me as though this thing's been going on for a thousand years!"

"I think that what I'll do is to fight it out on this line for a couple of days. Then, if it appears that it's going to take all summer, I may just sort of ——"

"I don't know whether you realize it, Doctor Livingstone, but I've just about tramped my stupid legs off looking for you!"

"Let's see, now—I came, I saw, I conquered. That'd be *veni . . . vidi . . . vi*——"

VERNON H. KURTZ




"Where's Fatso today, sugar?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## I'm Rash With Cash

My shopping trips are spent
  Like those of many folk:
I start out bargain-bent
  And end up bargain-broke.

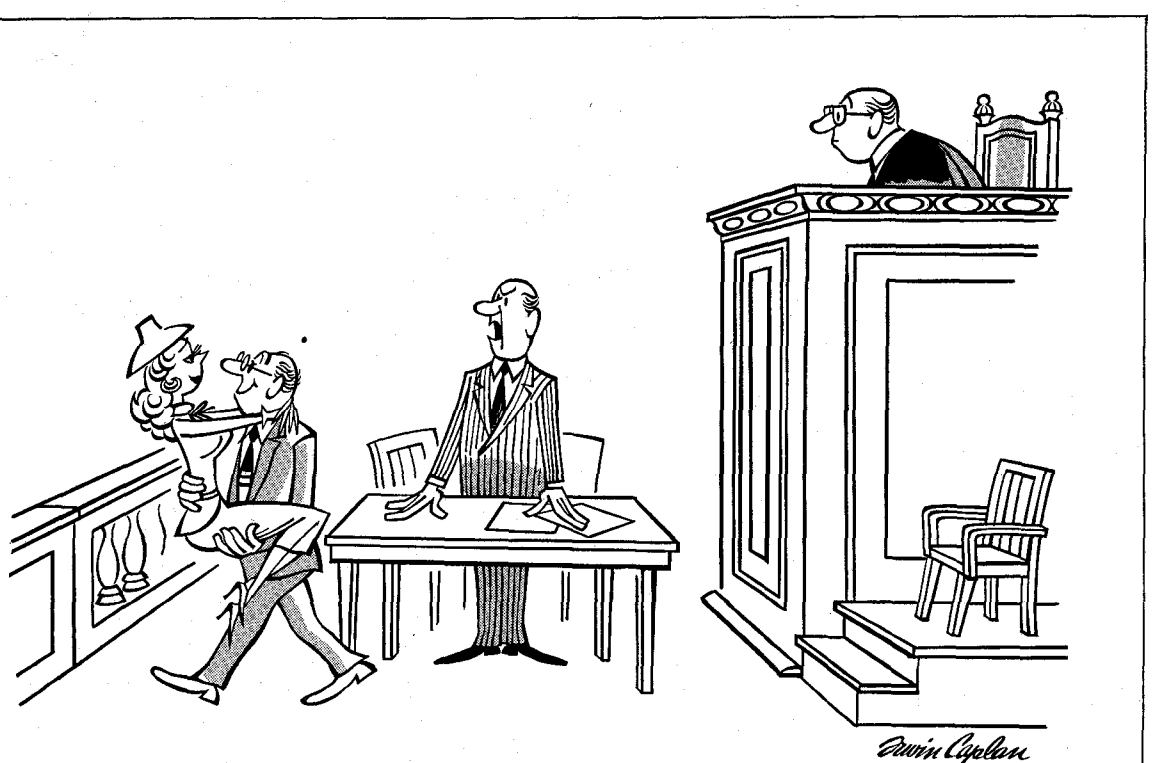
RICHARD WHEELER

## Conversation Piece

To the audience it's vital
After concert, play, recital,
To indulge their mobby hobby
Of conversing in the lobby;

They, in Exits that are choking,
Find so many thought-provoking
Folks to talk of this and that with,
I can't find my friends to chat with.

LOYD ROSENFIELD




"That's not what I meant by 'your witness'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## The Lady Tackles the Reducing Salon

"Yes, madame! May I help you?"

"Well, lately I've noticed that my skirts are getting a little bit tight, and then I happened to weigh myself and ——"

"Of course, madame! You want to regain the glorious lithe loveliness of that years-ago You!"

"Well, that isn't exactly —— I mean, I just seem to be getting a little bigger around the ——"

"Say no more, madame! In our six months' Venus Triumphant Beauty Plan, you'll discover that vibrant girlhood self, the young, alive You that ——"

"Well, I never was exactly a raving beaut—— That is, you take some girls, they can't even walk down the street without somebody whistling or something, but I never had any troub—— I mean, I just thought if I could lose a few pounds around the ——"

"Yes indeed, madame—and in addition you'll have a whole new lease on Charm! The make-up of the Stars! Glamorous new hairdos! How to look, act like a fashion model ——"

"Well, I always thought they look sort of ridic—— I mean, the way they wiggle and everyth—— All I wanted was ——"

"—— plus a marvelous course by Madame de la Rochefoucault herself on How to Cope With French Fashion! Now, first comes the Figure Analysis ——"

"Look, I've already analyzed my —— That is, I just want to lose a few ——"

"And next, your own Personalized Exercise Chart, individually prescribed for you by ——"

"Oh. Exercise?"

"Listen, did you think you could just sit on —— Oops! Not exercise, madame, but fun, toning those tummy muscles, disciplining ——"

"Well, I really don't want to go that f——"

"Madame, tell me honestly. Are you still the girl your husband fell in love with?"

"Well, no. I mean, after eighteen years, you sort of —— That is, I'm a better cook now, and a lot easier to get along with, and I've got more sense—I mean, I appreciate a lot of things I wasn't smart enough to ——"

"Say, isn't that the truth! Honest to goodness, I was saying to Al the other night—that's my husband—'Al,' I said, 'I just wouldn't be sixteen again for anything!' All those pin curls and all that dieting, sweating it out by the telephone —— Now, you take Francine—that's my daughter ——"

PEG BRACKEN

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# Soup's On! It's Vegetable Beef

Dip deep, folks. This soup signals "good flavors ahead"—good flavors spelled out in fragrant wisps of steam.

Count them! Broth — clear, golden beef broth, long simmered, lightly seasoned. Beef bites — brown and juicy. Vegetables, with a summery look and taste: carrots and peas, tender and sweet. Cubes of potato. Tomato... bright, red-ripe tomato. A touch of onion for accent. Well-loved flavors — all together in Vegetable Beef Soup.

That's how Campbell's make all their soups. By blending favorite flavors. By adding masterful seasoning. By insisting on the best of everything. By careful cooking, to preserve vitamins and minerals and proteins you need.

Why don't you have your favorite soups often? Campbell's make "21 kinds"—each with a special promise... good eating ahead for everyone.

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

VITAMINS, MINERALS and LIQUIDS —for general well-being
PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth
CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

## Once a day... every day... SOUP!

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SPECIAL OFFER!

# Truckers' Favorite Tire Design

## NOW EVEN BETTER, BUILT WITH Goodyear TRIPLE-TEMPERED 3-T Cord

NO MATTER HOW YOU FIGURE IT – YOU CAN'T MATCH SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE!

Maybe you don't keep track of exactly how many good miles a tire delivers, but you can bet the big trucking fleet operators do—*and the HI-MILER RIB has been their favorite design for years!*

Now Goodyear has taken this road-proved tire design – built it with amazingly tough and durable Triple-Tempered 3-T Cord—and priced it so sensationally LOW, *you simply can't match it for the money!*

IT'S TRUE! You don't pay one extra dime for the performance, the long wear, that 3-T Cord delivers. It's all included in the low, low price that makes HI-MILER RIB the greatest all-out BUY in its price-class!

IN TUBELESS—available in 15″ and 16″ sizes – and priced *right!* See for yourself – at your Goodyear dealer's *NOW!* Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

**Look! Lowest price ever!**

**only $17.95**

for size 6.00-16 plus tax and recappable tire – yes, no more than you'd pay for some auto tires! *Other sizes up through 10.00—22 also thriftily low-priced* at most Goodyear dealers'. Prices subject to change.

**It's Goodyear's famous HI-MILER RIB**

and you can get it on **CONVENIENT BUDGET TERMS at most GOODYEAR DEALERS'** Pay as little as $2 WEEKLY for a *pair* of these great truck tires!

Make your Goodyear dealer's sign your good luck sign.
Enter the Goodyear $150,000 Sweepstakes at your Goodyear dealer's now.

Hi-Miler – T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

**MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND**

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# Counterfeit Cavalier

Someone had to pay for kidnaping the snooping boy. Agent Baldwin was elected patsy.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Artemus Baldwin followed Jick Roche into her living room, where her mother was sitting. "Mr. Baldwin," said Mrs. Roche, "Pomfret Lionel is lost. That's not all," she continued. "Nita has disappeared."

Baldwin, a United States Secret Service agent, had come to Arizona to track down a gang of counterfeiters. On a picnic in the desert, he and Jick discovered the corpse of Sweet Lips Chavez, a passer for the counterfeiters.

Chavez had been the boy friend of Nita, the Roches' cook. Nita vowed to avenge his death. Pomfret Lionel, Jick's brother, also intended to find the counterfeiters. Apparently Pomfret Lionel's snooping had led him to something important. Baldwin suspected that the artist, Walker Bayside, had kidnaped the boy.

The Roches knew that Baldwin was a Secret Service man, but to the Phoenix underworld he was a fugitive Chicago gangster named Anton Spain. As such, Baldwin had been recruited as a gunman by Marvin Leeds, a lawyer who fronted for a Phoenix gang.

Baldwin's work for Leeds led him into a gang war with the Baffin mob. Artemus also became involved with Col. Semmes Beauregard, a courtly Southern gentleman, and his daughter, Jennifer. Mr. Roche thought Jennifer was the lady with the borzoi dog who had been in London, Paris and Marseilles at the time of some counterfeit scandals in those cities.

Baldwin knew that the counterfeiters, no matter who they were, would be anxious to avoid getting mixed up in a kidnaping. Artemus called Leeds and told him he would take Pomfret Lionel off the gang's hands. Baldwin said that in return he would expect a top position in the counterfeiting operations.

Leeds contacted his chief and arranged for Baldwin to discuss his proposition. Leeds and Baldwin drove to a desolate spot outside the city. "This is it," said Leeds as they scrambled out of the car. "Get your speech ready. Talk fast, Mr. Baldwin. Talk fast."

## CONCLUSION

Col. Semmes Bedford Beauregard, Southern gentleman from broad-brimmed white sombrero to handmade boots, carried a folded blanket over his arm as he topped the rise and looked down into the little bowl where Marvin Leeds and Artemus Baldwin waited. Artemus was less than surprised by the identity of the newcomer to their conference; nor was he astonished to see that the colonel was accompanied by his pseudo-daughter, Jennifer. The colonel lifted his hat with sweeping gesture, to which Artemus responded.

"What, no borzoi!" Artemus exclaimed.

"They prefer boulevards to deserts," Jennifer said with self-possession. "You seem to be hipped on borzois."

"I like pretty pictures," Artemus said. He advanced, took the blanket from the colonel and spread it on the ground. "If we had a picnic basket we could have a picnic," he smiled.

They settled themselves on the rug in apparent sociability. Jennifer sat cross-legged and graceful and demure. The colonel was stiffly dignified. Leeds squatted at Artemus' right, on his heels, cowboy fashion. Artemus lounged at full length, leaning upon his left elbow, leaving his right hand free. He grinned at Leeds. "Awkward position for gun tricks," he said.

Leeds grinned with sleek amiability. "I can do them standing on my head," he replied.

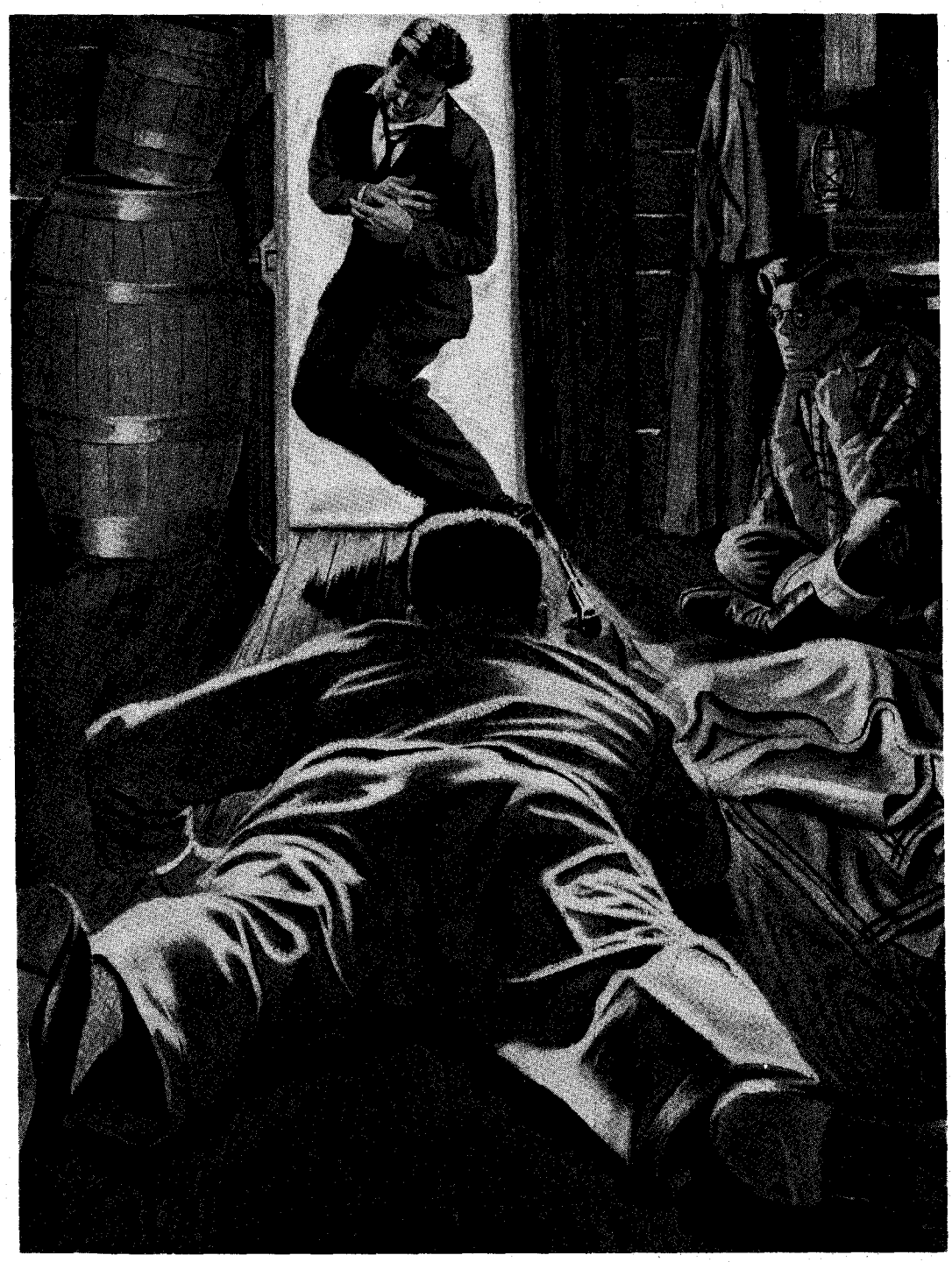
"You demanded this interview," the colonel said. "Proceed."

"Is the full membership committee present?" Artemus inquired.

"Present with blackballs," Jennifer said gaily. "For possible use in case."

"Make your pitch," Marvin Leeds said sharply.

"If," said Artemus, "the colonel is up to his job, I don't need (Continued on Page 52)



Artemus fired from the floor and flung himself to one side.

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# The Trusting Type (Continued from Page 26)

back in Harpville, Illinois." She paused. "And if it won't trouble you, I'll just go along with the bag."

Eberly's office was a terminus. He didn't make deliveries into the back country, and Zeller's ranch was a good twenty miles into the foothills.

Impassively he asked, "Is that where you're from, Illinois?"

"Gracious, no. That's where I left the last of the others, Harpville. I'm from the Nineteenth Street Almshouse." Proudly, she added, "New York City."

"What business do you have with Zeller?"

She handed him a letter. It said:

*Dear Matron:* As my wife is sickly, I want you should send me a girl as housekeeper, and am enclosing her traveling money. I live in a Western paradise, but kind of far from my neighbors and it is hard to get help hereabouts. New York is a long way to go to hire a servant, but I heard about your placing-out from a drummer in a store, how I could do it by sending you a letter. I want a strong young girl, not uppity, who won't jump out of her skin every time I speak to her.

AUGUST ZELLER.

*Well,* Eberly thought, *Zeller is branching out.*

He had wrecked with hard work, and worse, every servant girl in the south end of the county, and now he had tapped New York. And if Mrs. Zeller was sickly, this was the first time Eberly had heard of it. She was weak-willed and sniveling, but she could outwork her husband any day in the week.

The girl was watching Eberly as he read. Her face was ashen with fatigue.

Eberly said, "When did you eat last?"

"I don't think that's very polite."

"Yesterday?"

"The day before."

"Come in and have breakfast with me," he said savagely.

Her name was Janey Browne, and he could hardly get her through the front room, the shop, into the kitchen, so entranced was she with articles of merchandise completely new to her. Anvils, guns, harness. Over and over, she said, "Mr. Zeller said the truth in his letter. The West is a paradise."

At the kitchen table they had coffee, eggs, cold cornbread and thick but powdery-crisp bacon. The story she had to tell put him in a world he had never suspected existed.

It was about what she called emigrants. Emigrants, she explained, were New York children, starvelings and foundlings, from the streets, from almshouses and asylums, gathered together by welfare groups in big batches, and shipped "west." West generally meant anywhere between New York State and Michigan, but hers had been a specially wonderful opportunity. Arrangements were made for placing these children by letter, the batch was assembled, and shipped out under the protection of a welfare man. Children were dropped off along the itinerary—in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and so forth. She had left with a batch of thirty-two, the youngest of whom was a boy of four, the oldest a girl of eighteen.

"At Chicago," Janey said, "a man came into our car and pointed to a boy of nine and said, 'I'll give you a thousand dollars for him, now, in cash. Our protector wouldn't sell him, of course. They never put us out to strangers."

"But they put you out to a stranger," Eberly said bleakly.

Oh, no, she explained. Mr. Zeller had been secretly investigated by a letter to his bank. He was a very rich man and financially scrupulous.

"And you came on alone from Harpville," said Eberly. "What happened to the protector?"

"I was going too far. And he knew I could take care of myself."

"Ah, yes," said Eberly, and his lips were white. "By the way, what's all this about shipping your carpetbag by Federated? You could have taken it in the coach with you at no extra charge."

She flushed. "I'm going to tell you the truth. You see, I'd never done any traveling alone. I could easy get lost. They gave me a ticket, but what is a ticket? Well, I thought, if I shipped my carpetbag with New York Federated, and followed along with it, I'd be all right. Almost everywhere we stopped, I asked about it. You see, I trusted New York Federated more than I did myself."

"I see."

"It was a wise move because it brought me to you. I trust you too."

"Thank you." Eberly got to his feet. "Well, I'll go out and hitch up the buggy. We've a long journey ahead of us."

He was reaching for his hat, when she said in sudden panic, "I'm not much. What if Mr. Zeller doesn't like me?"

"He'll like you," he said tonelessly.

By ten minutes of six he had brought the buggy around to the front, put a note on the door, "Gone for the day," and they were on the road.

The land around the town of Beartooth was as flat as a pancake, and shaped like a pancake, and edged on its perimeter with low, folded hills. The railroad ran straight as an arrow, east and west, disappearing into a pass, but the road Eberly took angled southwesterly, crawling toward the rich cattle country. He was very familiar with this terrain, and in his cattle buying had subsidized many a rancher, assisting him financially through bad days. Many a rancher he had helped with his own personal resources, and this was suspected, and he was fiercely loved. As an accidental consequence, through his good judgment and humanity, the valley had prospered and he had prospered.

After a bit they came to a sheet of stone, upslanting from the earth, and here Eberly turned his buggy from the road, up a draw floored with dead, red-brown vegetation and shards of flattish rock. Miss Janey Browne sat stiffly beside him. As the buggy wheels jolted and bumped, she swiveled her head left and right, missing nothing, as though she were in a fascinating museum. When they came to a fork in the draw, Eberly took the left tine, and turned a knife-sharp corner.

Almost instantly, they were facing the old woman. She was a wizened Cheyenne and was propped, half supine, half sitting, in a sort of small cave in the gulch side. She was sick and very old. About her were a few small bundles of greasy doeskin and an amulet or two. Despite the oven heat of the day, she was swaddled to the ears in filthy blankets. Her black, beady eyes met theirs malevolently. She had been left to die, Eberly knew. He knew, too, that her time was short.

In Cheyenne, he said, "Mother, can we help you?"

Janey's eyes were as big as saucers.

The old woman moved her lips soundlessly. Eberly brought the mare to a halt. With excruciating slowness, the old woman's elbow moved under her blankets. What happened next, happened not rapidly, but so relentlessly that they grasped it too late. From a crevice in her wrappings appeared first the muzzle, and then the barrel of a pistol. It was the most ancient pistol, Eberly realized later, that he had ever seen. It was a British flintlock, rusty, with a brass butt, and at least twenty inches long. Its open maw, pointing at them, looked big enough to hold an apple. The old woman aimed full at Janey, who was on the near side.

The high-strung mare shifted and flung up her head, and as the shot drummed out, crossed its line of fire. The ball caught the mare at the base of her throat, from below, between her jawbones, and she dropped dead in the shafts.

For an instant there was a vapor of foul, ancient powder. The powder dissipated, and somehow the scene seemed very tranquil. The dead mare seemed asleep on the ground between the shafts, and the old Cheyenne seemed to be dozing peacefully in her bundle of blankets. The pistol in her hand had undergone a few alterations, however. There was a flaring crack down its barrel and the gunlock and trigger guard had vanished.

Janey moistened her lips. "Do you think she has another one of those?" she asked. Her voice was calm and steady.

"No," said Eberly.

"Some people you can't trust," said Janey. "I learned that a long time ago, back on Nineteenth Street."

"I learned it too," said Eberly. When he looked at Janey alive and at the mare dead, an uncontrollable rasp came into his voice. "I learned it, but I forgot it."

Now the old Cheyenne was truly sleeping—in fact, she was slightly snoring.

"What gets into people to do things like that?" said Janey.

"Well, this particular old woman is probably just plain mean," said Eberly. "Then, she's had a hard life. Probably, too, she's had all kinds of relatives killed or shot at by whites."

They climbed out. Eberly unhitched the dead mare and shifted the buggy back a dozen feet. He took out the carpetbag.

"About seven miles west of here," he said, "over pretty rough ground, is a rancher named Drummond. We'll leave the buggy here, make the walk and borrow a horse. It's inconvenient and a tiresome walk but we'll have to make it."

"All right," she told him. "Whatever you say."

The old Cheyenne in her cave had closed her blankets across her nostrils, and her eyelids, glossy as purple plums, had parted. Eberly knew that she had died.

They left the draw at a feeder, at an alluvial fan, and ascended a few feet to an eroded plateau. Here they were in a fantasy of boulders and slabstone and outcropping scarp. Eberly placed the carpetbag in a cleft, to be picked up on their return.

"Look at all the pretty rocks," Janey said breathlessly. "Do you see them?"

"I see them," said Eberly, sweating at the prospect ahead of them. His one vanity was tight boots.

For four hours, under the fury of the sun, they climbed, staggered, scrambled and slid. They crossed ridge saddles, flattened themselves through clefts, became intolerably thirsty, and skittered on loose leaf rock. Janey had the time of her life, and Eberly suddenly realized there were sinewy muscles beneath that shoddy black dress.

"This is a shortcut," Eberly once explained. "We'll come back another way, a little longer but a little more comfortably."

"Those trains," Janey said. "This is what I've been needing. Exercise."

Eberly was intent on one thing—at all costs to get to Drummond's and back to the buggy as soon as possible. Not to spend the night alone with her in the open. That would be the worst possible way to start her off with the evil Zeller. Spend the night in the open, and get to Zeller's, say, midmorning.

"How did you people make it from Beartooth so quick?"

"We spent the night under a fir tree."

"Together?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Zeller, as a matter of fact, yes."

And Zeller would squeeze his eyes shut and smile. He only smiled at lewdness, and he always closed his eyes.

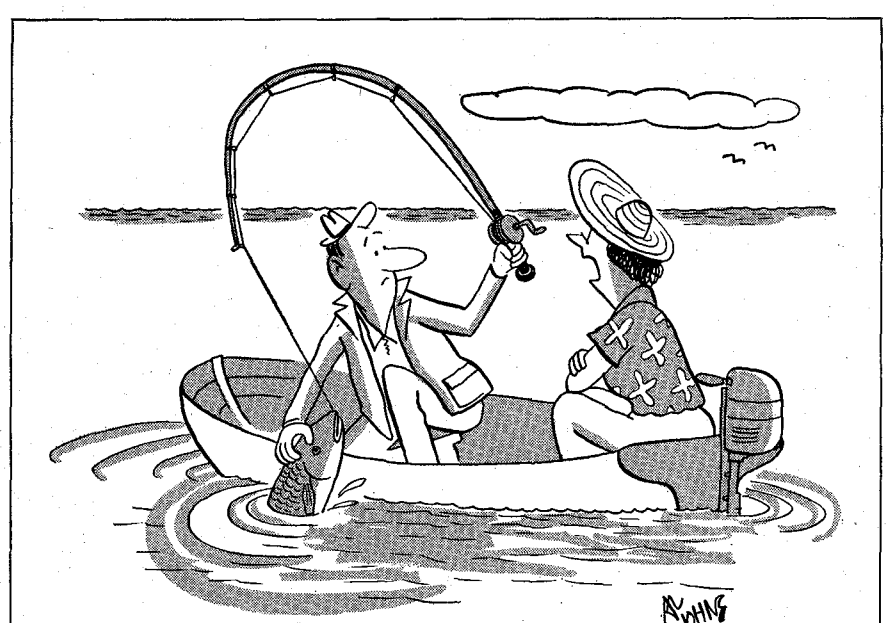
Once when they paused, panting, and leaned themselves against a great polished boulder for breath, they suddenly found themselves laughing.

"What now of our Western paradise?" asked Eberly.

"It's wonderful," she said. Abruptly, she grew serious. "If you're thinking of that nervous old Indian lady with the pistol, please forgive her."

*Nervous,* thought Eberly. *A nervous Cheyenne. Now there's a remark for history.*

At high noon, when the sun was at its zenith and the shadows about their feet had contracted to small, inky blots, the rocks ended and they came out into the grassland of Drummond's little creek bottom. There (*Continued on Page 48*)




"Oh, no you don't! You're not bringing that thing in here!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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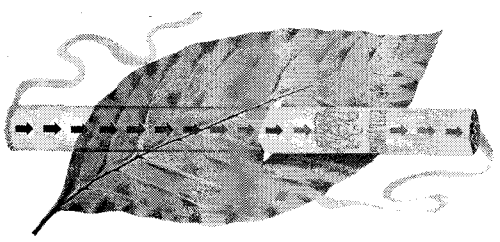
# Don't miss the *fun* of smoking

# Mildness is a Pleasure with Pall Mall

## For Flavor and Mildness



## Fine Tobacco Filters Best

- Don't miss the *fun* of smoking. Mildness is something you enjoy . . . it's a *pleasure* with PALL MALL, because PALL MALL's natural filter—greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos—travels the smoke further, filters the smoke and makes it mild.
- So—get more *fun* out of smoking! Enjoy smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer. Buy PALL MALL in the distinguished red package today!

**Outstanding**...and they are **mild!**

*Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.*

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## Compare Pall Mall for Straight Smoking Pleasure

WITH ANY REGULAR CIGARETTE FOR EXTRA MILDNESS
WITH ANY KING SIZE CIGARETTE FOR RICHER FLAVOR
WITH ANY FILTER CIGARETTE FOR GREATER SATISFACTION

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# Newest 14-cubic-foot General Electric has Revolving Shelves . . . Magnetic

**Model LH-14N** 14 cubic feet of room to store everything . . . and everything is so easy to reach! Available in Mix-or-Match Colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—or White. With either right- or left-hand doors.

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# Refrigerator-Freezer Safety Door

**Revolving Shelves put all foods at your fingertips. Magnetic Door closes surely, silently, automatically. Latchless, too! A child cannot be locked inside.**

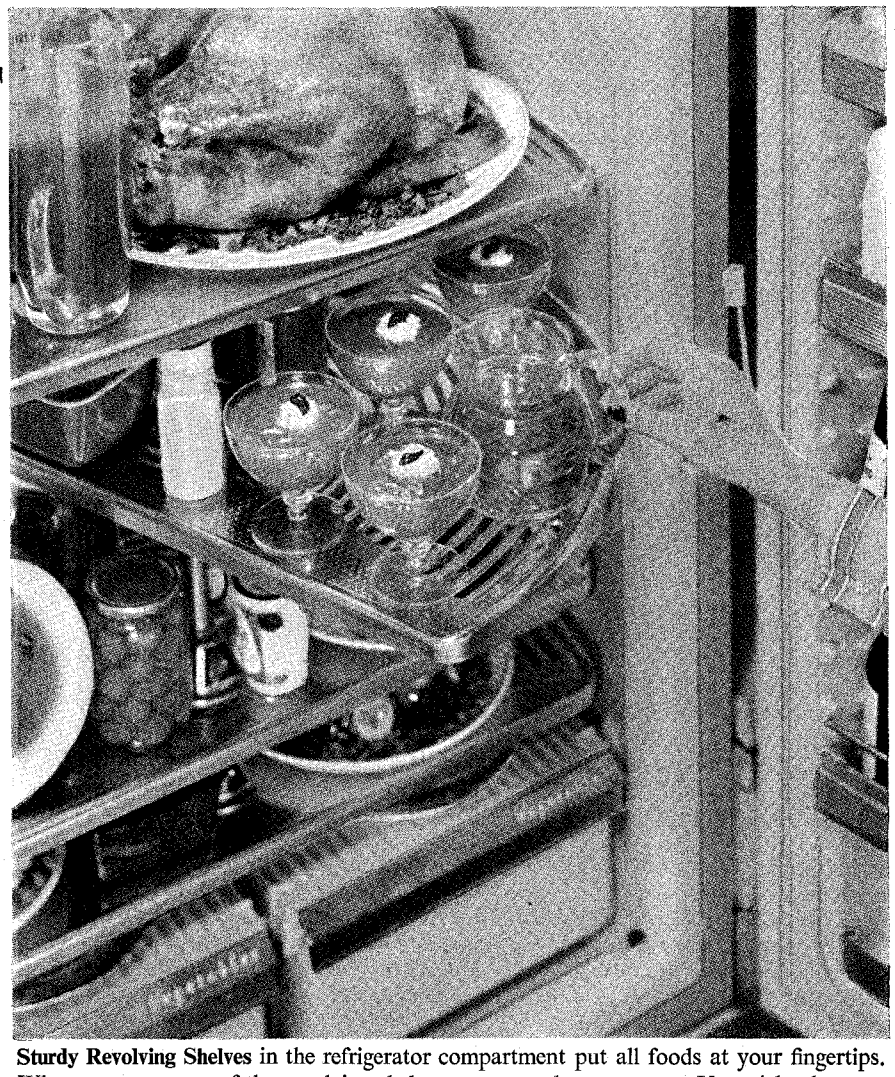
There's so much room in this General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer . . . 14 cubic feet . . . plenty for the large or growing family!

Actually there are *two* extra-large appliances in one streamlined cabinet! The refrigerator compartment is at the top where it's most convenient. The zero-degree freezer is at the bottom as a separate appliance that gives you almost *double* the freezer space found in most other refrigerators.

The refrigerator compartment has handy G-E Revolving Shelves that put everything within easy reach.

The new magnetic door on the refrigerator section swings shut automatically and seals more effectively than ever before. So safe, too! Children can't be locked inside the refrigerator section because the door is *latchless* and can be opened easily from within!

Ask your G-E dealer about easy terms and generous trade-in allowances. Look him up in your classified telephone directory. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

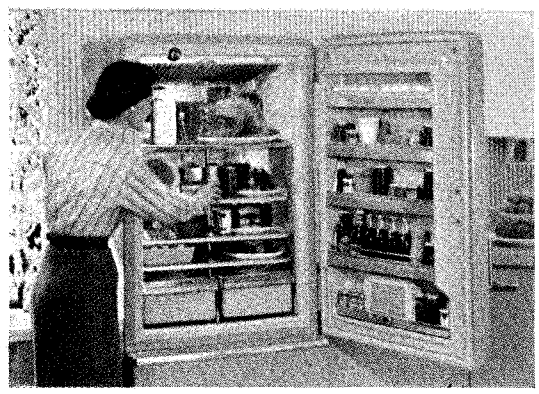


**Sturdy Revolving Shelves** in the refrigerator compartment put all foods at your fingertips. When you turn one of the revolving shelves, you see what you want. You pick what you want without overturning other foods. No more hard-to-reach corners.

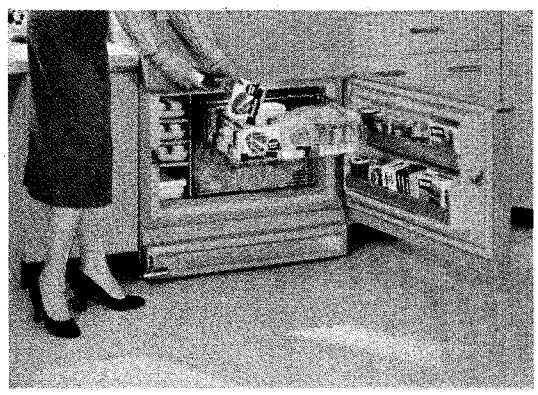
*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

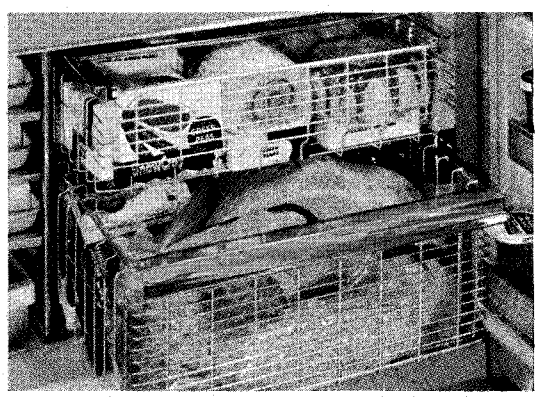
# GENERAL ELECTRIC



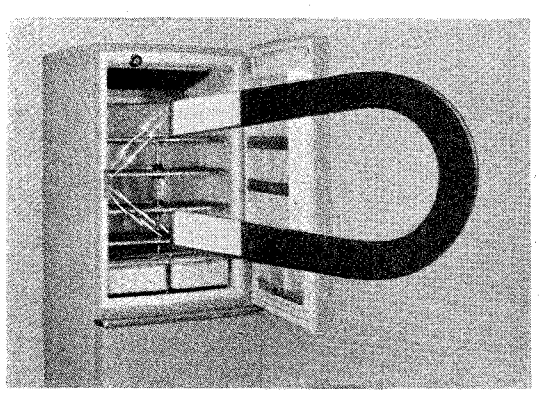
**Big automatic defrost refrigerator** section is built into the top because you use it more often. Includes fold-away bottleracks, adjustable door shelves.



**130-pound, zero-degree freezer,** at bottom, stores up to 150 frozen food packages. Has separate door, insulation and refrigerating system.

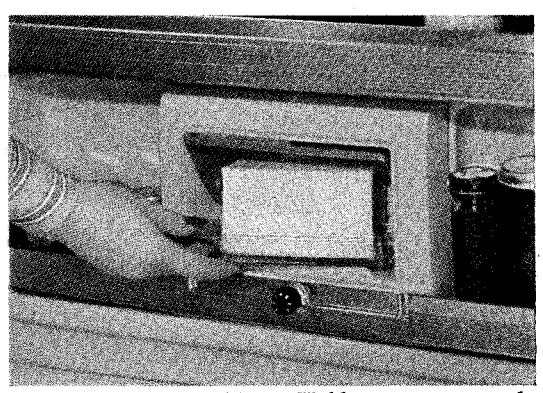


**New roll-out freezer baskets.** Handy baskets roll out easily and silently. Ice cream and frozen juice shelves are built into the freezer door.



**Magnetic Safety Door closes automatically.** G-E Alnico magnet on refrigerator door does the trick. Foot pedal opens freezer door at the touch of your toe.

**Adjustable shelves for bulky foods.** Just press a button and turn a revolving shelf to adjust up or down. Bulky or flat foods fit easily.



**Automatic butter conditioner.** Holds up to one pound. Keeps butter ready for easy spreading. Set control to get butter the way you like it.

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(*Continued from Page 44*) was a small log house, a ramshackle wagon shed and, beyond a corral, a henhouse with a corrugated roof. By the barn was a blacksmith shop, open on one side, and as they approached it they saw a man at work by a forge.

He was a frail, elderly man, tattered and patched, with a big bony head and steel-trap mouth. With tongs, he took a pink-hot horseshoe from the forge and dipped it, hissing, into his slack tub, which was a half vinegar barrel. Then, without a word of greeting, he walked between Janey and Eberly to the house, and entered.

"He's being polite in his own particular way," Eberly told Janey. "He doesn't think it's courteous to receive a lady in his workshop. His parlor is the proper place, and that's where he's waiting for us."

They followed him to the cabin, and Mr. Drummond met them at the door.

"Come in, come in," he said cordially. "How are you, John?"

Eberly introduced him to Janey, told of their adventure, and asked to borrow a horse. "Why, yes, John," he said. "If I can find one." Drummond was a horse dealer, and had more and better horses than any other human in a hundred and fifty miles.

They had dinner—somewhat to Eberly's amazement—in the parlor, at the big, round mahogany table. Boiled beans and hog jowl, comb honey and biscuits, everything in enormous quantities, but nothing else.

When the meal was finished, Drummond said, "Miss Browne, I don't know you."

"No, sir."

"Do I know your people?"

"No, sir. I don't have any people. I was a foundling."

Drummond's face lit up with pleasure. "Now, is that so? You want to know something? The best colt I ever had was a foundling."

Entranced, Janey gasped.

"I swear and declare it," insisted Drummond. "She was a little blaze-faced mare, and she had the prettiest big ole knees this side o' the gates of heaven."

"I have small knees," Janey said primly.

Shocked, Drummond said, "There ain't no need for us to discuss the female figger, Miss Browne. I wasn't trying to lure you into nothing like that." Pointedly, he changed the subject. "You talk like a Easterner. What brought you 'way back here?"

Eberly told him about Zeller, about the letter, about the emigrant children on the trains. Everything, in detail, and his voice and face were expressionless as he talked.

The silence which came from Drummond was almost a pulsation. Zeller's bestiality was a byword throughout the country.

Somberly, he said, "Margaret used to work for Zeller."

"Who is Margaret?" Janey asked.

"My daughter," Drummond said. "I don't see her any more, o' course. She took off in shame for St. Louis."

*What in the world is he talking about?* wondered Eberly. *He's never had a daughter, and he knows very well that I know it.*

Redness came across Janey's cheeks, not in a flush, but in streaks. "In shame?" she whispered. "What do you mean by that?"

"Men are stronger than women," Drummond said.

Things like that had happened at the Zeller house, Eberly knew, probably on several occasions, but not to any nonexistent Margaret Drummond.

Outside, Drummond selected a horse from his corral, one of his best. He offered them a saddle, too, and Eberly accepted it gratefully in Janey's behalf.

Drummond left them for a moment at the corral gates, and went to his workshop. When he returned he had screws and a bolt in one hand, and a small screwdriver in the other.

"For your bedroom door," he said. "I got it for Margaret, but too late. When she needed it there, it was here."

"No, thank you," said Janey. She looked terrified, but mulish.

"She can take care of herself," Eberly said woodenly. "That's common knowledge back on Nineteenth Street, and even Mr. Morgenson agrees."

Slowly, slowly, Drummond laid the bolt on the top of a fence post. He watched them leave; Janey wobbling in the saddle, Eberly striding at the horse's shoulder.

"Now there's a man," Eberly said, "that I never appreciated. From this day on, I love him like a brother, dearer than a brother."

They took the long way back, and reached the buggy about four-thirty. The day had almost got away from Eberly, he saw, but there was nothing he could have done to prevent it. The old Cheyenne was still in her cave, sleeping her last sleep peacefully; Drummond and one of his men would be out in the morning to bury her. Eberly got the carpetbag, stowed it with the saddle in the buggy and hitched the new horse between the shafts, and once more they started to roll. Zeller's was but eleven miles away, but the terrain was practically roadless and very difficult. He had no desire to expose Janey to its many hazards after nightfall.

Cautiously, not knowing what to expect, he asked, "Could you sleep on the ground?"

She nodded ecstatically, as though he were offering her an especial treat.

Dusk found them passing through a small grove with a shallow, glassy creek, and here Eberly decided to camp. He tethered the horse, cut branches as a bed for Janey, placing his frock coat over it, and built a small fire. There were sandwiches in the buggy which had been intended for lunch, and these they had for supper—sandwiches and icy mountain water drunk from cupped palms. Twilight went into darkness and night birds and animals began to talk, to complain and threaten and mate, and he identified them for her and described them. Suddenly a first-quarter moon climbed out of a sooty cloud rack, and the earth about them sprang into a mist of lavender and silver and charcoal.

"My toothbrush," she said finally, "in my bag," and climbed into the buggy. Fatigue overcame her, and she rested her head against the back of the seat. He climbed in beside her. For a long time, perhaps a half hour, they sat there in silence, staring at the empty shafts, the old carpetbag between their ankles.

A person within Eberly, a person he was unable to recognize as himself, began to speak. "What do you want most in the world, Miss Browne?" he asked.

Serenely, as though they were continuing a once-interrupted conversation, she said, "Second best, I want to stand behind a counter like yours in Beartooth, and sell anvils and guns and harness." After a pause, she said, "Or even flour and sugar and tea."

He was so moved and amazed that he could find no words to answer her.

"Some girls," she said, "like jewelry or ribbons or sprigged dresses. I like common things. I'd like to stand behind a counter and, when a customer came in for flour, say, 'There's a hundred pounds in that barrel. How much do you want? If that's not enough, we got thirty more barrels back in the storeroom.' I like flour."

"Flour?"

"Yes. I've been hungry."

A wretchedness came into Eberly, and once more he was unable to speak.

After a bit, she asked in a strained voice, "Was Mr. Drummond right? Is Mr. Zeller as bad as he said?"

"Worse."

"You think he brought me from New York just because I'm a girl?"

"Very likely."

His thoughts ran together, confused, miserable, and the two things which were disturbing merged into one.

He said, "Your situation at Zeller's will be hopeless. Even his wife bends to his will, and there are no close neighbors." And then quietly, and almost without realizing it, he said, "Janey, will you marry me?"

At first he thought she hadn't heard him. Then, after an almost unendurable interval, she said stiltedly, "It's an honor and a privilege to have such a generous gentleman as yourself come up with such a remark, but I must refuse. No."

A surge of abysmal defeat swept through him. He had said it, he sensed, at the wrong time in the conversation. She didn't want his pity.

"You can take care of yourself," he said harshly.

"Yes," she said. But she didn't seem too certain.

In silence, they watched the moonlight on the tree trunks. Before long, he saw that she was asleep. He was tired himself, and closed his eyes. Her hand on his wrist awakened him. It was early dawn and the mountaintops were raspberry and amber in the bursting sun. They were still side by side on the buggy seat, the carpetbag between their ankles, the foolish, empty shafts stretching out before them, resting in the lush creek grass.

They drove leisurely, each of them under strain, and reached the Zeller house about eight-thirty. For Zeller had a house, city-style, neither cabin nor adobe, but clapboard, two stories high, with gingerbread woodwork between the porch posts. It had cost him a good deal of money, but Zeller had a good deal of money. It sat in the hot sun, backed against a cliff, in its own little village of barns and outbuildings, and everything glistened spick and span in white paint. Men moved among the buildings, working, as they drove up—Zeller's hands, subdued, with the mark of Zeller's dominance upon them. There was nothing discernibly evil about the place, nor was there anything friendly either. *It looks like just what it is,* thought Eberly, *the administration headquarters of a cow factory.*

Eberly tied the horse to a hitching ring, lifted out the carpetbag and ascended with Janey to the front porch. Janey, by his elbow, seemed pitifully small now, withered and drawn with fright. She was frozen to silence, but her chin was firm. Eberly yanked the T-shaped brass door pull, and Mrs. Zeller, who had watched their arrival from the shadows of the hall, asked them in. She was a big-framed, doughy-faced woman, with tiny, burning eyes.

Nodding to Eberly in a wordless dismissal, she started down the hall. In a thick, unpleasant voice, she said, "Come with me, girl."

"Where's August?" Eberly asked.

"How should I know? Behind the barn, maybe."

Desperately, Janey said, "I'll see you before you leave, Mr. Eberly; I'll see you again, won't I?"

"Yes," said Eberly. "Just hold steady."

There were three barns, and Zeller was sitting in the shade behind the largest, on a kitchen chair. He had a hammer in his hand, a flat-iron between his knees, and he was straightening bent nails. A typical penny-pinching occupation for him, Eberly thought. Snout, cheeks and even ears, he looked more pig than man.

"I just brought you your new housekeeper," Eberly said.

Carefully, Zeller straightened a nail to his satisfaction. He didn't ask if she was young, if she was pretty, if she was strong, but the air was almost electric with his intensity.

Coldly, he asked, "Why?"

"Why what?" Eberly asked.

"You're a busy man, John. Why did you take time off to bring her?"

When Eberly made no answer, Zeller said, "You must have really burned up the road from Beartooth. It's only eight-thirty. How did you do it?"

"We ran into a little trouble yesterday. We had to spend the night in the open."

"That's what I thought," said Zeller. He squinted his eyes and grinned.

"I want to be absolutely fair about this, Grimsby—
so I'll hear your side of the story before I fire you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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*I could kill him*, Eberly thought. *I could blow him to pieces as he sits there with his filthy smile. But where would that get me? How would it really help things? I don't hold with cold-blooded killing, and it would always be on my mind. I guess I'm not normal.*

Keeping his voice low, Eberly said, "I'm going to keep in touch with this girl, August. I don't want anything to happen to her."

An incredibly ugly change came over Zeller's face. His eyes seemed to retract, his face mottled and expanded with fury. "Who do you think you are?" he shouted. "Warning and threatening me! Stay in town, John Eberly! Stay behind your desk with your ledgers, and maybe drink a sa'sparilla with your little finger crooked! This place is not for you! I am king here, if you can understand that word! King! Now, I will give you ten minutes to whip your buggy out of my sight!" Loudly, before Eberly could answer, Zeller said, "Doubtless you will no longer buy my cattle, but what of that? I will sell them elsewhere!"

"Of course, I'll buy them," Eberly said. "They're fine cattle." He paused. "I'll buy them as long as you have them to sell."

"And what does that mean, please, sir?"

"You own a small plot of stony land here with your house, about the size of a buffalo robe. The rest you lease, on grazing rights."

"Yes. You can take a lesson from that—even you, John. I rent what my cattle need. That way I get the best. That way, no heavy land tax. It is this excitement, this land-owning excitement, which has bankrupted so many big cattlemen. Too much land, poor land along with the good. Cows are merchandise with me. I feed them rented grass, the best, and I'm not land-poor."

"I am going to put you out of business, August," Eberly said quietly. "And here is how I'm going to do it: These landlords of yours are all close friends of mine. They come to me for advice. I am going to advise them to let no more grazing rights to you. And this will be good advice, for you have a rotten heart and we would be better off without you."

"They will turn away from you. For I pay them hard cash, and money talks louder than friendship."

"To a Westerner? You have learned nothing if you think that, August. Furthermore, decency talks louder than either, and the county would well like to be rid of you."

Zeller was appalled. "Me? What talk is that? I am respectable and well loved."

*This is unbelievable*, thought Eberly, looking at the man.

"How about Charley Drummond?" he asked, taking an example at random. "Drummond leases you some of your richest grassland. Does he love you?"

"Drummond? Of course."

But somehow a ghost of worry was creeping into Zeller's eyes.

*He's thinking about Drummond, for the first time seriously*, Eberly decided; *and he's thinking about his other neighbors, too, and wondering.*

Slowly, worry grew in Zeller's eyes, and shock, and alarm.

Eberly turned to leave.

"Stop!" said Zeller. "Wait!"

Eberly waited.

"Such a thing could not happen to me," Zeller said.

Eberly made no comment.

"This is not like you, John!" Zeller shouted. "This is not honest!"

Eberly looked impatient.

"They would not do it; but if they did, it would strangle me."

Eberly nodded.

"It would ruin me."

"I don't know about that. But it would certainly get you out of the county."

"Take this girl away, John. Take her back to Beartooth. She has cost me heavily in train fare, but I will forget it."

"I don't want her," Eberly lied. "And it will be the same thing, later, with another girl."

"No, never!" exclaimed Zeller. "That I promise!" In a hollow voice, he said, "I will tell you something, John. No woman is worth all this; no woman is as pretty as a nice silver dollar."

"I will put it up to her," Eberly said doubtfully. "To go or stay. And if she goes, you will get your train fare later."

"If you insist, John, if you insist. And good-by, my friend."

Janey Browne chose to go back to Beartooth. She was out of the house and perched on the buggy seat almost before Eberly could close the front door. Hardly had they turned the first bend in the road when Eberly offered her a job as clerk in his shop; he was afraid to propose to her again so soon. She accepted like a trout snapping a fly.

"It will give us a chance to have long talks," she said vaguely. "We've started several important conversations that we've never really finished. We've been pretty busy, haven't we?"

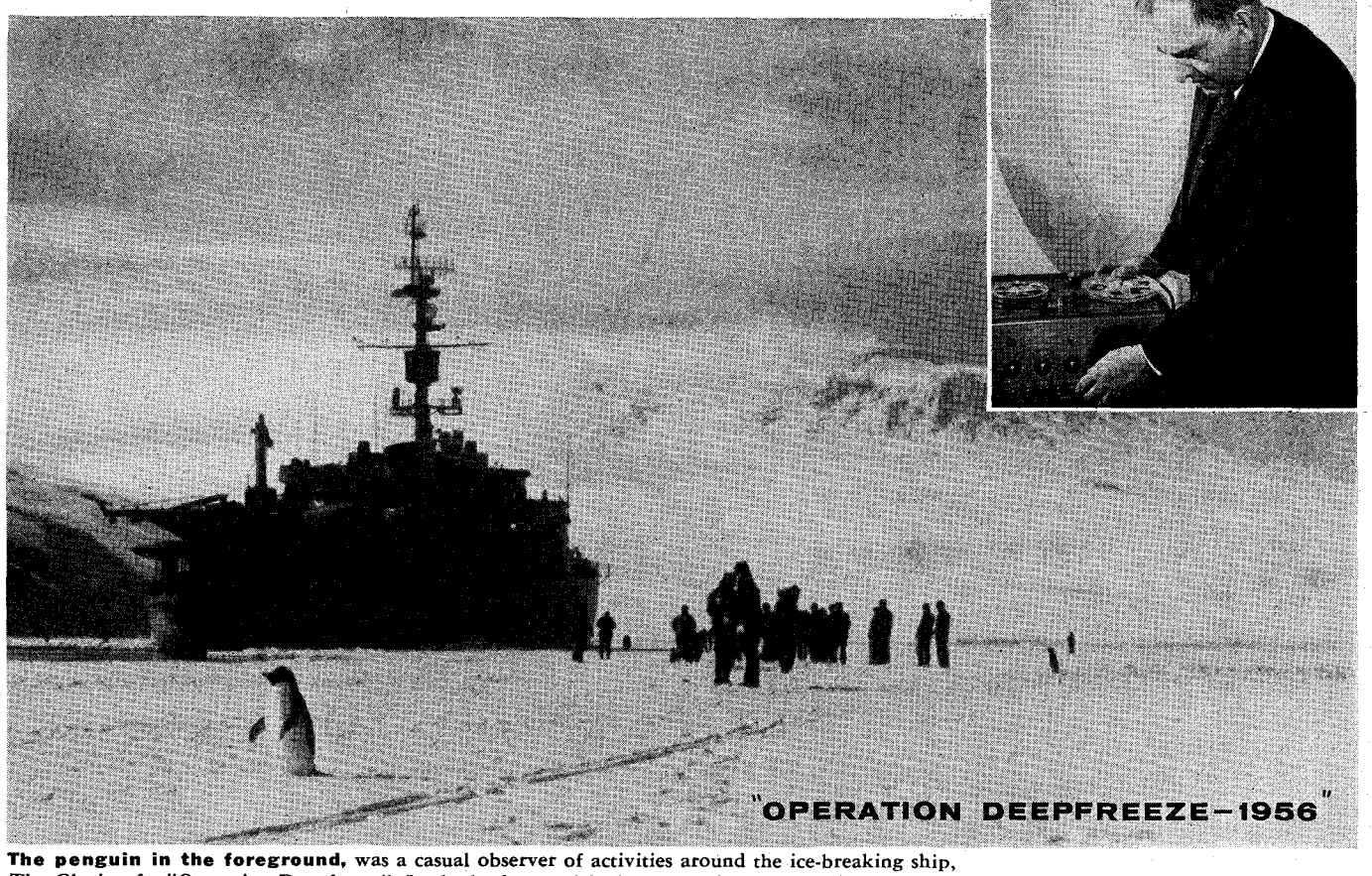
"We certainly have," said Eberly.

At sunset they pulled into Beartooth, down Railroad Street.

"Gracious!" she said. "My carpetbag! We left it at Zeller's!"

"Well," said Eberly with a grin, "I delivered it, didn't I?" THE END

**Home in Washington,** Dr. Paul Siple, right, plays back a tape recording made in the Antarctic with his Thompson-Bell tape recorder. He was Director of Scientific Projects of "Operation Deepfreeze".




**The penguin in the foreground,** was a casual observer of activities around the ice-breaking ship, The Glacier, for "Operation Deepfreeze". In the background is the Antarctic volcano Mount Erebus. It was near here that Dr. Siple made chief use of his Thompson-Bell tape recorder.

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For the fifth time, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, veteran polar explorer, has visited Antarctica, this time as Officer in Charge of the U. S. Antarctic Programs.

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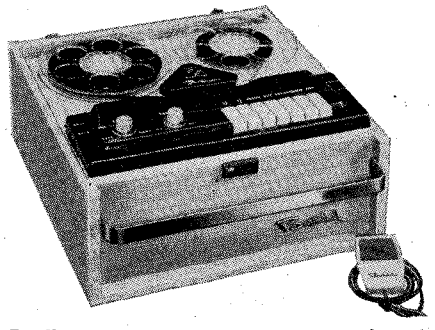

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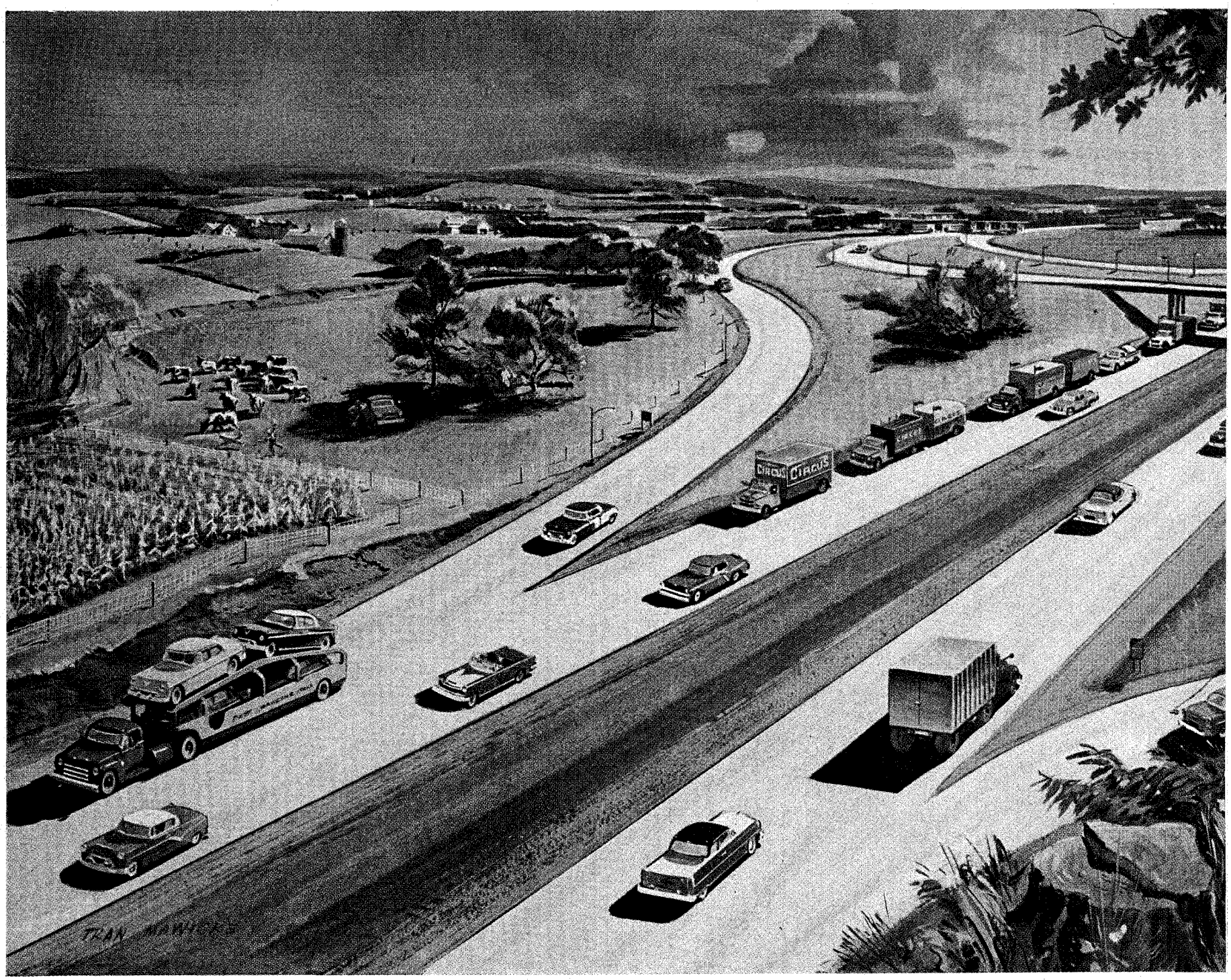


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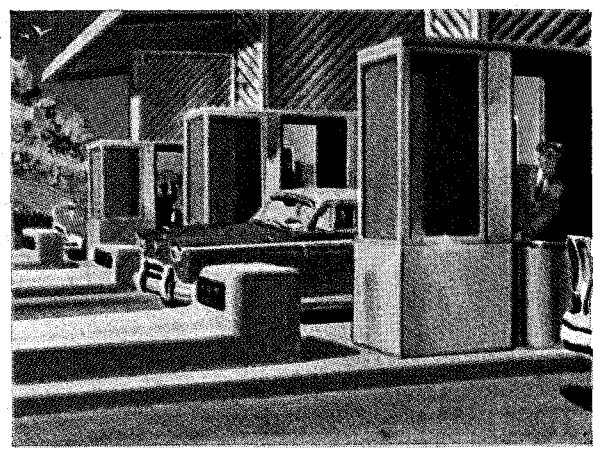

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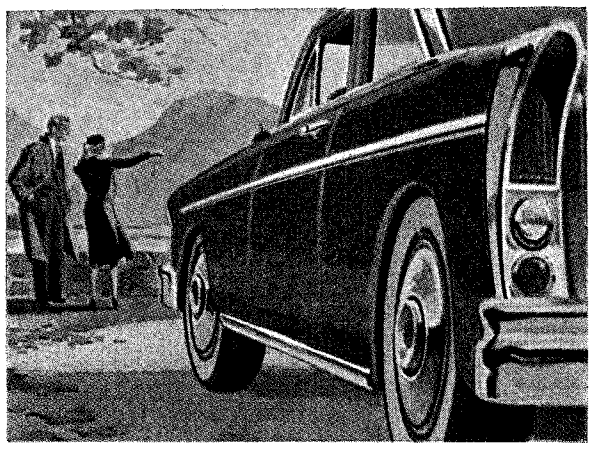

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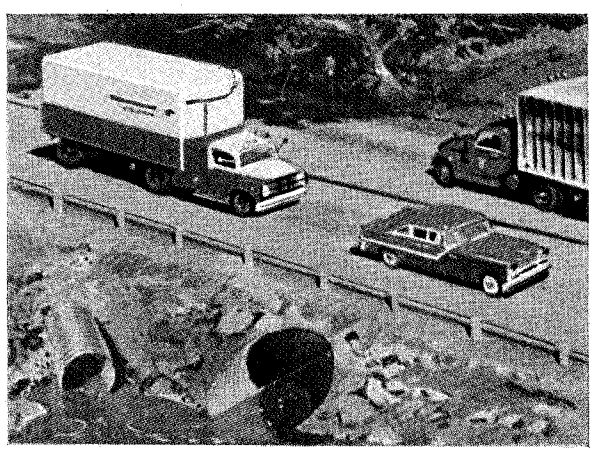

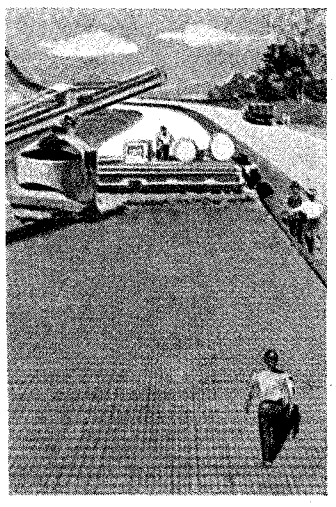

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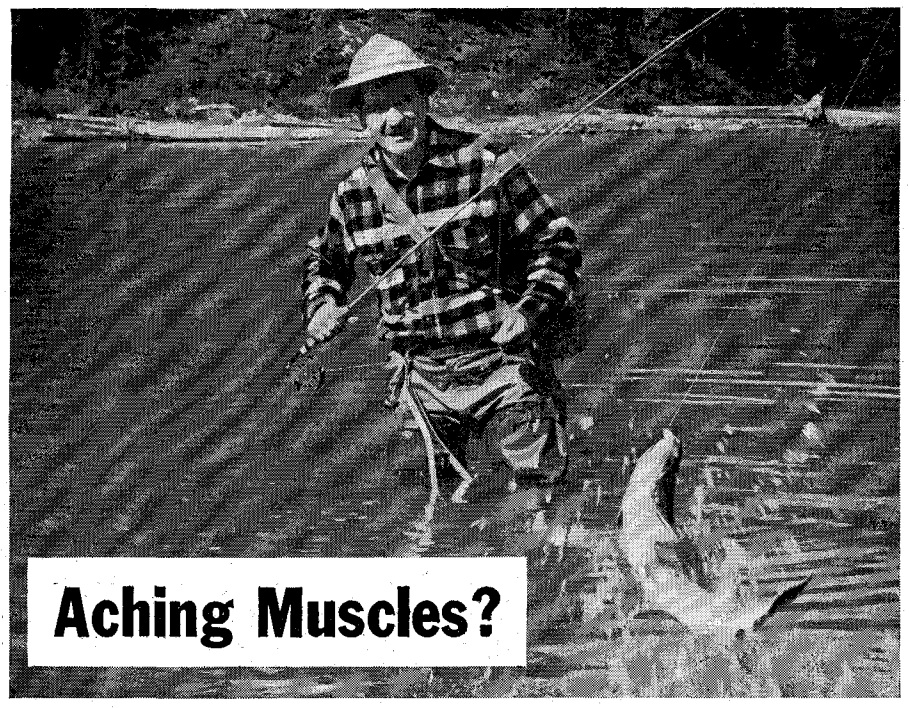


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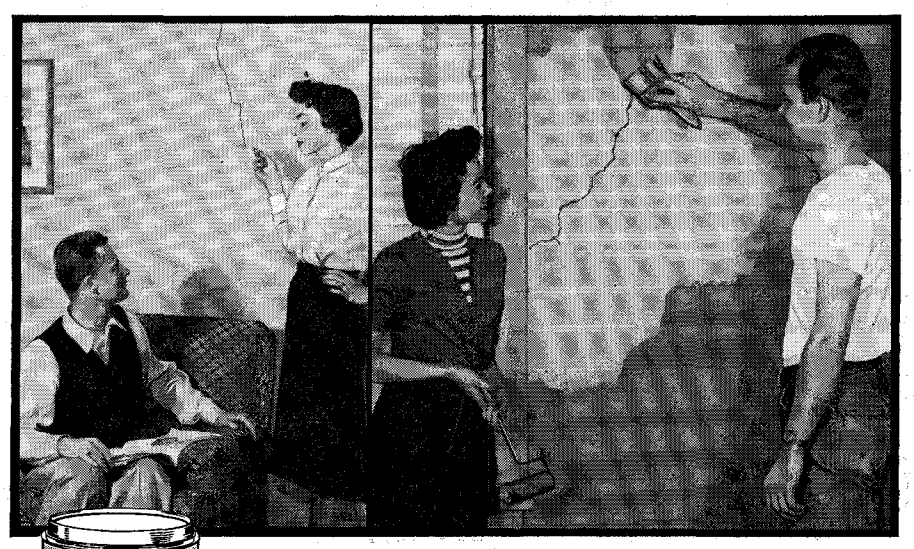

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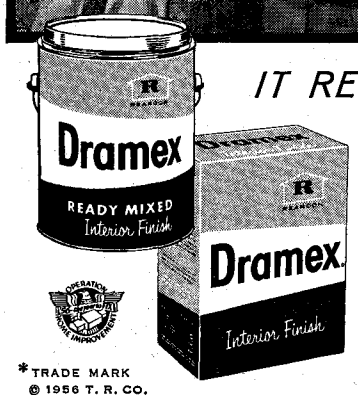


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## Counterfeit Cavalier (Continued from Page 43)

to make a pitch. He'll be hep to the caper without my drawing a map."

"I have a thorough understanding of the situation," said the colonel.

"And of you," Jennifer said, a glint of laughter in her eyes.

"That I doubt," Artemus retorted.

"You had a suggestion, Mr. Baldwin," said the colonel.

"You got a genteel racket that pays big," Artemus answered. "I want in. I want out of the little shell games. They ain't genteel," he repeated the word. "Slot machines and dice games and helping wetbacks over the line, and women and dope. They don't rate socially. I want the big time."

"What do you know of our business?" the colonel asked.

"I know it's slick, I know it pays off and I know it stretches."

"Stretches?" The colonel raised his brows.

Artemus spread his arm with clutching fingers at the ends. "Outside of Phoenix, outside of Arizona. What I mean, it jumps the ocean and talks foreign lingoes."

"How do you guess that?" the colonel demanded.

"The borzoi dog says so," Artemus retorted.

There was a sudden rattle of shots, reverberating from hill to hill, rock to rock. Everyone stiffened. Then Leeds hunched his shoulders and grinned. "Machine gun," he said. "National Guard armory over there." He pointed. "Shooting range. They're always popping away."

Artemus' eyes narrowed. "A few extra shots around here wouldn't raise any eyebrows," he said.

"Wouldn't create a ripple," Leeds said.

"To return to borzoi dogs," Artemus said. "Sometimes it's smart to stand in the limelight. Yeah. If you take pains to make yourself stick out like a neon sign in a dark alley. Set all the drugstore cowboys to whistling when you walk past. Who's going to think a skirt's got something to hide if she makes a business of parading everything she's got? Good cover. Unless ——" He paused.

"Unless what?" snapped Leeds.

"Unless some cagey old snooper," said Artemus, "cocks his eye and wonders what goes on. And adds up. He adds a knockout of a skirt with a fancy dog to things that happen in Marseilles and Paris and London. Like coincidences."

Jennifer's face was not demure now. It was not pleasant to see. Placid beauty was replaced by stark rage. "That damned old busybody!" she snarled.

Marvin Leeds bent toward Artemus. "You've had good luck, Baldwin, weaseling into that family. How come a lamster like you makes time in society?"

"I told you," Artemus said, "I crave to get respectable. The old boy's kind of daffy. He don't get particular about who he pals with, so long's they're good company. I can use him to climb."

"And his skinny daughter?" asked Jennifer venomously.

"I got no time for dames, yet," Artemus said.

"Very well," said the colonel. "So this man Roche makes deductions and throws out hints. Now back to you, Mr. Baldwin, and your deductions."

"Well," said Artemus, "a thing happens. I trip over a stiff, back in the desert, name of Sweet Lips Chavez. Stiffs don't most always have their mouths crammed with dough. Makes you scratch your head. Something else gets me itching. One of those notes out of Chavez's mouth was a phony ten-buck note. I slipped it. It gave me ideas."

"How," asked Jennifer, "would you know it was counterfeit?"

"When I'm just a punk in Illinois," Artemus said readily, "I do jobs for Olson and Reime. Reime's an artist. Him and Olson make twenty-dollar notes in a house trailer. I'm interested in how they do it."

They accepted that. It bore the earmarks of truth.

"So," said the colonel, "you recognized this bill as spurious. Why did you abstract it?"

Artemus stared at him in open surprise. "Just for a good deed," he said. "It might have led to this and that. Do the cops get the idea this murder's mixed up with counterfeiting and in comes the Secret Service. That does nobody any good. But, I say, to myself, 'There's a bird in this that don't use his head. That's bad.'"

"Another deduction?" Leeds asked.

"Sure. He's a show-off, and he's careless. Say this Sweet Lips Chavez is a passer. Say he holds out, or maybe he's going to blab to the cops, or some other reason. He has to be bumped. If I'm going to be a show-off and stuff his mouth with money, at least I'm going over it to see there ain't any counterfeits. Me, I wouldn't like to work with a careless Joe like that."

There sounded another clatter of machine-gun fire.

"Any other odds and ends?" Leeds asked when the noise subsided.

"Well," Artemus said, "I notice a guy with prick marks on his thumbnail. And he's an artist. And he blows his top easy. This Reime I told about. He had prick marks on his thumbnail where he tried out how sharp his engraving tool was. On top of that, this kid of Roche's gets himself het up to study about counterfeits and can detect 'em. He wants to play like he's a Secret Service mug. He's a snooper like his old man. So he gets snatched. By somebody who loses his head. I don't like to work with a man who loses his head. But maybe you got to use him on account of he's got skill with that scratching tool. If I was running things I'd make that man hard to find."

"Is that the extent of your knowledge?" the colonel asked.

"Just samples. All you get for free."

"You ought to be on the other side," Leeds told him. "You'd make a good detective."

"Sure," Artemus answered. "Pay's too low."

"So now we come to the point of this conference. You have knowledge, or think you have, that you're using to blackmail your way into our setup. If we have a setup."

Artemus grinned wryly. "'Blackmail' comes sour from you," he said. "I want in. I offer to make a deal. You got a kid tied around your neck. He can wreck you. I offer to take him off your hands. So, do we do business or don't we?"

"There's another way," said Leeds.

"Try it," Artemus said and, though his arm had not appeared to move, a thirty-eight was there, pointed at Marvin Leeds' middle. "You scared me with your gun trick. I trump it with mine."

"Put it away," the colonel said. "Another shooting will only complicate matters."

"Tell Miss Jennifer not to fumble in her handbag then," Artemus said tightly.

"Why, Mr. Baldwin," Jennifer said wistfully, "after all that has passed between us!"

The three looked at one another while Artemus remained alert. It seemed that they reached agreement.

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"We agree to your demand," said the colonel, "but with one other proviso."

"Such as?" Artemus asked.

"You have indicated," the colonel said, and raised his brows, "that you would not care to work with a hot-headed man, a show-off and dangerously careless. Your words were, if I remember correctly, that you would make him hard to find."

"You remember good."

"We shall then," said the colonel, "find ourselves in complete accord if you undertake to make this person very, very hard to find."

There came the sound of a shot. A bullet ricocheted off a rock six inches to the right of Artemus' head. With simultaneous reaction, they threw themselves prone and scrambled for shelter. Artemus' gun was still in his hand. He peered in the direction from which the shot had come.

"Friend of yours?" he asked Leeds.

"Hell, no," Leeds said.

Artemus believed him. "Must be the Baffins' last gasp," he said.

Leeds was angry or he would not have said what he did say. "I've got evidence in my safe to send those fat slobs to Florence for a hundred and fifty years."

Artemus stored that disclosure away in his mind. Whatever favors Lieutenant Dutra had been able to do for him could now be repaid when the showdown came.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Paradox Retained

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

A paradoxical chase is this
we stage:
We hotly pursue long life as
we dodge old age.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

There was no second shot. Presently a motor started back on the road, and a car screeched off to the north.

"Miss and run," Artemus jeered. "Conference ended. Argument settled. Me, I need a drink. It would be polite if you folks went first," he said. "We're such good pals now that I don't want to turn my back to you."

The colonel and his daughter trudged off to the left. Artemus and Marvin Leeds slogged along to the right. The cars had not been parked together. Artemus took his seat and Marvin took the wheel.

"How about driving me to my garage to pick up my car?" Artemus asked, and Leeds assented. They passed the Beauregards driving in the opposite direction.

"You've taken on a contract," Leeds said grimly. "How do you propose to do the job?"

"That," said Artemus, "is my business. You want results. I get them. How doesn't matter."

"It matters to me," Leeds said, setting his chin. "My neck's involved."

"Where's the boy?" Artemus demanded. "Bayside's house?"

"Not likely," Leeds said sneeringly.

"Where?"

"I'll take you to him. There'll be no slip-up and no double cross. I'll be around to see to it."

"Suits me," Artemus rejoined. "When?"

"You say," countered Leeds. "You're the workman."

"Right again," Artemus said. "I need a couple of hours. Going to be a dark night. Say eleven. Where do we meet?"

"Night club at Camelback and Thirty-fourth." The answer came pat and without need to think it over. Leeds had already thought it over. It would be part of the arrangement—part of the plan to leave him holding the bag. Artemus knew he was walking a tightrope over Niagara Falls.

"Here's the garage," he said, and Leeds stopped the car.

"When you leave here," the lawyer gave orders, "drive to your motel. I'll be on your trail. I'm sticking to you."

Artemus had alighted and was standing beside the car, whose door he had not shut. He stood slightly crouched.

"You're high-tailing it out of here—alone," he said. "I'll see you at eleven. Take it or leave it. If you want a showdown you can have it right on this spot."

Leeds was behind the wheel, cramped and hampered. His face was black as he stared at Artemus with narrowed eyes glinting with hatred. There was nothing for it but to back down, and no way to back down gracefully with saving of face. He stepped on the gas and the car moved away.

"See you at eleven," Artemus called.

Artemus retrieved his own car, paid the bill for repairs and drove back toward Papago Park. But he turned eastward short of that area, passed through the fertile acres of the Indian reservation and in twenty minutes or less came to the town of Mesa, with its magnificent Mormon temple. He parked before a drugstore and entered its telephone booth. From here it would be safe to telephone. He dialed police headquarters and was connected with Lieutenant Dutra.

"Baldwin speaking," he said.

"Wondered where you've been," Dutra said.

"Busy. Tonight's the night. Move fast. Get search warrants for Marvin Leeds' office. His safe's full of evidence to convict the Baffins. That's your job. Tell Norman Wessler to get a search warrant for the Beauregards' apartment in their hotel. He'll want to borrow some men. I'm guessing they'll be moving on tonight. Maybe a late train for Los Angeles. Maybe a plane East. They won't want to be around when the ax falls. Wessler'll handle that end."

"Done and done," Dutra promised. "What else?"

"Maybe you'll have to call in the county," Artemus said. "The action'll be outside of city limits."

"They co-operate," Dutra assured him.

"I'm meeting Leeds at that night club at Camelback and Thirty-fourth at eleven. I'm due to be decorated with the double cross. The Roche boy. I'm supposed to be getting rid of him—take him off their hands. If anything slips, I'll be found with him on my hands. Both of us plenty dead. Another search warrant for Walker Bayside's house. Can you keep it hush-hush?"

"Darn right," Dutra promised.

"Stake out Bayside's place. If he moves around, tail him. Kind of bodyguard. He could come down sick with lead. Got it all?"

"Everything. Looks like a big night. Keep out of dark alleys."

"Only thing worries me is a deputy sheriff who's a wrong one. They need such a character to make it good. Any guess?"

"No guess. See you at early breakfast."

"We hope," Artemus answered.

He left the booth and went to his car, but he did not enter it. Mesa was a good place for him to be. It was a sort of island of refuge. No one could guess that he would be there. He walked up the street to the hotel, whose lobby was full of Chicago ballplayers, bought a newspaper and sat down to pass away the hours. He could not concentrate upon the news. He watched the clock and, shortly after seven, went in to dinner. The food was excellent, but he did not appreciate it. Tension grew

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upon him. Within a few hours he would be able to report: "Mission accomplished," or the newspapers would report his departure from this world by violence—and, what would be even more tragic, the death of a little kidnaped boy! He had made every possible plan, taken every precaution. He had assumed a calculated risk. His hand dropped to his side and felt the comforting presence of a .38 revolver nestling in concealment against his wrist. He was conscious of a personal desire, maybe impelled by some sort of vanity, that tonight would come the showdown with Marvin Leeds.

He finished his dinner and went back to his chair in the lobby. Minutes crept by with unbearable slowness. Nine o'clock came . . . half-past nine . . . ten o'clock. He calculated the time that would be required to reach the rendezvous with Leeds. He estimated that forty minutes would be about right. At ten-twenty he started his car and drove back toward Scottsdale, through the Indian reservation. It was, as he had foreseen, a dark night. Now and then he glanced at his wrist watch to regulate his speed. He wondered about Lieutenant Dutra, about Norman Wessler, about the county officers, and hoped nothing had slipped.

The streets of Scottsdale were still cluttered with cars as he drove through. He crossed the bridge over the canal and turned westward on Camelback. There he slowed his speed. He drove past the lights of Paradise Inn and Jokake and Royal Palms. It was three minutes before eleven as he reached the entrance to the Arizona Biltmore, and turned left to park close to the night club where he would be meeting with Marvin Leeds. He opened the door to the usual clamor to be heard in such a place. Leeds was standing, elbow on the bar. He walked toward Artemus.

"Let's go," he said.

Artemus allowed his eyes to rove about the room. He saw no one present whom he ever had seen before, which was as it should be. Lieutenant Dutra knew his business. Norman Wessler knew his business, and it was probable that the county officials were equally efficient. Upon them he had to place his reliance. If any of them had failed, if there had been a slip anywhere, then his prospects were gloomy.

In so far as it was possible for a human being to do, he had entered the minds of his opponents and spied upon their intentions. Of one thing he was certain, and that was that he, Artemus Baldwin, was elected to be the patsy. Not to be a living patsy but a dead one.

He was positive that Pomfret Lionel Roche was, at the moment, alive and unharmed. That would be necessary to their plans. The trap into which he walked was baited with Pomfret Lionel. The boy would be alive when the Secret Service man arrived at the place where he was held prisoner. The plan, if Artemus had read it correctly, necessitated that he be allowed to enter the room where the boy was. There would be a descent by the law—the crooked law—and a gun battle in which Artemus would be riddled. They would give him no chance. Pomfret Lionel would be disposed of with Artemus' gun. The bullet would be identified as coming from his gun. Some county deputy who had sold his soul or who probably had scant soul to sell would emerge as hero—a regretful hero who had arrived too late to save the boy, but in time to avenge him. As a result, a lamster gunman from Chicago, to be identified as one Anton Spain, would be accepted by the law and the public as kidnaper and murderer—and no need for further questions to be asked.

It was efficient planning from a false premise—the premise that Artemus Baldwin was a criminal, a wanted criminal, perfect for the role of snatcher and killer. The risk that Artemus had to assume was that he might be shot down from some dry gulch before he arrived at his destination; that was an incidental, assumed risk. He did not think that would be done.

He followed Marvin Leeds outside.

"My car," Leeds said.

"Nix," Artemus said shortly. "Mine."

Leeds conceded the point. It was not important. There would be transportation to take him away from the scene. It was better that way. His car would remain at the night club, and, naturally, there would be witnesses, in case of need, to testify that he never had left that place of entertainment.

They climbed into Artemus' car. "East on Camelback," directed Leeds, and after they had turned and passed the light at the intersection, "How are you going to dispose of the kid, Baldwin?"

"Do you want to know?" Artemus sneered.

"Right. I don't want to know."

"Then," growled Artemus, "don't run off at the mouth."

"I like you, Baldwin," Leeds said venomously. "You've got charm."

"Want to make a point of it?" Artemus asked.

"Tonight, no," Leeds said.

They crossed the canal, and the mountain loomed up ahead, a dark mass now. At the left, presently, appeared a lighted sign inviting the tourist to turn here for Camelback Inn and a smaller sign directing to Paradise Valley Country Club.

"Turn here," Leeds directed.

Artemus drove to the next turn, which rounded the shoulder of the mountain and took them along its northern face. A slinking coyote whisked away from the lights of the car and vanished in the desert growth. They dropped into a deep dip, left there to accommodate the rush of a possible flash flood. Building construction was ahead—new homes springing up in the desert as a new community sprang to life around the new golf course—a miraculous, man-made oasis in that arid terrain. Again they veered northward, through the notch and into the great valley beyond Mummy Mountain. Even here there were homes, not clustered, built by humans who loved the grandeur of mountain and desert. To the left, by daylight, could have been seen the scars of prospecting holes, where hopeful sourdoughs had scratched the mountain for precious ore. They passed the entrance to Squaw Peak Inn.

"Turn off," Leeds said. "From here we walk."

They left the car and stumbled through the night up the rise that led to the fastnesses of the huge and granite bulk that bore the name of Squaw Peak. Artemus, watchful in the mirror, had seen no following car. Uneasily he wondered if there had been some slip in planning or in execution, and if hope for reinforcements had been blighted. It was a chilling thought.

They did not climb far before they descended again into a sort of sandy cove, and at the end of the cove a dim light twinkled. Artemus could see the outlines of a small structure which, as they neared it, became a little shack with tumble-down abandoned look. They walked toward this cabin. Leeds gave no signal to warn of their approach or to identify a friend—indicating, thought Artemus, that they were expected. Leeds thrust open the door into a single room, furnished with a rickety table, a couple of chairs and a heap of blankets in a corner. On these blankets lay Pomfret Lionel. On one of the chairs sat a man Artemus had seen once before. He was Walker Bayside's houseman, who had served refreshments when, with Jennifer Beauregard, Jick Roche and Pomfret Lionel, they had made an unexpected call some days ago.

The man in the chair stared, but said nothing, Pomfret Lionel raised himself on an elbow and looked at the new arrivals. He was an unkempt boy, otherwise not in a bad state of preservation.

"I got caught, Mr. Baldwin," he said sheepishly.

"Snooping?" Artemus asked.

"Investigating," Pomfret Lionel corrected. "This man"—he nodded toward the person in the chair—"caught me. They were kind of rough. Not bad, but kind of."

The room definitely was not ablaze with lights. A lantern with smoked chimney stood on the table.

"Your folks," said Artemus, "have been worried."

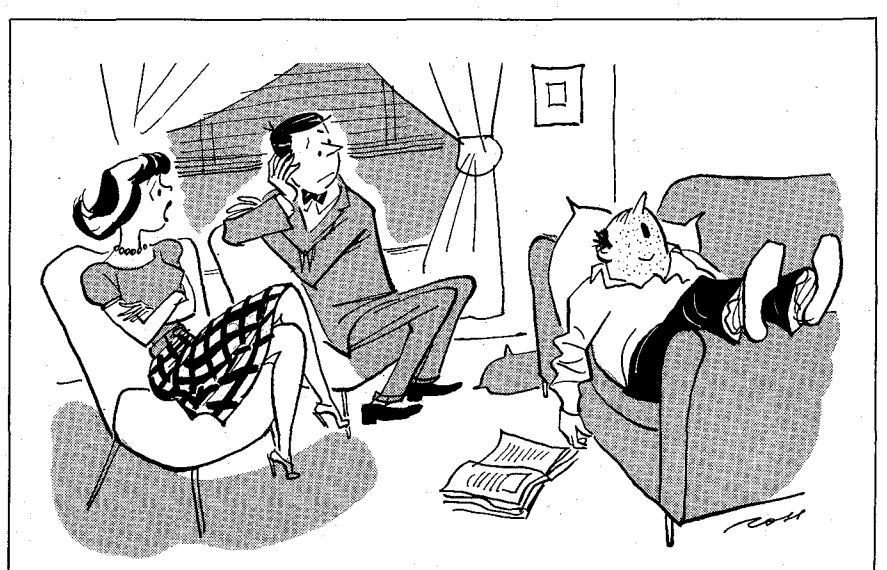
"I'll catch it," Pomfret Lionel said. "Not from father."

The trap was ready to spring. Artemus had nibbled the bait. It would be any moment now. He took steps toward the boy to interpose his body between him and come what might.

"I take over from here," he said to Leeds. "Scram."

Leeds cocked his head, listening. Artemus listened. The crunch of footsteps became audible—of more than one heavy person approaching.

"I like it here," Leeds said. "I'll stick around."



"Don't mind dad. By ten o'clock he'll get tired and go to bed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The approaching footsteps could not belong to his friends, Artemus was sure. It was too soon. Whoever was arriving now had been there in waiting. It was the springing of the trap. The crunching feet were almost at the door. Artemus took one step toward the man seated in the chair and delivered a short, jolting blow under the ear. Even as the man was falling the Secret Service man smashed the lantern from the table, leaving the room in utter blackness, and flung himself prone on the floor. In a moment the door would open; there would be an oblong, not of light, but of less velvety darkness against which anyone who entered would be a silhouette. Leeds did not move, made no sound. He had been thrown off balance by the suddenness, the unexpectedness of it. He had anticipated no such quick reaction from the man who had allowed himself to be lured so docilely into the trap, and he was not prepared for it.

The door was jerked open from outside and a black figure was outlined in the oblong. Artemus fired from the floor and flung himself to one side. The sound of the shot in the small place sounded like a mighty explosion. The man in the doorway lurched forward, fell prone and thereafter did not move. Leeds, crouching low in the blackness, fired at the flash, but Artemus was no longer there. The bullet smashed through the flimsy wall of the shack. The lawyer fired but one shot, then darted through the door into the outside.

The two explosions would be heard far in the still night. Artemus hoped they would act as a guide.

"You all right?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Yes, sir," Pomfret Lionel said with somewhat tremulous politeness.

"Burrow in the blankets," Artemus ordered.

Cautiously he shoved the table over, so that it would afford additional protection to the boy. The growling of voices could be heard outside. Artemus could not tell how many. He wondered if they would rush the door or if the thing would resolve itself into a siege. But there would be no time for a siege. Two choices were left—either to high-tail it away from there or to shoot their way in. Someone became impatient, and two slugs splintered their way through the boards of the front wall and out again at the back. Four shots had been fired, three harmlessly. Certainly they would have been heard.

"Scared?" Artemus asked.

"I—I think so," Pomfret Lionel said.

"This," Artemus said, "will damn well cure you."

"No, sir, Mr. Baldwin," Pomfret Lionel said in his most precocious manner. "It—er—it confirms my ambition."

Artemus heard a movement in the corner and a sound of crawling.

"Get back under those blankets," he snapped.

"I just wanted to see," said the boy, "if that man you bopped—I mean Mr. Bayside's man—has a gun. If I had a gun I think I would feel better.

Artemus had forgotten the man he had slugged. Now he felt for him with groping fingers. The man stirred, moaned, attempted to sit. It was no time for compunction. Artemus gripped a shoulder with his left hand and let the man have it again with his right. Then, hastily, he patted him for a weapon and was pleased to find one in the hip pocket. He transferred it to his own coat. It was an automatic, doubling his war-making potential.

He could hear no sounds now, neither voices nor the shuffling of feet in the sand. Cautiously (*Continued on Page 56*)

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(*Continued from Page 54*) he crept toward the still-open door across whose threshold lay the body of the man he had shot. Near an outstretched hand, now growing cold, Artemus felt the chilly metal of another weapon, this time a huge, old-fashioned .44. The Secret Service man lay there, half sheltered by the body, and peered out into the night, less Stygian than it had been. The clouds had thinned. Within the limited range of vision he could see no sign of life. With the two extra guns, Artemus now had bullets to waste. It was his judgment that a watch would be kept upon the door, but that an attack, if it came, would be from the rear. In that wall was not so much as a window. He strained his ears for sound. He could not understand the lack of action. Certainly Leeds would not give up so easily. He thought he detected movement in a clump of greasewood a hundred feet away and up the slope. Because he had ammunition to spare and noise was a desirable thing, he opened up with the huge .44, firing three shots in quick succession. They thundered and reverberated from the rocky face of the mountain, and a man leaped up to scurry away and throw himself behind a boulder.

Certainly that fusillade must have been heard for miles on a night as still as this. He wondered what could have gone amiss with Dutra's plans or Wessler's. He fired two more shots for the sake of the sound of them.

"Hit anybody?" Pomfret Lionel whispered.

"Just having fun," Artemus said.

"I wisht you'd let me shoot just once," the boy said wistfully.

It seemed as if hours had passed, but no more than ten minutes had elapsed since Artemus had entered the shack with Marvin Leeds.

"Spain," a voice called.

"The name," answered Artemus, "is Baldwin."

"Can we make a deal?" Leeds asked.

"No dicker," Artemus answered.

"We'll get you—and the boy," Leeds called.

"Turn loose your dog," Artemus retorted.

"Cash on the barrelhead," Leeds said.

"How much?" Artemus asked.

"Name your figure."

Artemus heard a car start down by the road. It drove furiously away. "Lost your army, Leeds?" he asked.

There would not have been many. The plot had not called for many. It had been such a perfect trap. Maybe the dead man on the floor and one other. Not more. And that other had deserted. Leeds would be desperate.

"Come out," Artemus commanded, "with your hands up. You're alone, Leeds. You're kaputt. By now the Beauregards are in custody. Your office has been taken over under a search warrant. Same goes for Bayside's house. Clean sweep, Leeds."

There was silence. Then Leeds spoke again, asking a question. "Who in hell are you?"

"Artemus Baldwin, United States Secret Service," Artemus said.

Leeds cursed. There was desperation in his voice. "Like that, is it?" he said. There is a difference between desperation and fear. The man knew he had come to the end of the road. He knew his plan of the night had failed. He realized now that it was he who had been the dupe.

"I'm coming after you, Baldwin," he said. "Have you got the guts for a showdown?"

He stepped into view and walked slowly toward the cabin. His hands hung at his sides. The man had a distorted code, but he was living up to it. Artemus could have shot him down as he advanced, but he could not bring himself to it. There was a challenge which, being who and what he was, he could not evade. From that first day in his motel, when Leeds had performed his gun trick, Artemus had known subconsciously that it would come to a showdown between him and this man. It had become a personal thing, aside from all duty. Now the offer of a showdown had come.

It was a temptation to his manhood to accept the challenge. But Artemus Baldwin belonged to a service; he had been trained in its ideals, and in those ideals personal vanity had no part. To get himself killed or wounded needlessly would be a dereliction of duty and a failure to carry out his assignment. Aside from official duty, it would mean, if he walked out to meet Leeds, that he was risking also the life of Pomfret Lionel. He was confident in his ability as a gunman, but his oath, taken when he entered the service, did not include the performance of gun tricks when gun tricks could be avoided. His job was to capture Marvin Leeds or, if capture were impossible, to kill him before he could do damage.

Leeds continued to advance.

"Drop your gun," Artemus ordered, "and raise your hands."

Leeds' answer was to snap a shot at the doorway, at the sound of Artemus' voice. Artemus took careful aim and pulled the trigger. His object was to wound, not to kill. He wanted a prisoner, not a funeral. Leeds halted; his body jerked, the gun dropped from his fingers. He staggered backward and sat down. The Secret Service man's bullet, well-aimed, had shattered his right shoulder. Leeds could not repress a cry of agony.

Gun at the ready, Artemus strode to the sitting man. He kicked away Leeds' gun. The man slumped sidewise and was unconscious.

"Oh, my golly! Oh, my gosh!" Pomfret Lionel's voice was muted with awe.

Suddenly, belatedly, the road below was ablaze with light. Men led by Dutra came at a stumbling run. Artemus smiled at him thinly.

"You cut it fine," he said. "You cut it just a little fine."

"I got no authority here," Dutra said. "It's county. Burns is a sheriff's man."

Artemus shook hands with the county detective. "Come take a look," he suggested.

They walked the few steps to the shack and turned flashlights upon the body that lay across the threshold.

"Know him?" Artemus asked.

"Deputy Penty," the detective said.

"It figured that way."

Pomfret Lionel was there, bug-eyed. "He used to stop a lot to see the drizzling drip," he said. "When I was watching the house through father's field glasses. . . . Most houses out here don't have cellars."

"What house does have a cellar?" Artemus asked.

"The drip's," said Pomfret Lionel. "I deduced it. It was when I was investigating why there was a cellar that I got collared. I was shut up in it. It stinks. Chemicals and trays and tools and like that too."

"We'll look it over," Artemus said. He glanced to where Leeds was being given first aid by one of the sheriff's men.

"Have you picked up Bayside?" he asked.

"I've been busy. I wouldn't know," Dutra said.

"We're through here," Artemus said. "You'll clean up, eh? I'll deliver Hawkshaw, the detective, to his parents. Then I'll see you, Dutra, in your office."

"My name," said the boy, "is Pomfret Lionel. I like to be called by it."

"Apologies," Artemus said. "Come along and take your licking."

"I will not be licked. I may be admonished, but father will not whip me." He was being precocious. "My father disapproves of physical punishment."

"I don't," Artemus said, "so don't tempt me too far." He turned to Dutra. "Slight change of plan. Got your search warrant for Bayside's house?"

"Yes."

"Make it the next order of business. I'll deliver Pomfret Lionel and meet you there. . . . Come along, infant prodigy. I'm not going to lose sight of you again until you're tucked into your bed."

They scrambled into Artemus' car and headed southward. Pomfret Lionel mentioned that he was hungry.

"You're lucky to be able to be hungry," Artemus said shortly.

"You mad at me?" the boy asked.

"Not to speak of," Artemus said. "I'd only like to cuff you to a rawness."

"That," Pomfret Lionel said, "would be stinking ungrateful. On account of," he went on, "where would you have got off if it hadn't been for me?"

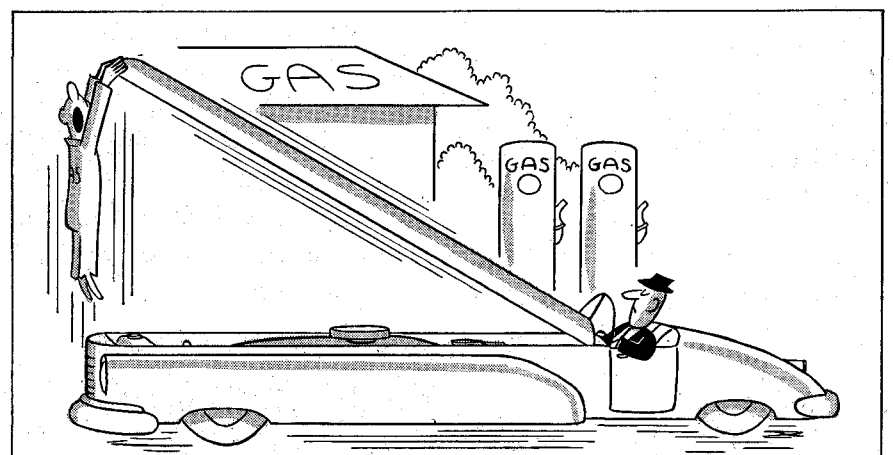
"I wouldn't," said Artemus grimly, "have had to kill one man and shoot another—and nearly have my head blown off. In my business it isn't considered neat to shoot people. We like to have them alive and unharmed."

"Then," said Pomfret Lionel logically, "what for do they teach you to shoot like that? It was neat." This, Artemus realized, was high praise in the vocabulary of boydom. "Another point I forgot to mention."

"Yes?"

"What would Nita be doing in the drip's house? I didn't see her, but I heard her. She was awful mad."

"We'll find out," Artemus said. "Now close the trap. I've thinking to do."




"Help!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

They turned left at the country club and in a few minutes arrived at the Roche house, which, even at that late hour, was alive with lights. The door opened before they reached it, and Mrs. Roche stood outlined there.

"Hi, Butch," Pomfret Lionel called casually if with some lack of filial respect.

Mrs. Roche ran down the walk and flung herself upon her knees to clasp her son in her arms. "Aw, rats!" objected the boy, but somewhat tremulously. Mrs. Roche stood erect, and there were stars in her eyes as she looked at Artemus. She cupped his cheeks in her slender hands, drew his head down and kissed him on the lips.

"Thank you, Mr. Baldwin," she said.

Jick and her father were standing there now. "Brat!" she said. "I ought to bust you one."

"You and who else?" Pomfret Lionel demanded. . . . "Hello, dad."

Mr. Roche extended his bony hand, which the boy took gravely. "I thought you'd turn up," he said. "Yup, I thought so."

"Aren't you—aren't you going to bust him?" Jick asked indignantly. "Aren't you going to do anything?"

"Why, sure. Sure's shootin'. Yup. Lackin' a fatted calf to slaughter, how'd a hunk of chocolate cake set?"

"Dandy," his son answered.

Mr. Roche glanced at Jick with raised brows. "'My object all sublime . . .'" he quoted, "'to let the punishment fit the crime.' Always bearing in mind another observation popped off by William Schwenck Gilbert—one worth pondering when observing the antics of human beings, specially juvenile ones. Yeah. And incidentally, who in tunket besides me knows that Gilbert's middle name was Schwenck? I quote: 'Darwinian man, though well-behaved, At best is only a monkey shaved!' I recommend it to persons occupying punishing capacities."

Jick had not spoken to or scarcely looked at Artemus. She had been too busy expressing her relief at seeing her brother again by demanding that his hide be taken off. She was not wearing faded denim breeches now, but a fetching gown which adorned her lithe body almost as satisfactorily as the less formal but more revealing frontier pants. Now she nodded her head at him, three jerky affirmative nods.

"You don't give short weight," she said gravely.

"Things are waiting," he said.

"Go along," she told him, and then, still sedately, which was not in character, "I have no important engagements tomorrow."

"On the contrary, Miss Jick," he said, "you have a very important appointment. I hope."

He turned away hastily and strode back to his car, but before he was out of earshot he heard Pomfret Lionel say excitedly, "Lemme tell you about him! Alongside of him, Superman's a slob! Lemme describe what he did! Sis, if you let him get away from you, you haven't the brains of a half-witted moon calf."

Whatever reply Jick made to this declaration, if any, Artemus did not hear. He drove to Bayside's home on the shoulder of the mountain. There were lights and cars. A group in the handsome living room surrounded something on the floor. In a corner crouched Nita, guarded by a deputy.

Dutra turned his head as Artemus entered. He was sardonic. "Quite a night," he said. "Will you please get out of town before we got no population left? You're a one-man epidemic."

He stood aside and pointed to the floor upon which (*Continued on Page 58*)

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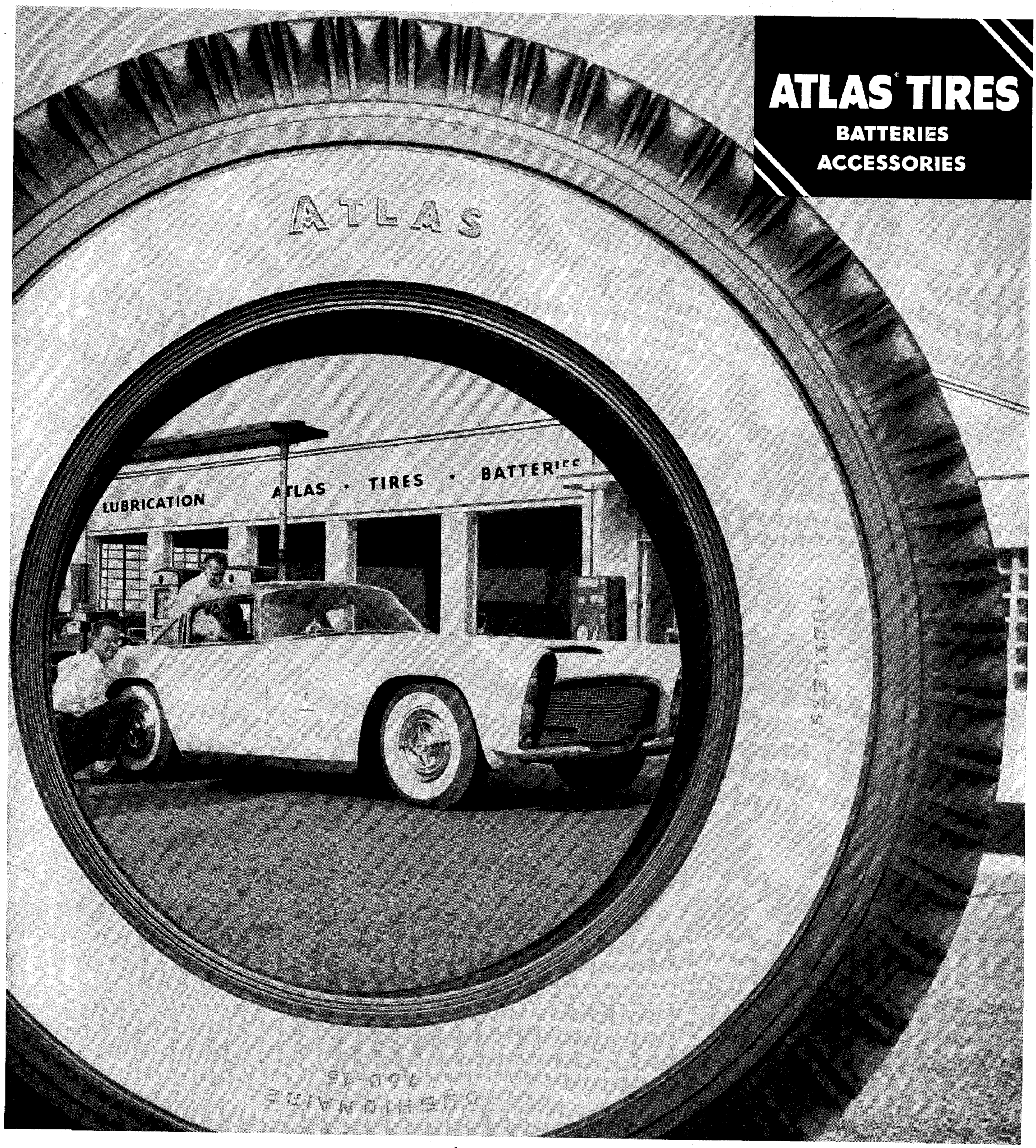


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(*Continued from Page 56*) Walker Bayside lay in a pool of clotting blood. The haft of a knife protruded from his breast.

"How come?" Artemus asked.

"Sweet Lips' lady friend," Dutra said shortly.

"Sure," said Nita from her corner, not with Latin excitement, but almost placidly. "He keel my man. He have to brag eet. Do the same by me, he say. All is good now. He breeng me here. I wait. I have knife, yes." She patted her leg. "When ees good time for it, I throw. I throw straight. Again I am happy. Yes." She smiled at them. "Now I go to jail. Good."

Artemus frowned. He spoke to Dutra. "If she testifies she was brought here by force—held here against her will?"

"What I call a pretty good defense," Dutra said. "Come down cellar, Baldwin."

They went down. There in the excavation under the house was a small, compact, efficient electroengraving plant. A camera under which currency could be photographed. The photographed note would be transferred to a metal plate. There were engraving tools—tools whose points could be tested upon a man's thumbnail, leaving prick marks. In a recess were plates—United States ten-dollar notes, Canadian ten-dollar notes, British pounds, French thousand-franc notes, counterfeits of Argentine and Mexican money.

Everything was there but an offset press to print the bogus bills. Artemus, with knowledgeable eye, studied the equipment. It was an efficient plant, modern in detail. There the metal plates could be etched by acid. But acid, as photoengravers say, has no conscience. It eats away the metal wherever it can touch it—the counterfeiter's great obstacle in achieving perfection. To retard this action of eating where acid should not eat, powdered resin, known to the trade as dragon's blood, is used. The plate must, in process, be removed time and again from its nitric-acid bath, washed, reinked, dusted again with dragon's blood. In the end, still striving for perfection, the skilled tool of the engraver must be used. Here Artemus found every device to do a perfect job—a job which needed but the art of a fine etcher to bring it to such excellence that its falsity could not be detected by any but expert eyes. That final touch would have been supplied by the artist, Bayside. Here, then, was final, conclusive evidence, not of counterfeiting alone, but of international counterfeiting on a startling scale.

What had happened in other areas none of them knew. There remained the Beauregards. There remained Wessler's work. There remained Marvin Leeds' office and its safe. There remained the printing plant in downtown Phoenix. All that would be more or less routine. Dutra and Artemus drove down to police headquarters, which was alive with activity.

In Dutra's office, in his chair, at his desk, sat Norman Wessler. Upon the desk were heaped papers removed from Leeds' safe, some of them valuable to Secret Service, most of them evidence to convict the Baffins. The Beauregards, plane tickets to Los Angeles in their possession, had been taken into custody. Their apartment and baggage had yielded damning evidence, evidence of an organization world-wide in its scope. Nothing but confession could give information as to the quantity of counterfeit bills that had been issued, but it might well run into millions.

A detective rapped on the door and was admitted. He whispered to Dutra, who looked over at Artemus. "Miss Beauregard asks to see you, Baldwin," he said, and raised his brows. Artemus in turn looked at Wessler, who nodded. "Better talk to her," he said.

"Next office," said Dutra. "I'll have her brought up."

Artemus went to the next room and waited briefly. An officer escorted Jennifer Beauregard through the door. Artemus signaled to him to withdraw. He waited for Jennifer to speak. It was tragic, he thought, that so much loveliness, so much intelligent loveliness should go to waste. It was not an evil beauty such as one might expect in such a woman. Rather it was a demure, patrician beauty. He wondered what circumstances, what background, what flaw could have led this girl to criminal ways. As she stood there, she might have been a member of the Junior League ready for some party. She seemed unafraid.

"Any recorders?" she asked crisply.

"None," he answered.

"*Sauve qui peut*," she said.

"In other words," he replied, "every man for himself."

"Exactly," she agreed without shame.

"What do you offer?" he asked.

"Everything you want," she replied as calmly as if she were accepting an invitation to dinner instead of proposing to save herself by betraying her organization, her confederates. "Everything you want here. Everything the International Criminal Police Commission will need."

"You would turn in your friends?" he asked.

"Why not?" she countered. "They would rat on me." She seemed to hold no resentment against him. Her voice was calm, her eyes clear and cool.

"I have no authority to make a deal. Neither has Mr. Wessler. Only Washington."

"I know. I offer a detailed chart of the organization, from Phoenix to Bombay. Names, location of plants, methods. I sent for you because I want to be the first. It should entitle me to something."

"All I can do," Artemus said, "is transmit your offer."

"A bit more than that," she said. "As the agent who has broken this thing, you'll be listened to. You can do your best for me. I'm offering a great deal." She smiled across at him. "I don't want to waste my years inside."

"How long," he wondered, "will you live outside?"

"That," she rejoined, "is my problem."

"I'll do my best for you," he assured her.

"All I can ask," she said; and then, "You're quite a person, Artemus Baldwin. Why didn't I meet you five years ago?"

Artemus did not relax, could not relax. He made no response, but stepped to the door and summoned the officer to escort Jennifer Beauregard back to her place of detention. She turned just before she disappeared. "I'm relying on you," she said.

Artemus returned to Dutra's office, and, as heads turned inquiringly, he said, "She wants to get in first. She'll rat. Give it all to us, from soup to nuts."

"Did you make a deal?" Wessler asked sternly.

"No deal. She didn't expect one. Not from me. Maybe what she has to sell will be worth the price."

"That," Wessler answered, "is for the boss to say. You'd better fly to Washington and lay it before him."

"When," Artemus grinned, "I've had a night's sleep."

He got up wearily, went down to the street and drove to his motel. It was over. Assignment completed. He felt empty, exhausted—somehow not triumphant. He was asleep almost as soon as his head rested on the pillow. This time there was no need to have his gun in readiness on his bedside table.

It was broad daylight when a timid rapping upon his door awakened him. He opened to Porque the Egg wriggling on the tiny porch.

"Aw, Mr. Baldwin!" he said; then repeated, "Aw, Mr. Baldwin!"

"Come in, Porque," Artemus said. "Got a horse for me?"

"Is it straight that you're the law?" Porque asked.

"Near enough," Artemus answered. "Knees knocking together?"

Porque shook his grotesque head. "Me, I'm clean. Anyhow, pretty clean. I just been around. Reason I come is I want to know how I stand. What I mean, with you."

"You stand good, Porque."

"Never thought," Porque said sheepishly, "I'd want to stand good with a gumshoe."

"I know what you mean," Artemus said. "Sure. Buddies, eh?"

"Aw, Mr. Baldwin!" Porque muttered, wriggling more violently, as an ingratiating puppy might do. It was hero worship.

Artemus dressed, wondering what he could do about the simple, likable little hanger-on of the underworld. He dressed quickly. "Breakfast?" he asked. "Can you drive a car?"

"Good," Porque responded.

They went to the nearest eating place. It was still early, but not too early. It would have to be early, before he took a plane to Washington.

"You drive," he said to Porque, "and keep the trap shut."

"Sure, Mr. Baldwin. Sure."

They drove out to the entrance to Papago Park, threaded their way along its winding road and on to Scottsdale. When they arrived at the residence of the Roche family, Mr. Roche was pottering aimlessly about the yard, pipe in mouth.

"Expected you, Baldwin," he said. "Had a feeling in my bones you'd turn up. Who you got there?"

"This," Artemus said, "is my good friend, Porque the Egg."

"Whoosh!" exclaimed Mr. Roche, his eyes suddenly gleaming. He lost interest in Artemus and pounced upon Porque avidly. Porque would be an outstanding piece in his collection of weird human beings. "You come along with me, Porque," he said. "We got to delve into each other. . . . Baldwin, go inside and holler. Somebody'll come."

Artemus went into the house, but he did not holler. It was unnecessary. Jick came in from the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Waffles," she said. "Come out to the kitchen."

"How is Pomfret Lionel?" he asked inanely.

"Puffed up like a pouter pigeon," she said, pouring batter into the waffle iron. "I chased him out."

"Why?" Artemus asked.

"He snoops," Jick said tartly.

"And your mother?" he inquired.

She turned on him. "All the family is sound in wind and limb," she told him. "You could have asked about them by telephone."

"So I could," he said. "Can't eat waffles by wire."

Carefully she placed golden waffles on a plate and pushed it toward him. "You'll be going away," she said. "When?"

"Today," he told her. "Flying to Washington."

"Job done?" she asked.

"Job done," he answered.

She turned and faced him. "No unfinished business?" she asked.

"Pretty much cleaned up," he said.

"Then," she demanded, "what are you doing here? If there isn't any unfinished business, why didn't you just fly off to Washington or wherever?"

"Why," he said, "good manners ——"

"Listen, you," she said with emphasis. "Don't stall. Am I unfinished business or am I not unfinished business?"

Artemus looked down at her. She was lovely with a smudge of flour on her nose. But she was a Roche. She lived in this house, in luxury. He wondered why he had come here. It would have been better simply to have vanished out of her life.

"Look," he said. "I'm Secret Service. I don't earn enough in a year to pay for your shoes. I never will."

Mr. Roche poked his head through the kitchen door. "Don't let him off the hook, Jick." The head disappeared.

"You," she said, "started in at forty-two hundred and five dollars a year. Then you got to be Grade Nine, at five thousand and sixty dollars a year. Do you know what percentage of the people live on less than five thousand a year? If they can, I can. Pass on to the next point."

"You haven't known me ——"

"I'm a quick study," she retorted. "I don't like evasion," she said. "Stop being it. Did you come out here to say something or have I wasted a mess of waffles?"

"You've wasted no waffles," he said. "Not a darn waffle."

"That," she said, "is quite satisfactory. It's March; I think May would be soon enough."

"Not soon enough," Artemus said.

"When," she said, "you've proposed to a girl and been accepted, it is customary to kiss her. Or didn't you know?"

"Hey!" bellowed Mr. Roche from outside. "Haven't you got it settled yet?"

"Don't," answered Jick, "be so darn impatient! Yes, it's settled! Just a second!" she called. "I'm getting kissed!"

Mr. Roche did not wait. He came into the kitchen, propelling Porque the Egg before him. "Big day for the Roches," he said enthusiastically. "Obliged to you, son, for bringing him. Looking for one like him for years. Wonderful! He's got conversation. He's hired. Aren't you hired, Porque the Egg?"

"Aw, now, Mr. Roche," said Porque. "Aw, now."

"You've hired Porque?" asked Artemus. "To do what?"

"Private secretary," chortled Mr. Roche. "Imagine!"

Artemus grinned. "And his duties?" he asked.

"To gyre and gimble in the wabe," said Mr. Roche proudly.

"He'll be very good at it," Artemus said.

Jick pushed Artemus through the door. "Out," she said. "Out. How many hours have you got?"

He looked at his watch. "About four," he said.

"Then," Jick said imperatively, "we'd better use them getting acquainted."

THE END

## Got Wise

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

There was a young farmer
named Stout
Who suspected what life
was about;
Ignoring his needs,
He planted weed seeds.
Yes, vegetables crowded
them out.

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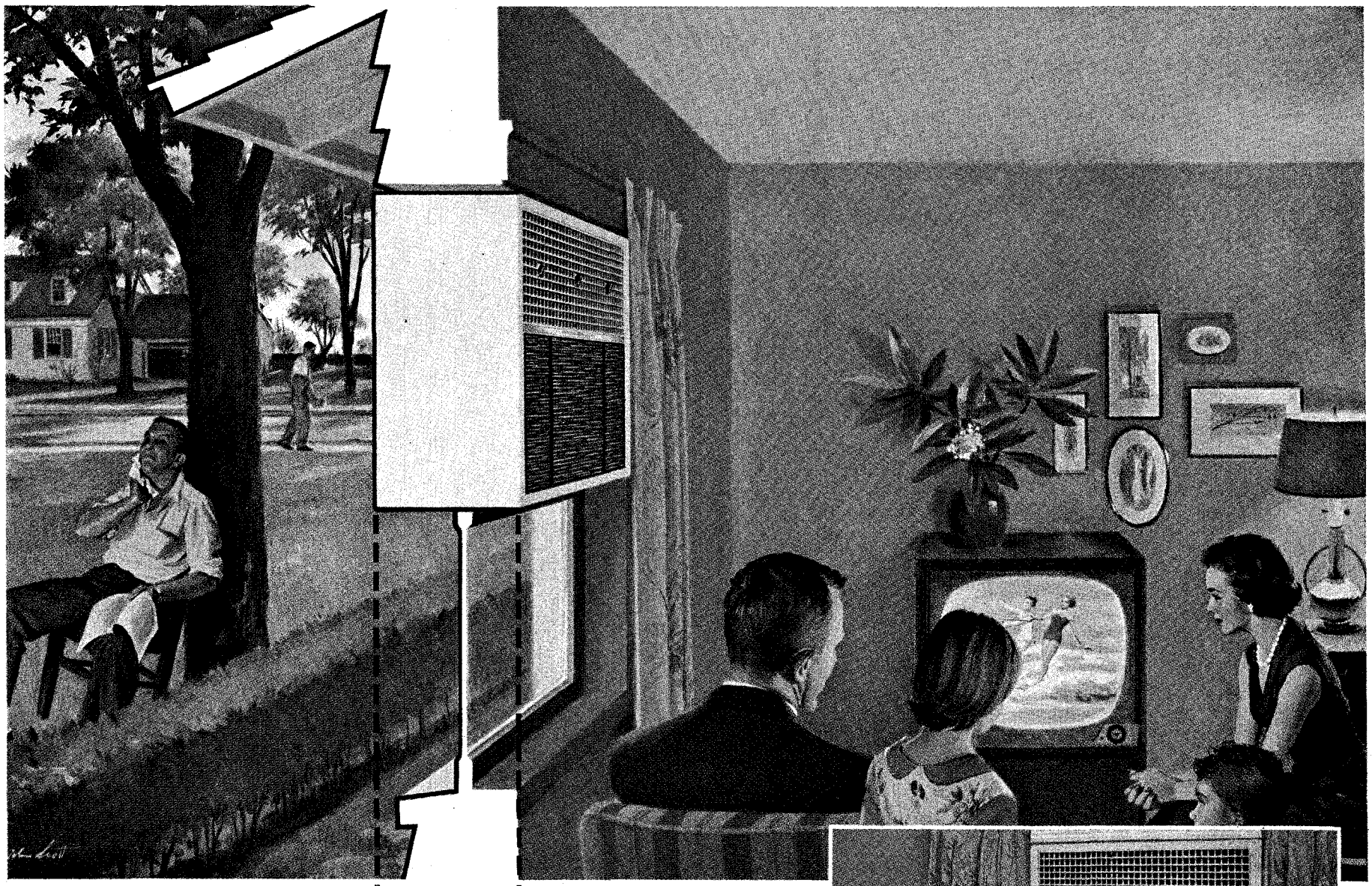
# All new G-E Thinline Air Conditioner takes up ⅓ less space!



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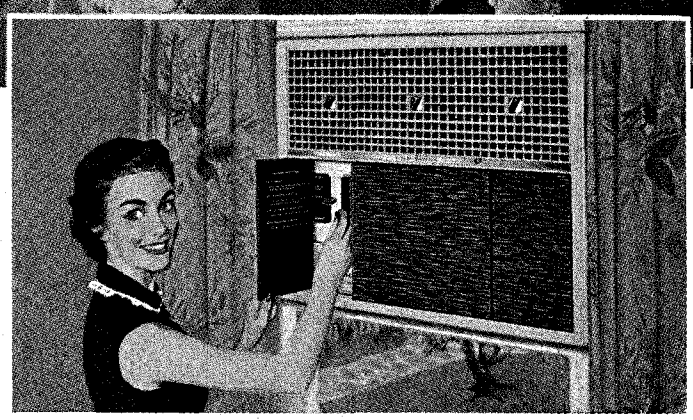
General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Department. Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

*Most models available in Canada.*



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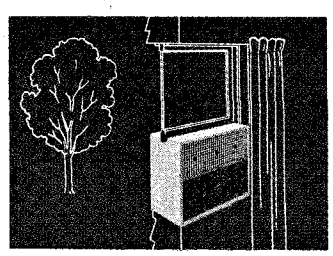
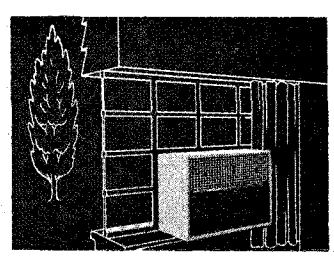


**Fits anywhere—in upper or lower sash.** Can be mounted flush with inside wall as shown here or all-outside to allow windows to be closed. All inside installation is ideal for use in offices.



**Look—it fits casement windows, too.** The G-E *Thinline* can be installed in casement windows, without altering or defacing the windows. It can even be installed through any outside wall.

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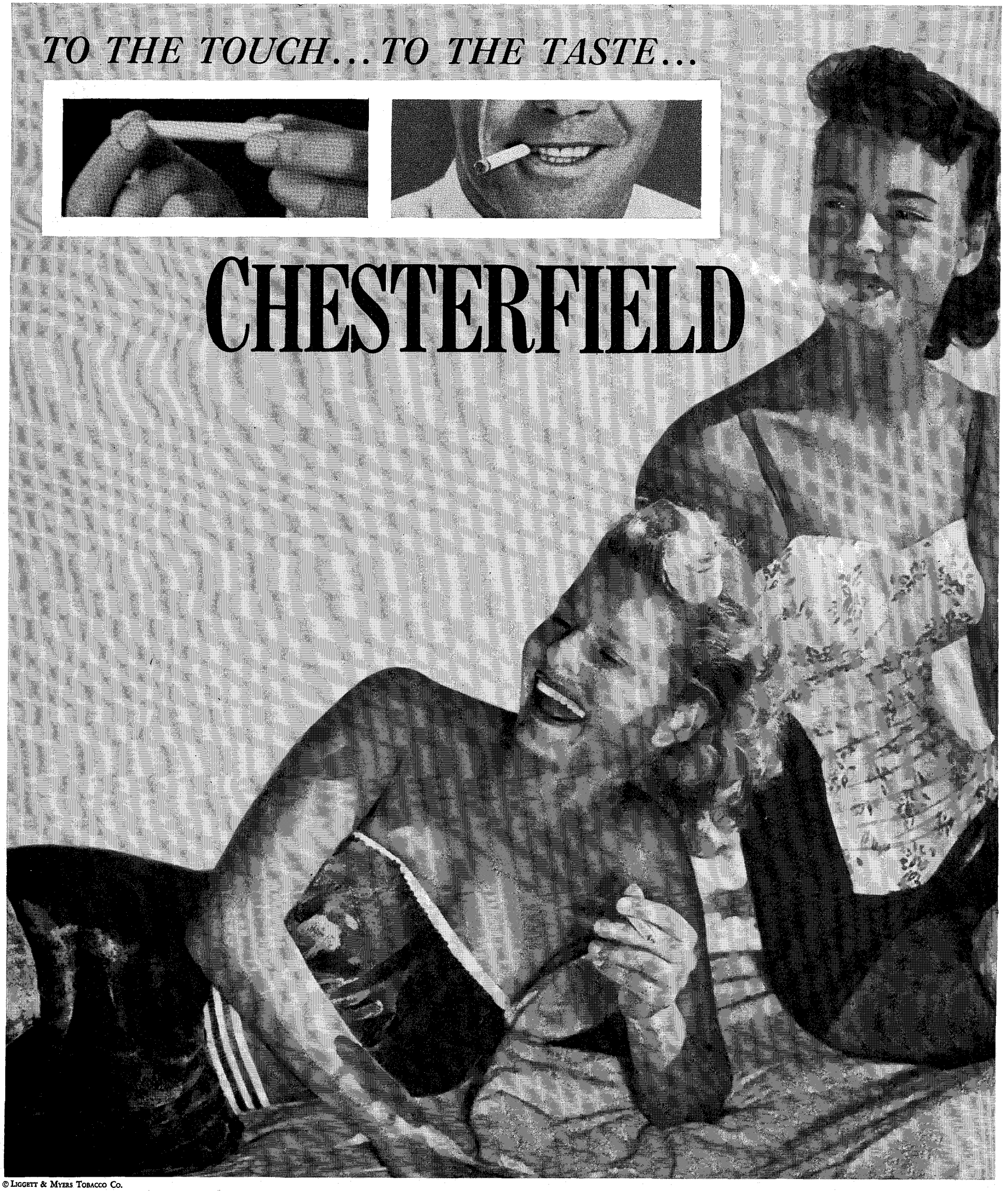
*TO THE TOUCH... TO THE TASTE...*





# CHESTERFIELD



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*MILD, YET THEY*

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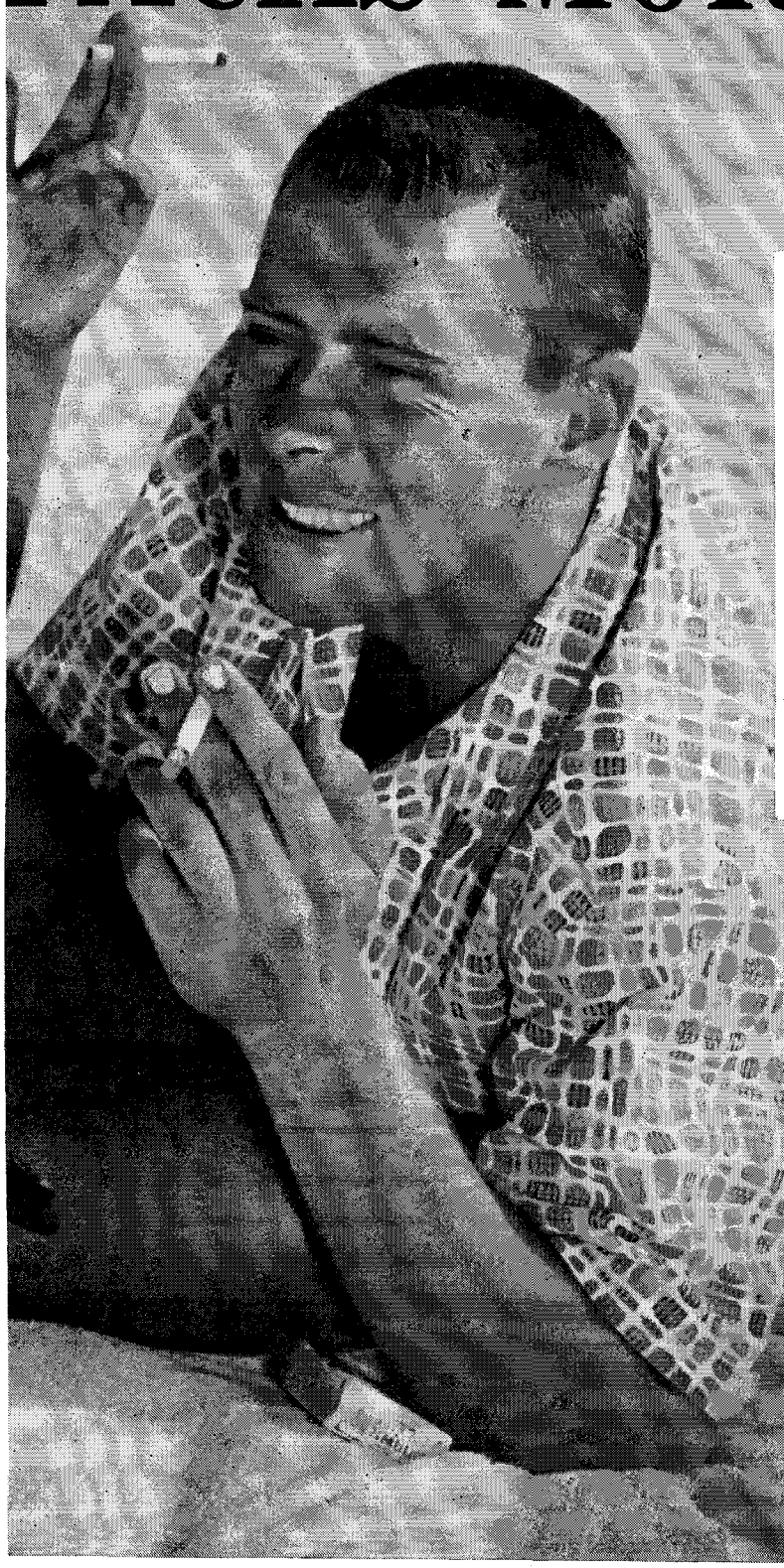
*because it's More Perfectly Packed by AccuRay!*



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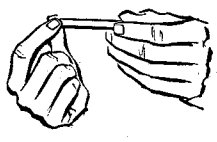

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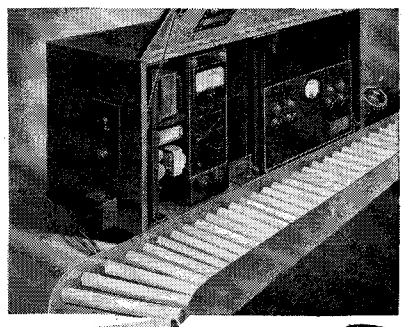

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**I settle my stomach in seconds...**

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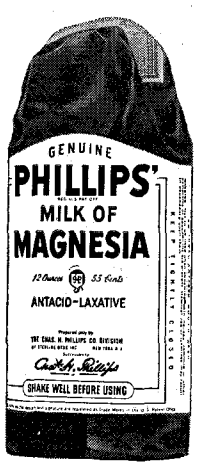
Gas, heartburn, stomach sourness —*all* symptoms of acid indigestion are eased away—*quickly!* Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—one of world's fastest antacids—actually *settles your stomach in seconds!* So when too much food, drink, tobacco upsets you, take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and feel fine again—*fast!*




**PHILLIPS'**
**MILK OF MAGNESIA**


# Susana and the Shepherd

(Continued from Page 35)

to buy a set of shiny white store teeth, so she could walk through the village, head high and smiling.

Also he thought of his little brother, who had begged to come along, who must emigrate, too, when he was older. He must set him an example. He must not fail.

Then the plane landed. The passengers began to file out slowly. He followed them. Surely el Cid, the bravest knight in all Christendom, never went forth to battle more stanchly than Juan Varra left that plane, the little stewardess at his heels, praying fervently somebody would meet him and ready to grab his jacket tails if no one did.

He was the last to pass the gate, and as he stepped through he saw the most beautiful sight possible to any Basque far from home. He saw another Basque. He saw a browned face, no longer young, which was smiling and showing some splendid gold teeth. And the voice was speaking his own dialect and it said, "Welcome, Juan Varra, and are the girls still as pretty in Navarra?" And this was Ancelito, thirty years from home and as much of a Basque as ever.

Ancelito collected his luggage and led him to the pickup truck. When they had left the confusion of the city, and were driving through the great wide green Sacramento Valley, Ancelito dropped pleasantries and began to speak so slowly and seriously in Spanish that the boy knew he must remember every word.

Now in early May the alfilaria was already dry. The corkscrew spirals on the wild grass that can work their way into the sheep's hides had already formed. It was vital, therefore, that the sheep be moved at once from the low range. Separated into bands, sheared and branded, they had been driven to a central campsite, the trailer houses of the herders accompanying them. At the campsite, freight cars waited. The rich *Americano* who owned the sheep had rented a whole train, and this very moment he was supervising the loading of the sheep bands into the cars. Tonight the train would carry the sheep across the great mountains into Nevada, where the long summer drive would begin at dawn.

Usually, said Ancelito, a youngster from the homeland was kept on the valley ranch for several weeks to accustom him to the strange American ways. But now they were desperate for herders. Last year they had lost two older men from heart attacks. The camp tender had found them at eight thousand feet, stiff in their blankets. It would be necessary for Juan Varra to go with them to Nevada and to start out at dawn with a band of two thousand sheep. Every other day a camp tender would bring him supplies and tell him where to find water. He would have a burro, of course, and a dog which Ancelito, himself, had trained.

"There is nothing to fear," Ancelito told him gravely. "The dog will know what you do not."

The boy said with dignity, "I have no fear."

Ancelito questioned him carefully, and in response the boy told him, shyly and briefly, a little of his dream. After four hours' driving, they came at last to the campsite.

In the trailer house Juan Varra ate a quick meal while Ancelito checked the clothes and the bedding he'd need. Then it was time to go, and they walked together through the dark to the train.

"You will go in the caboose," said Ancelito. "You will sleep better, and tomorrow you will need that sleep. I will go by truck with the others, and I will see you at daybreak."

Once, at night in his bunk, the boy woke and felt the train moving under him and the cold air on his cheek, and he could hear the hard pull of the engine, and knew they were crossing the mountains. When he woke again, it was to the smell of coffee and the touch of a trainman's hand on his shoulder. He put on his shoes and his jacket and drank two cups of coffee. When he left the caboose, he stepped out into the clear dawn and such a sight as he had never seen.

Already the sheep were being spilled out into the sage, each band at a time, its loaded burro, herder and dog waiting to drive it away.

Because he was new, his band was the last. Then it, too, was spilled into the sage, and his burro and dog and a sheep tender drove the band away from the tracks as Ancelito motioned him to wait.

The train moved on, the boy waiting by the truck while Ancelito talked earnestly to the *Americano* who owned the sheep, and though they spoke English and the boy could not understand a word, he knew the *Americano* was worried.

"Andy, I'm scared to death to send him out. Can he do it?"

"Yes. He's used to hardship. He is not an American boy. He does not put his manhood in a car that can go ninety miles an hour. It is in himself."

"I know. He'll have the inbred willingness to endure."

"He has something else. He has a dream."

"All right. Let him go."

Then Ancelito gave the boy his directions and told him where he would find water. The owner shook his hand.

Juan ran into the sage and took the crook from the tender, and he gave the old signal to the dog with a lift of his hand and he was off and on his own. He did not permit himself to look back for some moments. When he did so, it was as if the truck, the men, the other bands of sheep had never existed, so quickly had the land taken them. And it was unlike any land he had ever seen, and vaster than any he had ever imagined.

The sage and the green buckbrush stretched as endlessly as eternity, broken only by a few small yellow sunflowers and a very occasional pine. No friendly villages. No small white houses with cheerful red-tiled roofs. Nothing but mountains which did not stand up proudly as mountains should, but lay rolling beneath his old high shoes.

He could scarcely bear to look at the sheep, so great was his disappointment. How ugly they were with their strange snub-nosed faces. The factory-made crook was awkward to his hand, and so long that he was sure he would never be able to trip a ewe neatly by her hind leg. Even the motley-colored Australian shepherd was unlike any dog he had known.

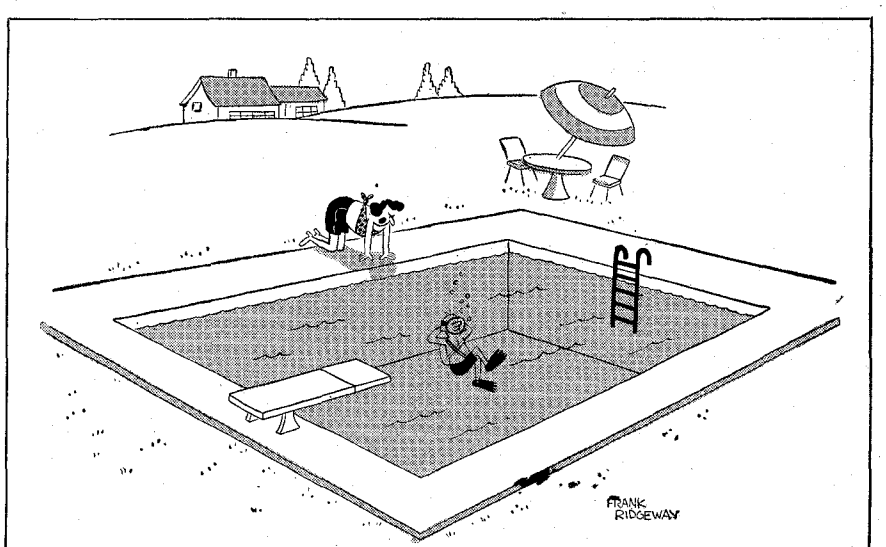
But the burro was the same. It trudged along with the sheep, carrying his supplies, topped by his big square bedroll. And the sheep baaed like sheep. The lambs frolicked like the lambs at home. And the dog let the sheep scatter only so far, rounding in the strays, circling watchfully.

He counted the black sheep—the markers—carefully. There were twenty-one. He counted the bellwethers. At the nooning-up he would unpack the burro, check his supplies and repack in his own precise way. He would make a fire and set a pot of beans to simmer, and cook himself a meal of ham and eggs. And this night when the coyotes yapped and the dog answered them, prowling the bed grounds, thoughts of home would creep to his little tent and he would begin the long battle against loneliness. And he swore now, by all the lady saints and the gentleman saints in the entire heaven, that he would fight it each night until he won.

It took him six weeks. He had no calendar and no watch, and he needed neither. Each day followed the familiar pattern. He was up before daylight, building his fire beneath the heavy U-shaped iron, brewing his coffee. When the burro was packed, the daily trek began, the sheep scattering over a mile, the boy following, his beat-up .30–30 in a sling on his back, the dog circling, alert to every sound of his voice, every movement of his hands.

Each nooning-up Juan cooked his meal while the sheep lay in the sage, chewing their cud. And every other day the sheep tender came bumping through the buckbrush in his four-wheel-drive truck, bringing fresh meat and food, even water if necessary, and an eight-pound round loaf of white Basque bread which he had baked in a long pit. The sheep tender was a Basque also, but he had been too long alone. He had lost his dream. He could not talk easily to anyone, and when he spoke, it was always of some café called Estrellita or Española in some valley town where he could fill himself up on red wine, poured from a goatskin, and eat prodigiously.

Sometimes on the rainy nights when the coyotes cried like women, the boy was so homesick for his land and his people that it was an agony within him, and he rose shaken and white. He dreamed one night




"Stanley, you come right out of there and listen to what I've got to say."

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of his *abuelita*, smiling and showing her toothless gums, and when he awoke, his cheeks were wet, and though never for an instant did he admit it was from anything but rain leaking in the tent, after that he felt better.

Gradually the sheep did not seem quite so snub-nosed and ugly. They became the familiar sheep. He knew them, and a few too well—especially the cantankerous ewe with the twin lambs which he called "*La Bruja*," the witch. He grew fond of his burro, and he loved the dog as deeply as a man can love a friend.

Then the six weeks were over, and with his band he took the old trail toward the higher mountains, the little burro leading the way because it knew it well. They reached the river, followed and forded it into the great national forest, traveling twenty miles in three days into the juniper range.

They were in the juniper forest a week, working their way up to the ponderosa and the sugar pine, and here the boy's loneliness left him. Often he saw deer browsing at dawn and dusk; a doe keeping herself carefully between him and her fawn. Once, in the early evening when the sheep had settled for the night, he came on a mother bear, scolding, slapping and cuffing her two cubs to hurry them out of his way. Even the birds were a delight, the mountain bluebirds and jays, the sapsuckers and the black-and-yellow orioles. Here he was no longer a boy far from home. He was a Basque herder at his best, responsible and resourceful, like a soldier at some lonely outpost.

The tender's truck could not follow them now. The *Americano* who owned the sheep had established two cabins at seventy-five hundred feet from which several tenders took supplies to the various sheep bands by pack mule. And when Juan saw Ancelito riding through the trees leading a mule he laughed aloud, startled by the sound of his own voice.

The mule was a walking grocery, its pack bags heavy with flour sacks, each fat with supplies.

Then for the first time Juan Varra was afraid. He was so afraid he wanted to bolt like *La Bruja*, the witch ewe. On the mule bringing up the rear was a girl.

Ancelito dismounted. . . . Had it gone well? . . . Yes . . . Had he been lonely? . . . No—perhaps a very little at first. And as he spoke not once did the boy glance at the girl.

It was only Susana, said Ancelito; and she was his daughter, come to the cabins for a few days, as he had promised her. She was quite harmless. As women go, she was no trouble. She would get the noon meal while they unpacked the supplies.

And she did. While the boy and Ancelito unpacked the supplies and discussed the best sites for the bed grounds and the danger of bears, Juan could hear the girl moving at the fire.

When the meal was ready and they sat down for slabs of jack cheese, ham and eggs, fresh bread and coffee, he was forced to look at her. Her feet were as big as a boy's. Her legs were encased in thick blue cotton pants like a boy's. Her top half was submerged in a shirt like a boy's. Her hair was drawn tight to the back of her head, and hung in a thick brush, suitable only for a horse's tail. Furthermore, she did not look up at him from under her lashes and touch him with the briefest of cool, sweet glances to tell him she saw every single thing about him and found it good. She looked straight at him, and boldly, as one boy takes the measure of another.

He did not direct to her one word. When the meal was over and Ancelito and his daughter were mounted and leaving, he cast an "*adiós*" into the air, which she could take to include her, if she wished.

"Is he alive?" Susana asked her father, when the mules had started.

"Yes."

"Is he stupid?"

"No. He is silent. He is a Basque. I am a Basque."

"When you came to this country you were not like that."

"I was exactly like that. He is afraid of you. But do not worry. I have told him you are harmless."

"Father, you didn't."

"But certainly. It would do you no good to make eyes at this one. He has a dream. He will save his money. He will go back to his village a *millonario* and marry the most beautiful girl in all Navarra. Now, if you were as wise as your mother ——"

"*Papacito*," said Susana slowly, "are the girls so pretty in Navarra?"

And Ancelito smiled at her and said, "Beyond description."

The voices carried back to the boy in the high clear air, and though they were in English, he did not miss the scorn in the girl's voice. That night among the supplies he found that Ancelito had left him a beginner's Spanish-English reader.

Love may need no words, but resentment can use several. The next day Juan Varra opened the first crack in the dark tomb in which he was determined to bury himself for six years. He began to learn to read English.

Two days later, when the grocery mule came through the trees, the boy put on his most proud and silent Basque face, lest the girl think he was glad to see her. But it was not Ancelito and Susana who followed the mule. It was the dull camp tender who had lost his dream.

Juan did not admit to disappointment. He had no time to think of girls. The bears were troublesome. One old killer bear followed the sheep band, killing a ewe each night, and the boy tracked him and shot him. In all, he killed four bears.

In July the rams were brought in, and in August all the sheep bands were driven to a mountain valley, where the ewes were culled, the lambs separated into the fats and the feeders. On the way back to the high range with his reassembled band, Juan passed his first campers, and they were friendly. A little boy chased the lambs and couldn't catch them. The father gave him cigarettes, and the wife smiled at him and made him a present of a kitten.

After that, the cat followed along with the sheep, and though Juan told himself he kept her only to keep the chipmunks from his food, he carried her under his jacket in the thunderstorms, and let her sleep at the foot of his bedroll.

Then, in October, the long drive was done. The sheep were carried by two- and three-decker trucks down from the mountains to the low delta to browse on the corn stubble; the burro was left behind, a cook wagon carrying supplies. Just before Christmas the bands were driven to the home ranch to wait for the lambing, and it was here, in a neat white house, that Ancelito, the foreman, lived with Susana. The boy did not ask for her.

"Am I rich yet?" he asked Ancelito anxiously.

"In this country you are poor as a thin mouse," said Ancelito. "But at home already you can buy the finest house in the village."

It was Ancelito who helped him send money to his *abuelita* for the store teeth and presents for the family. It was Ancelito who brought from town the clothes he needed. After that, he spent nothing, and each month the *Americano* who

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owned the sheep deposited his wages in a savings account in his name. When, at Christmas, the other herders left the trailer houses and drove to town for a fine binge, he did not go. And when he was working with the sheep near the white house and saw something soft and obviously feminine fluttering on the clothesline in the rear, he looked the other way, so tight was the dream still within him.

Right after Christmas the drop band was collected in a big open field and lambing began. Four hundred lambs were born each night, the boy working out in the cold, helping the young ewes that were having trouble with their first-born, turning the lambs. One early morning the *Americano* was helping put each ewe and her new lamb into a portable *chiquero*, or pen, so she would claim her lamb, and he watched the boy work.

"He is wonderful," he said. "He will save twenty-five per cent more lambs. . . . Andy, we must keep this one."

"I have thought of it," said Ancelito.

The last night of the lambing, through no fault of his own, the boy lost two little lambs, and this, to a Basque herder, is not cause for sadness, but for heartbreak. Ancelito took him to the white house for food and comfort, and there in the warm kitchen waited Susana.

Gone were the boy's shoes, the pants and the horse's tail. She was as shy as a forest creature and as sweet as any young girl in Navarra on her saint's day. She was the daughter of a Basque and she, too, could be silent. She placed the coffeepot before them without a word, and plates of ham and eggs. Then she left them, turning at the door.

"I am so sorry, Juan," and for an instant her glance touched his cheek and was gone.

He did not see her again, because this was the busy time. Lamb tails to be docked. New sheep bands to be formed. The ewes to be sheared and branded, and the winter was gone, and May here again, and the sheep driven to the campsite to go by train to Nevada. And the first year was over, and the cycle began again.

Now repetition had replaced newness, making the second year even lonelier than the first. In the buckbrush, loneliness became an entity, pressing constantly upon him. The boy talked aloud sometimes to the cat and the burro. The dog, of course, was his abiding friend.

Rarely the camp tender brought him letters from home. Those from his *abuelita* and his little brother were the same. They loved him; they missed him. But the letter from his eldest brother, who was head of the family, held a new tone. How fortunate Juan was to be in that land where everyone was rich and all was easy. How hard it was to be the one who was left behind. Oh, he must not stay away too long. If he worked harder and was given a raise—if he saved all beyond the barest necessities, perhaps five years would be enough, or even four.

In the juniper forest one June day he heard a strange little whimpering, crying sound, and came on a lone fawn. He longed to make a pet of it, to keep it with him, as the herders did sometimes. But he could not bear to take it from its mother, to teach it to be unafraid of man, to notch its ear so that when some hunter shot it he would know that once it had had too good a friend in man. It reminded him of the girl.

Then again he had driven the sheep band into the ponderosa and sugar pines of the high range, and he was home in the mountains.

When the grocery mule came through the trees, Ancelito was with it, but not Susana. This time the boy asked for her.

"And how is your daughter?" he asked formally, and Ancelito said she was well. She was going to school this summer. She was educating her head.

"It is that she does not wish a husband?" the boy asked slowly, and Ancelito said that, like all girls, she hoped to find one. But in this country it was the custom for many girls to help their husbands get started. Suppose Susana should marry a man who wished to own a sheep band of his very own. What a fine thing if she could help him. Did Juan know that the sheepman chosen as the year's best in all California was the son of a Basque whose father had come first as a herder? No doubt his wife had helped him, as his mother had helped his father. It was one of the strange American ways.

Several times this year the forest ranger came by at nooning-up and shared his meal. And once a party of mountaineers coming out from a climb passed by and hailed him. He had picked up enough English to say a few words now, but he was alone so much that the sound of a voice always startled him and filled him with uneasiness, because it broke the quiet monotony in which he lived.

Then at last it was fall and he and the sheep were back on the delta, working their way toward the home ranch.

"How rich am I now?" he asked Ancelito, who took out his pencil for a bit of figuring and replied gravely, "In this country you have a modest savings, but in Navarra you are a man of some means. All your relatives are trying to borrow money."

When the sheep band neared the home ranch, the boy watched eagerly for Susana to come home for the holidays from the school she attended, forty miles distant. And one afternoon just before Christmas, while he was working in the big field where the drop band was to be collected for the lambing, he saw her arrive, and the sight filled him with horror.

There was a loud and sudden roar, and into the ranch road from the highway bounced a small, open, ancient and rattletrap car, Susana at the wheel, her legs in jeans, her hair streaming behind her in a horse-tail.

"She goes back and forth to school this way," said Ancelito calmly. "Scares the sheep. It is amazing what an *Americana* will do to educate her head and get ready to help her husband."

It was cold during this year's lambing, and again Juan worked each night in the big open field with the ewes, and late one night twin lambs lost their mother, arriving in this world so weak that in the morning he and Ancelito carried them to the house and bedded them in the warmth of the kitchen stove.

When the boy had finished working with the lambs and stood up, ready to return to the field, he saw that Susana was watching him quietly, sweet and feminine as she had been when she had prepared breakfast the year before.

"You had a good year, Juan?" she asked in Spanish.

"*Sí*."

"You were lonely?"

"A Basque is never lonely."

"See, *papacito*, he is afraid of me."

"I am afraid of no one."

"He is afraid of me. He is like the others. He learns nothing. He gives nothing. All he sees in this country is money. All he wants is to grab. He is stupid, *papacito*. He is more stupid than the sheep."

The boy followed Ancelito back to the field.

"She likes you," said Ancelito complacently. "If she did not like you, she would not be so *furiosa*."

One day from the fields Juan saw the little rattletrap car take off down the road, and he knew Susana had gone back to school. He put her resolutely from his mind, and the months slipped by until the sheep bands were driven to the campsite and the second year was done.

The third year was as like the second as the second had been like the first. The loneliness and the constant movement of the sheep. The nooning-up and the bedding-down, and the watchful eye that never forgot to count the bellwethers and the black sheep. The coyotes yapping in the night, and the bears coming in the night, and the cat, the dog and the burro. Only the details differed, and the girl's scornful words, and the thought of the girl was constantly in his mind.

In October, two days before the sheep bands were to leave the mountains, an early blizzard caught them; the snow falling so fast and heavily that they could not be driven out in time. The boy built a fire of green wood so much smoke would rise to guide the camp tender, and Ancelito saw it and came with horses and men to trample and pack the snow so the sheep could move.

"Am I rich now?" Juan asked, sitting beside Ancelito in the truck on their way down to the delta.

"You are not quite a *millonario*," said Ancelito. "You have a little more than five thousand dollars. In your village it would be a very large sum," and he spoke sadly.

"My work has not been good?" asked the boy. "The *Americano* is not satisfied?"

"He is much pleased. This morning when the sheep were safe from the blizzard, I called Susana to tell him. She says there are many letters for you. When a Basque family takes thus to the pen, the news must be bad."

They rode in silence, not to the corn stubble this time, but to the white house, and when they went into the kitchen, Susana handed his letters to the boy, her eyes big and worried.

They left him to read them alone, and when they returned to the kitchen, he was sitting quietly, the letters spread on the table before him, his face stricken. He did not look up.

"My *abuelita* is dead," he said, and when Ancelito tried to comfort him, he made no response, and when Susana set hot coffee before him, he did not thank her. He was silent as only a Basque can be silent.

"Shall I tell you what is wrong?" asked Ancelito. "Shall I tell you how I know?"

The boy did not answer.

"When I came to this country," said Ancelito, "I spent ten years alone with the sheep. I had a dream also. I thought only of my people and of the day I would return to them. When I did so, I could not stand it. I had forgotten such poverty. Things were bad in my village. Everyone was poor and I was rich, and between us was a wall of jealousy I could not tear down or climb over."

The boy did not look up.

"Have you not seen the wall in these letters? Is not your elder brother already resentful? Does he not complain bitterly of your good fortune?"

The boy was silent.

"I bought my parents the finest house in the village! I paid sixty American dollars for it. I gave them money to care for them, and I came back here where I shall never be rich. It is a friendly country. This is what matters."

"*Papacito*, it is useless!" cried Susana. "He is so stupid! Can you believe it? He does not know we love him of truth. He does not know you feel to him as a man to his own son. Let him save and go back. Let him be rich and miserable. Let him marry the most beautiful girl in all of Navarra. What do I care?" And she sat down at the table and began to cry as only a Basque girl can cry—loud and furiously.

Then the boy looked up. "Is it possible to bring my little brother to this country?" he asked slowly.

"It would take time, but it is possible. He could live with us. He could go to school. Susana could teach him to speak English."

"Is it possible Susana could teach me also? Could she teach me to tell her in English that in the mountains when I am alone with the sheep I do not think of any girl in Navarra? I think of her."

"This she would do gladly."

"Then if I have lost my dream, I can replace it with another. And if I do not return, it is nothing. I am a Basque," said the boy proudly, "and a Basque cannot lose his homeland, because he takes it with him always." THE END

"I hear you're in the Navy!"

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# Here Comes the Big Top (Continued from Page 37)

appetites for cotton that they eat ordinary canvas right off the ropes and poles while the tent dwellers sleep. Before dispatching any of his tents to Arabia, Sauter doused them with a special chemical repellent that makes the ants point their antennae in another direction.

Sauter's particular pride, though, is in the big tops, the monster tents like those that circuses pitch, only the Stuart crews make them still larger. A technique for lacing any number of 100-by-30-foot spreads of canvas together enables the Stuart people to toss up as vast a big top as anyone can afford.

It costs around $120,000 to manufacture a jumbo tent 900 feet long and 100 feet wide, and about $15,000 to rent it—for one day or a fortnight. The canvas in a tent this size weighs thirteen tons, and the rigging and chandeliers add six more tons. So it is something of an engineering feat to erect a huge canvas roof and to take it down. Once the job is done, the renter might as well tent for a week as for a day.

The longest tent that anybody in the Stuart outfit can recall was one the company's crews pitched in San Carlos, California, for a tricounty exposition, back in 1926. Eighty feet wide and 1040 feet long, this was such a spectacular stretch of canvas that the Southern Pacific engineers slowed the trains to a crawl on the adjoining tracks, so that commuters could gawk and marvel at the behemoth big top.

"We put up tents every summer for county fairs that have utilized that much canvas," explained Sauter, "but they don't look so big because they are shorter and wider."

A typical big-tent rental is the job pitched every fall for the Ventura County Fair in Southern California. This is a patch of canvas larger than four football fields, with twelve-foot canvas walls for the sides. Unlike circus tents, which have round ends, the Stuart big tops are squared off.

The Stuart outfit has hit the jack pot in big tops largely by reason of a flair for adapting their 500,000 square feet of blue canvas, enough to blanket a dozen average city blocks, to the needs of an assortment of customers. The tenting season is generally kicked off with the pitching of a pair of big tops for the Solano County Fair at Vallejo on July first. After that it is a scramble to get the big tops down at one fair in time to put them up for the next.

"We're not interested in routine jobs; extraordinary jobs are our bread and butter," says Sauter.

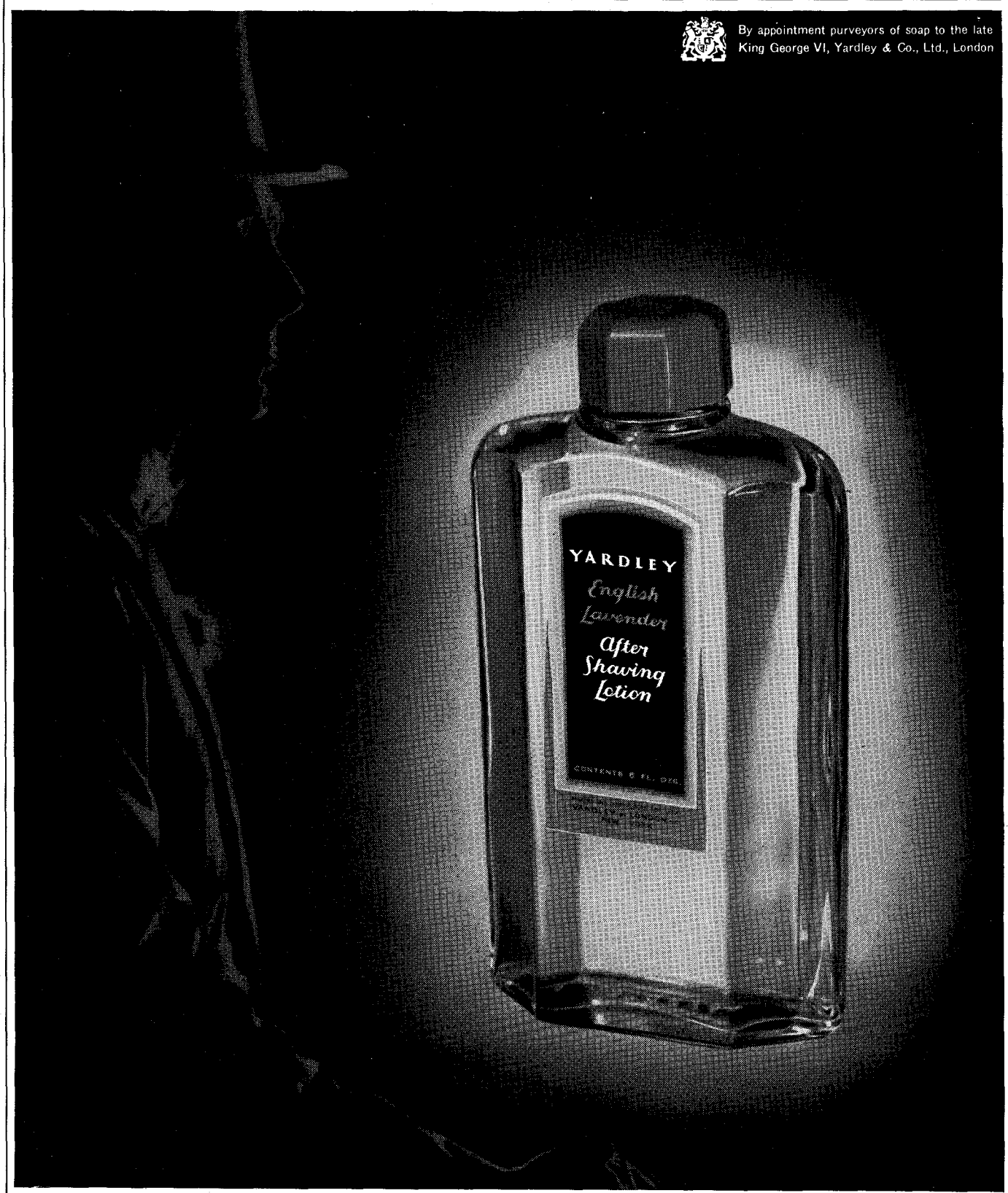
These extraordinary jobs mean a new headache almost daily, but Sauter thrives on headaches, such as the one once faced by the Convention and Tourist Bureau of San Francisco. A spokesman for the American Hospital Association, which wanted to hold a jamboree in San Francisco, looked over the available meeting places and then gibed, "Too bad your town's behind the times and has so little convention space."

This was a humiliating insult to the San Franciscans, of whom Sauter is one of the most ardent. Leaping to the rescue of his fair home town, he offered to spread canvas over the whole Civic Center Plaza. This would have put about two city blocks under a big top. The convention manager had to back water, explaining that all they could use was a portico 400 feet long and 100 feet wide in front of the Civic Auditorium.

The city engineer took a gloomy view of driving tent stakes into the pavement, so the Stuart crew had to bury beneath the sidewalk a 400-foot steel-and-concrete bulkhead in which were sunken hooks to which they anchored their tent ropes. The deadman, buried in 1953, cost about as much as the rental of the tent, but the company footed the bill. This turned out to be a sound investment, however, because it enabled the convention bureau to bag half a dozen other big gatherings.

Another flier in tents which Sauter expects to be a good investment eventually is a 300-by-100-foot canvas specially designed for the General Motors Motorama held in Pan-Pacific Auditorium in Los Angeles last February. The tent added about one third to the auditorium's exhibit space. To make it look like a sparkling palace, and not a tent, Sauter's men lined the interior with pastel draperies and camouflaged the poles with spun-glass decorations, matching those of the fixtures. It was pretty breath-taking, but Sauter calls it "just another rent-tent which we added to our stock." It's for rent to anybody who needs a glistening palace for a few days, or a few hours.

In the tent-renting business, the challenges are not limited to the big tops. During the centennial celebration of the old ghost town of Columbia, in the Mother Lode area, the committee in charge needed a shelter to serve as an early-day opera house. The nearest facsimile available was a Stuart rent-tent, appropriately decorated. When the tent was erected, the committee stomped in to inspect it. Everything was hunky-dory, except that the center poles which held the tent up seemed incongruous in an opera house. (*Continued on Page 67*)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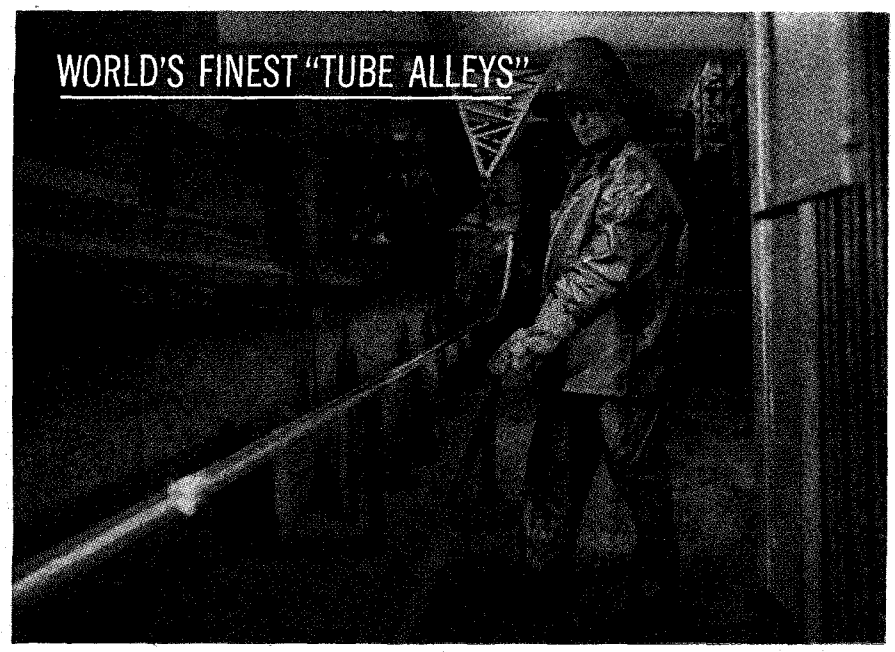


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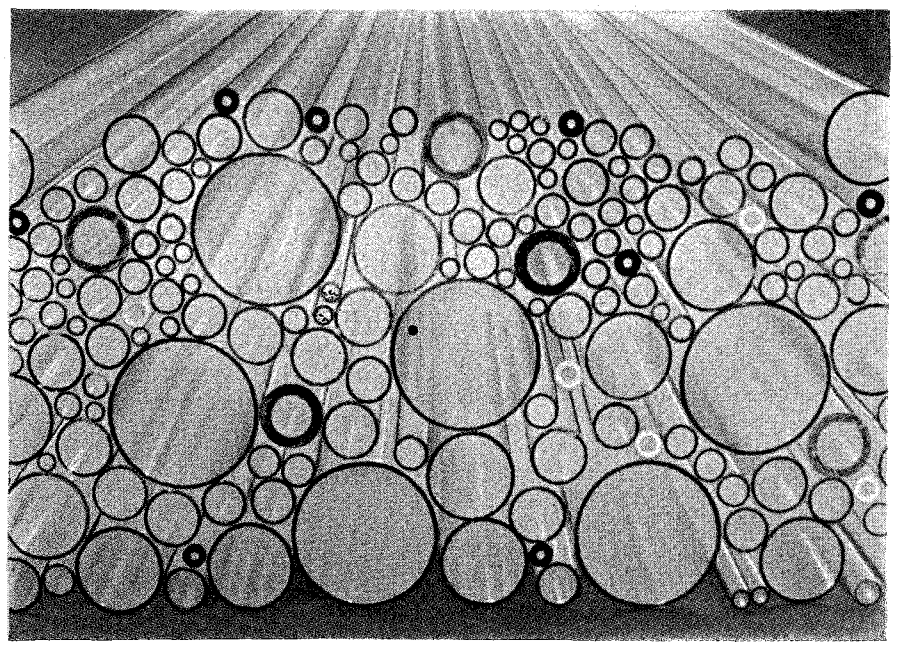

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Television picture tubes, medicine vials, battery testers and neon signs have one thing in common. They could not exist without glass tubing. Its forms and uses are almost endless . . . the list grows steadily.

Each year enough glass tubing flows from the prolific new "tube alleys" of Kimble Glass Company, an Owens-Illinois subsidiary, to go around the world nearly eight times. Much of it is used by Kimble itself, to make such items as laboratory glassware, television bulbs, ampuls and cigar tubes. Kimble customers use the rest—to make fluorescent lights, neon signs, display effects, spinning funnels and a host of other exciting glass products.

Kimble's recently enlarged and improved tube alleys employ techniques developed at the Owens-Illinois Technical Center.

Like the other O-I products listed at the right, Kimble glass tubing and the products made from it are better because they reflect the best thinking and facilities from *all* parts of this diversified company.

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(*Continued from Page 65*) "You'll have to get those poles out of here," ordered the chairman.

"Just what will hold the tent up?" asked Helms. "Sky hooks?"

In the interest of keeping the canvas aloft, the chairman retracted his order.

Sauter was confronted with a similar allergy to center poles on a job at Fort Ord, where the Army wanted a tent to serve as a moviehouse. Fortunately, the general who didn't like poles made known his dislike before the job was started. The Stuart crew ingeniously erected two rows of poles outside the tent area, strung cables to them, then hitched their rigging to the cables, pulling the tent taut without a single center pole.

"We really did use sky hooks on that one," laughed Sauter.

Another sky-hook job turned up one summer in Atherton, just south of San Francisco, where Sauter was asked to pitch a good-sized tent over a swimming pool and the surrounding pavement, so that guests at a wedding could dance or swim as they saw fit. The Stuart people don't ask why; they just pitch their tents as the renter wants them put up.

"Nice job, boys. This is the last time I'll have to plank down three thousand for a wedding," the father of the bride told Helms as the crews folded up their tent and stacked their poles on the truck. "No more daughters."

Even old Santa Claus is a Stuart "client," as Sauter refers to his repeat customers. Every December for the past seven years the Southern Pacific Railroad has rented a big top which is erected along the railroad tracks at the Oakland Mole. When the flood of Christmas gifts pours over the mountains, the railroaders utilize the tent to shelter the pile-up of packages until the postal and express men can sort them out and deliver them in the cities surrounding San Francisco Bay. Last Christmas, Sauter was on the anxious seat for a time when an eighty-mile wind and rain whipped the Christmas tent covering a small mountain of Yule packages. The ropes and stakes held, luckily, while the storm raged.

Some years ago Father Hubbard, the "Glacier Priest," asked Sauter to design a lightweight windproof tent to protect his arctic expedition. Sauter invented a new-type tent made of tight-weave canvas, since known as "Hubbard cloth."

Stuart tents also solved a critical problem on Guam, where the Navy was erecting huge oil-storage tanks. It rained so persistently that the welders were getting nowhere fast in their effort to stick the sections of steel together. The Stuart people rushed a special round big top to the island to shelter the tank in the making, thus enabling the welders to weld, rain or shine. Since then, the women on the second floor of the Stuart building at 37 Front Street, San Francisco, have stitched together on their jumbo sewing machines a number of these construction tents for jobs that must be completed regardless of the weather.

One day Denny Helms was asked to drive over to a junior college in Contra Costa County, across the bay. The college was short six classrooms until a new building could be completed. Helms loaded a couple of trucks with medium-size tents, each about the size of a classroom. They were erected on the school grounds. Desks and blackboards were moved in, and for six months the college featured education under canvas.

The J. L. Stuart Company was founded a quarter of a century back by Jack L. Stuart, an old Navy rigger and splicer who applied his experience in ship rigging to tent erecting. Stuart had been employed for several years by a firm that rented tents to county fairs and other patrons "f.o.b. sidewalk, San Francisco," leaving it to the tent renters to worry about getting the canvas up and taking it down. This led to many rhubarbs between the company and the customers.

"I can clean up this business and relieve the fair managers of their grief by supplying crews as well as tents," Stuart told his employers.

When the latter failed to buy the idea, Stuart launched his own concern, which soon bagged the cream of the West Coast tent-renting business. When competitors adopted his ideas, Stuart kept ahead of them by adding other items to his line of tents, including banners, streamers, portable lighting fixtures, booths for exhibitors, signs—anything the customers wanted.

Nearly all tents were either a khaki color or white. The khaki was drab, and the white canvas failed to break the sun's glare. Stuart and Sauter, who had become sales manager of the company by this time, had their art staff experiment with a tight-weave colored canvas. They finally settled on robin's-egg blue, which was pleasing to the eye and kept out the glare. In 1946 they introduced a dozen of their new-model big tops, which became the talk of the industry. Since then all their new canvas has been robin's-egg blue.

John B. Sauter joined the Stuart Company twenty years ago as a fifty-cent-an-hour employee after an already meteoric business career. Sauter had accumulated a modest fortune in real estate and electrical contracting and had retired in his early twenties to hunt and travel. Fed up with retirement, he entered Stanford University at twenty-six, completed a business course by twenty-nine, started anew at the bottom as a tent crew hand. A born inventor, Sauter soon became a trouble shooter; then a key executive of the company. Three years ago, plagued by ill health, Stuart sold out to Sauter and his younger brother Art, now treasurer.

One harbinger of spring around the Stuart headquarters is the increase in calls that come in from preachers. Though the Stuart Company has several gospel tents for rent and the organization is all for saving souls, evangelists are something of a problem because their faith often exceeds their resources. A dozen or so West Coast gospel-tent renters have good credit ratings, but Sauter is wary of others, particularly since he was talked into pitching a gospel tent up at Paradise, of all places, in the Sacramento Valley. When the Stuart crew returned to Paradise to pick up their tent, they found that the evangelist had gone east without even folding the chairs, leaving the company holding the sack. The Stuart Company furnishes pulpits for the gospel tents, and it even has portable baptismal tanks.

The canvas-tank business is the brainstorm and enthusiasm of Art Sauter, who joined the firm in 1938. During the war brother Art got to thinking that, after all, "canvas tanks are just tents upside down." It is not too difficult to see why a tent manufacturer should be in the tank business if you watch a Stuart tent go up. At one stage in the Stuart technique for erecting tents, the canvas looks like a vast, empty swimming pool. This is the second day of a big-top operation, after the forty-six-foot center poles have been set up and the guy-rope stakes have been driven, the 900-pound bags of canvas have been opened, and the tent sections have been spread out on the ground and laced together into one big sheet of canvas. Next step is to raise the edges of the canvas on the twelve-foot side and end poles, which support the tent eaves and the canvas walls. The result is a reasonable facsimile of an unfilled reservoir.

This illusion doesn't last long, because the center of the canvas is soon hoisted two thirds of the way up the forty-six-foot center poles, permitting crews to push into place the twenty-six-foot quarter poles, which give the big top its characteristic shape. At this point the crews move in to hang chandeliers, streamers and banners along the sweep ropes and on the poles to give the big top its festive look.

This "plus" which goes with a Stuart big top enables the company to collect two cents a square foot extra for rental. The chit for a big top, 100 by 900 feet, such as the county fairs use, may range from $13,000 to $18,000, depending on how much special wiring, how many booths, floors, ramps and other fixtures the customer wants. The rental is the same whether the customer uses the tent for a day or for a fortnight. At the end of each season, the canvas is spread out, vacuum cleaned and, if necessary, reflameproofed for the coming year. The life of Stuart tents is about five years, whereas a circus tent is usually worn out after two seasons.

"Circus crews have to put up their canvas and take it down overnight," explains Denny Helms. "We take two or three days to the job and can be more careful."

At heart still a circus man, Helms' big day comes once in a blue moon when his crews can put up a blue Stuart tent in the same town in which a circus is showing. The circus-tent men invariably spend their time off gawking at the Stuart crews and marveling that Helms can get so much done with so few men. A Stuart crew for a big-top job usually consists of fifteen to twenty men, plus two trucks, a mechanical stake driver and a stake puller. Helms would use elephants to pull up the tents, but Sauter insists on the red-and-bronze-plated trucks that are not only good rigging pullers but equipment haulers and eye catchers as well.

"Just the same, nothing is better than elephants," insists Helms. "With a string of elephants, you give your signal and—zooie, your tent's up."

Helms, who ran away from his home in San Angelo, Texas, when he was sixteen, to join a small circus, insists that he isn't "an elephant man," even though he spent fifteen years with the Tom Mix, the Clyde Beatty and the Tim McCoy circuses. Helms married a Texas girl who traveled with him every summer, selling tickets in the big red wagon. They quit circus life to join the Stuart organization in 1948, to "settle down and get our feet out of the mud," as Helms put it.

"It was tough working the sawdust out of our blood," he admits. "The hardest life on earth is the circus life, but it's never monotonous."

The tents sold as canvas tanks have run into a nice piece of business. The seamstresses, sitting in pits so that the heavy canvas could be pushed from the floor through oversized sewing machines, stitched together more than 4000 tanks for the MacArthur forces in the far Pacific during the war. Eleven feet in diameter and four and a half feet high, these canvas tanks could be quickly set up in jungles or on beaches and filled with water from trucks or evaporators. When the outfit (*Continued on Page 70*)

## So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

One of baseball's unexpected bombshells involves the base runner who gets hit by a batted ball. In the 1955 World Series, Phil Rizzuto was put out that way while sliding into third. Here is a similar play, actual but in a hypothetical setting, which ended even more oddly than the World Series one.

Say Chicago and Detroit are tied, 3–3, in the top of the seventh at the Motor City. Minnie Minoso, walked, steals second after the next two batters are pop-fly victims. Bob Nieman runs up a three-two count, then smacks the ball down the third-base line.

Minoso, who had taken a long lead, reaches third just ahead of the ball. His momentum carries him past the base. The ball caroms off the base and hits him in foul ground. The Tigers claim he is out, having been hit by a batted ball which did not pass a fielder.

If you were umpiring, how would you rule?

See Page 70 for answer

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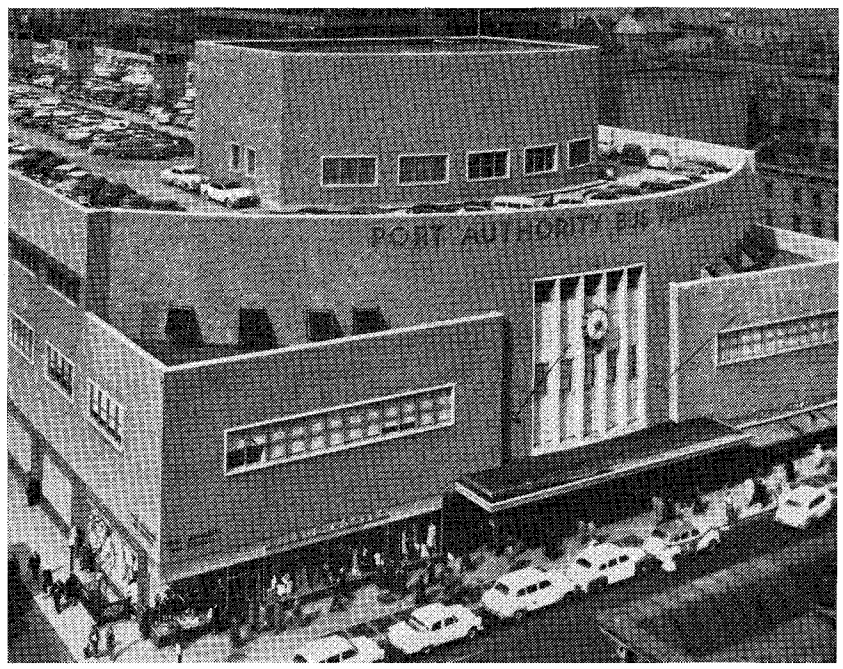
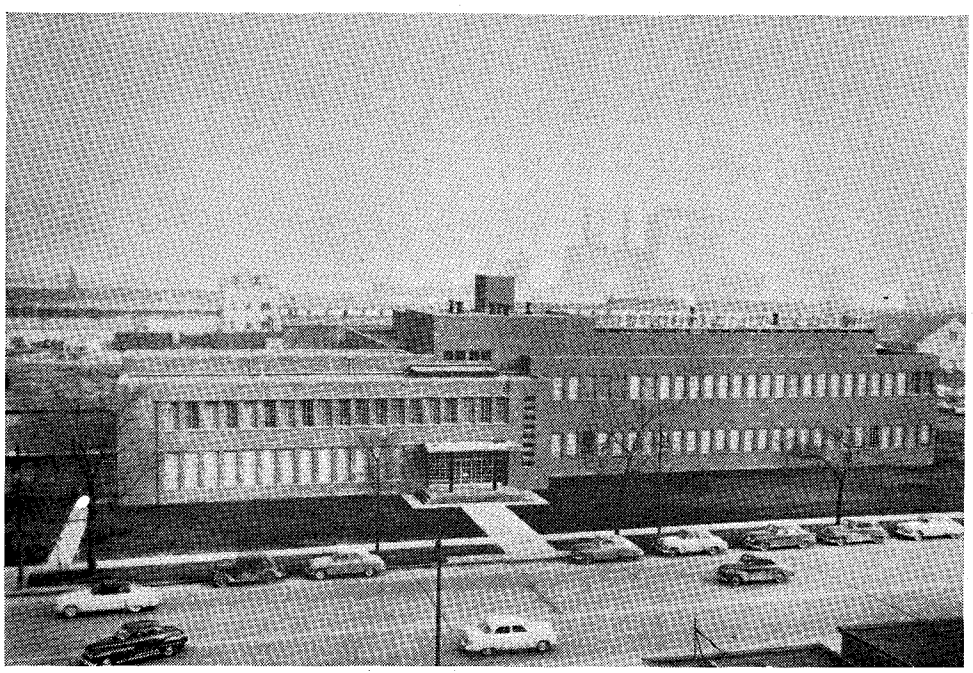



Port of New York Authority Bus Terminal, New York City



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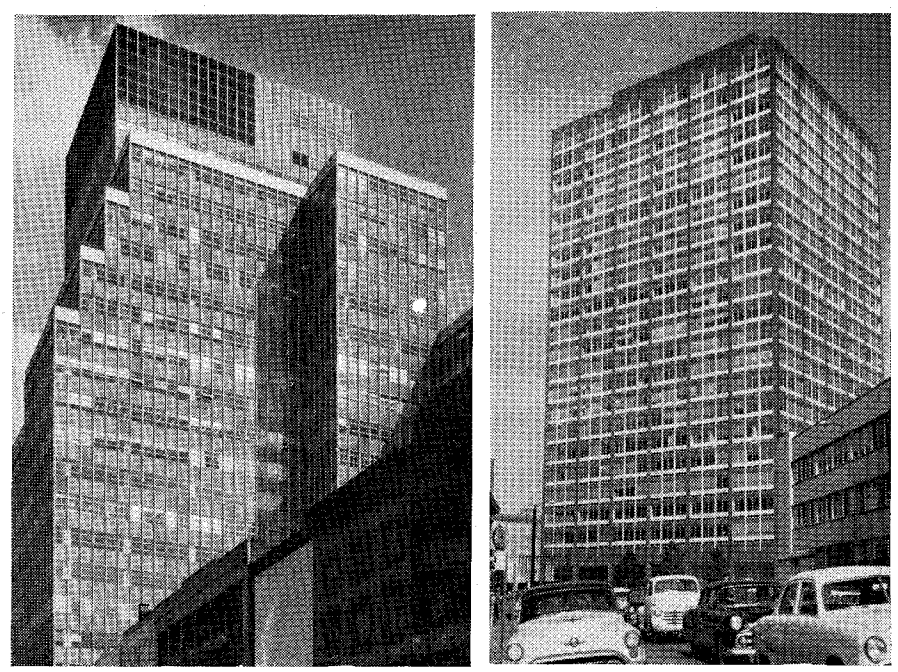

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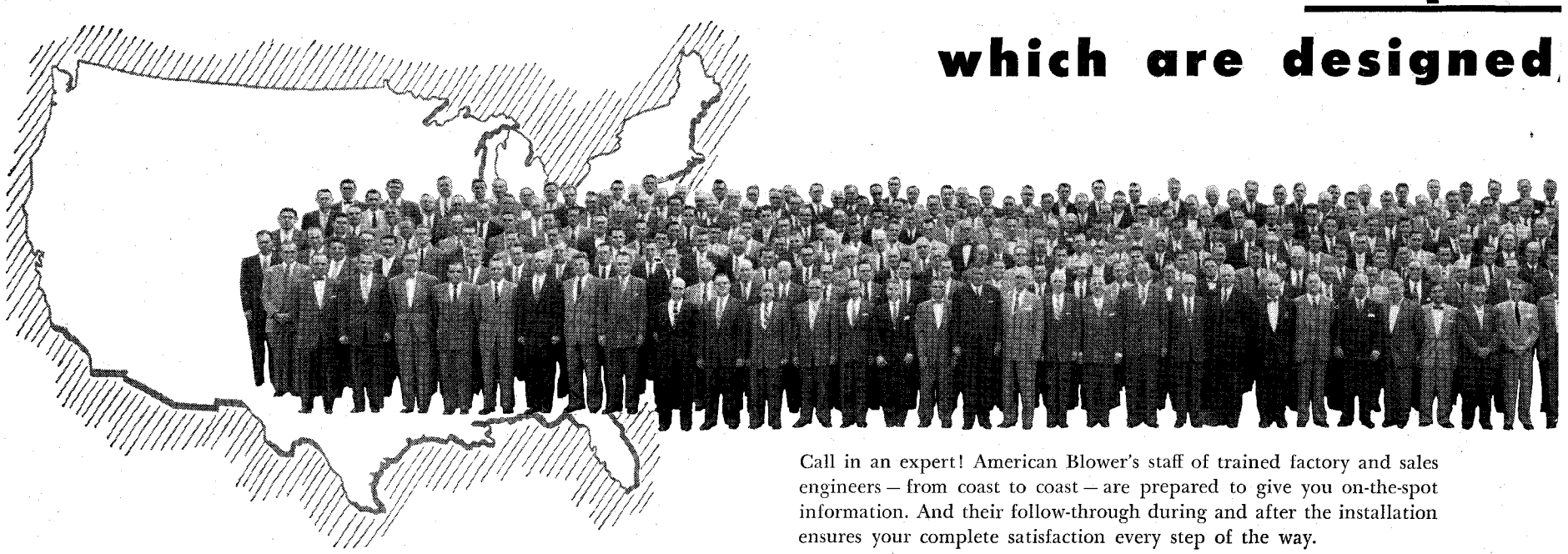

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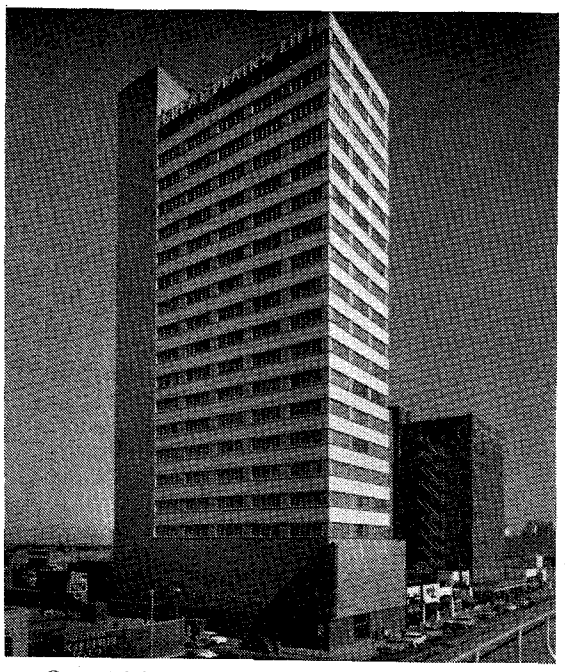

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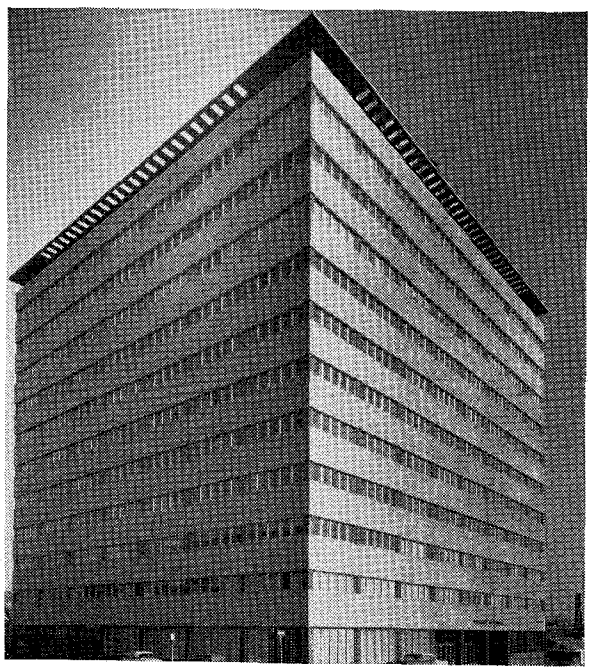

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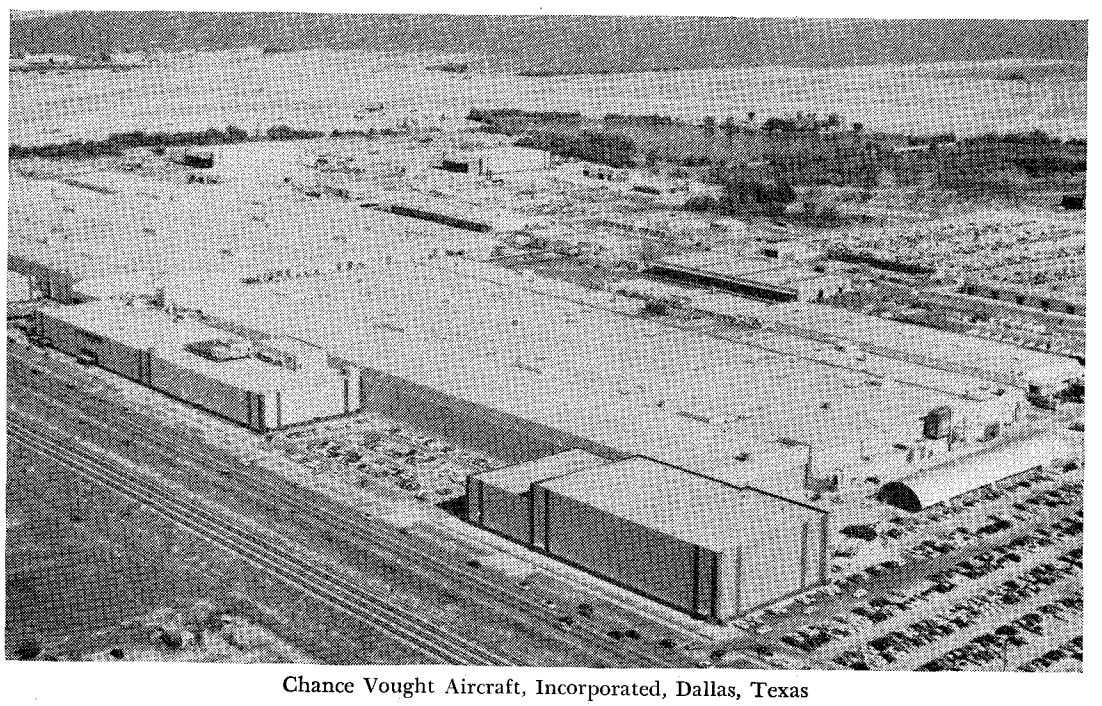
The Evening and Sunday Bulletin Building, Philadelphia, Pa.



Chance Vought Aircraft, Incorporated, Dallas, Texas

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(*Continued from Page 67*) moved on, the tanks were emptied, folded up and taken along. Since the war, the tent seamstresses have sewed a number of 3000-gallon tanks for use in Saudi Arabia, and smaller models suitable for campers or for wading pools.

The upside-down end of the tent business includes rope nets which are hung under scaffoldings on construction jobs such as bridges or tall buildings to catch workers who slip. Largest of these was a gigantic mile-long net for the bridge strung across the Golden Gate. Sauter concedes that it takes some nimble imagining to think of these nets as tents in reverse, but the Stuart staff is long in imagination. It has to be to keep up with the company's slogan: "Name it; we'll make it."

A trip with Sauter through the concern's warehouse and factory in midtown San Francisco reveals that a lot of customers have relished naming it and watching the Stuart craftsmen make it. There are swans, a Venetian gondola, a Statue of Liberty, a replica of a Powell Street cable car, an old-time San Francisco street gaslight, a float for Miss America, a row of cherry trees, an Indian chieftain and squaw—to mention only a few of the picturesque items stored in the attic of the Stuart workshop.

Two years ago, when the place became so jam-packed with these replicas that employees could hardly work, Sauter had forty-nine truckloads of props hauled off to the city dump and burned.

"It broke our hearts," he said. "We run a pack-rat business and collect anything and everything. That stuff we burned probably cost over a million dollars to make."

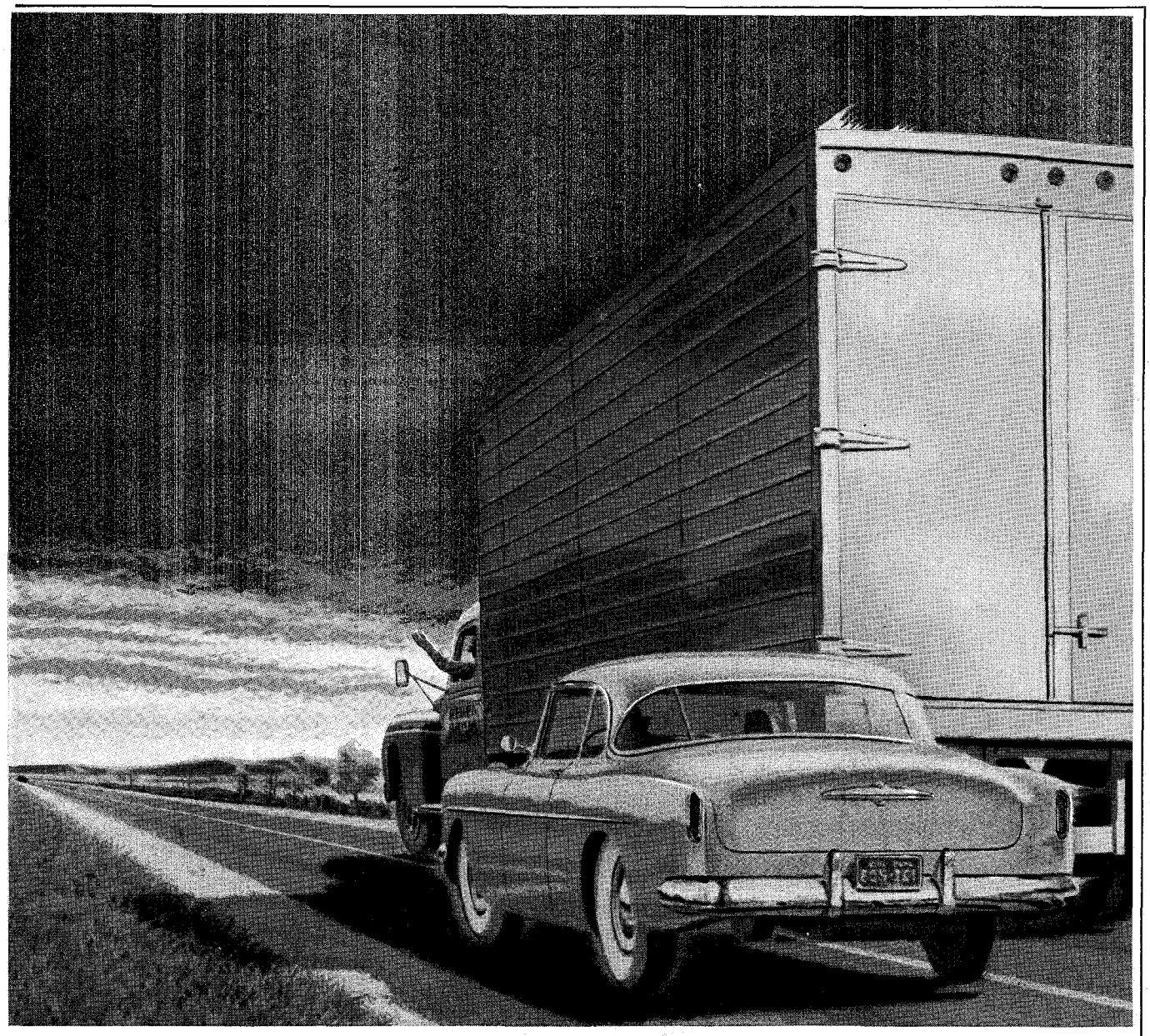
Although the props are a side line that in some years overshadows the tent-making and tent-renting end of the business, they help run up the company's volume to approximately $2,500,000 a year. Originally the side line was an effort to help renters of tents make their shows better. "We are all in the show business together," explains Sauter. Before they knew it, the Stuart crews were setting up booths and decorating halls for indoor conventions, some of which seldom rented a foot of canvas. From that point, it was only a step to decorating city streets, first in San Francisco and then elsewhere, for parades and festivals.

The company now stocks more than 250,000 banners and flags, which it rents and strings up for festive occasions. Among the flags is one whopper measuring 70 by 120 feet, rated as one of the largest Stars and Stripes ever made. It was first flown above San Francisco's Market Street after World War I. It is brought out now only for top patriotic occasions and the annual charity New Year's Shrine East-West football game. It takes a detail of 200 sailors to hold the flag off the turf in the pregame ceremony. For other occasions, the big flag, which has traveled from Washington, D. C., to Honolulu, Hawaii, is hung so that it can be tripped at the first note of The Star-Spangled Banner. As it unfolds, a cataract of red poppies falls out, making it a breath-taking spectacle.

A few years back it appeared that the tent-rental business, which had enabled West Coast fairs to grow into big shows fast, had just sealed its own doom. As they prospered under the big tops, state and county fairs began constructing permanent buildings. Fair managers figured that they wouldn't be needing big tops much longer. They overlooked one thing—the public's love of big tents with their festive circus atmosphere. The fair managements soon discovered that they needed the big tops to lure patrons.

"Big tents connote fun—banners, clowns, circuses, popcorn, spun candy. They bring out the kid in all of us," says Sauter.

Speaking of kids, Sauter bagged an unusual order year before last from an unexpected source—his sons, John, ten, and Robert, eight. They called up one day and said they needed a big tent too. Checking their requirements, Sauter found that what they wanted was a canvas roof as a garage for their toys. He filled the order with a tent four feet by six. It just goes to show that any-size tent is a big top to someone. THE END

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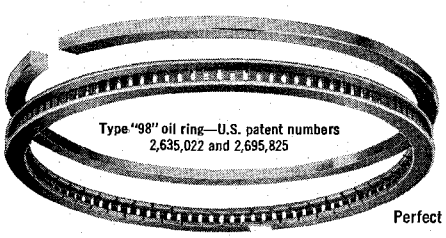


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Answer to

**So You Think You Know Baseball!**

Page 67

Minoso is safe. He would be out only if hit in fair territory.

(Section 7.08f: "Any runner is out when he is hit by a fair ball in fair territory before it has touched or passed an infielder.")

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# The New Red Peril in Japan

(Continued from Page 30)

enthusiasm for the Peking regime is not based upon any liking for communism. During his sixty years as a big businessman Mr. Kuhara has been an inveterate gambler, with a weakness for massive bets on long shots. Apparently he has decided that today Red China is the most promising speculation in sight for the Japanese.

Mr. Kuhara's recent activities deserve some detailed attention, not only because of his own flamboyant personality but also because he represents the course which postwar nationalism appears to be taking in Japan, and I have had some long talks with him. Since he was a young man in the nineteenth century, Mr. Kuhara has been dealing in big money and unorthodox ideas. He acquired his first million dollars before he was thirty years old by adopting Western business methods then strange to Japan. During World War I he ran up his fortune to a reputed $100,000,000. A few years later he had lost it all by reckless operations, but soon he became rich again. By 1945, when the American conquerors entered Japan, Mr. Kuhara already was seventy-six years old and he had formally retired before World War II from his network of industrial enterprises and from dabbling in politics. But the Americans nevertheless put him on a secondary black list of Japanese held responsible for the war, and thus prohibited him from engaging in business activities for several years. Mr. Kuhara told me, with a rather sardonic grin, that he spent his years in "purgatory" studying Chinese and Japanese history and philosophy.

The Japanese news spotlight began to focus again on this old man in February, 1955, when he was elected chairman of a communist-front organization called the Conference to Restore Diplomatic Relations with Russia and China. The original chairman of this outfit was a left-wing socialist politician who very closely followed the communist line—and scared off everybody except left extremists. The communists in the organization must have been delighted when they persuaded Mr. Kuhara to front for them, because nobody could accuse him of being a communist. Obviously they cast him in the role of a useful stooge, and Mr. Kuhara claims he was well aware of their schemes. But he believed he could exploit his chairmanship for his own purposes. He was chiefly interested at that time in getting to Moscow, but the Japanese Government refused to approve the trip.

After prolonged arguments with Foreign Office officials, Mr. Kuhara finally made a deal with the Tokyo government. If he would abandon his proposed Russian trip, he could go instead to Red China. So he set out last fall with a party of seven, including two of his own children, traveling as official guests of the Peking government. It so happens that Mr. Kuhara has been linked with Chinese revolutionaries for more than forty years, beginning before a Chinese Communist Party existed. After China's 1911 revolt against its Manchu rulers, this Japanese multimillionaire made one of his most successful long-shot bets. During the years 1912–15 he contributed half a million dollars to a penniless Chinese revolutionary who took refuge in Japan after the apparent failure of his attempt to establish a Chinese republic. The refugee was Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who resumed his revolution with Mr. Kuhara's backing, and later became known as China's George Washington. Today Doctor Sun is hailed as a founding father by Chinese communists and anticommunists alike. Because Mr. Kuhara backed Sun Yat-sen four decades ago he was made a state guest in Peking last October. He exchanged reminiscences with Doctor Sun's widow, who serves today on the higher councils of the Red regime.

This almost forgotten episode has been cunningly exploited by Chinese communist leaders to persuade Mr. Kuhara that they are the rightful heirs to Sun Yat-sen's revolutionary party, a claim hotly disputed by Gen. Chiang Kai-shek's government on Formosa. After living for weeks as a state guest in Peking's famous old Grand Hotel, Mr. Kuhara came home and reported to his countrymen that the Red regime in China is much more solid than the Japanese have been led to believe. Peking's rulers obviously

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## The Good Companions

By VIRGINIA BRASIER

When you are lonely for no
man's company,
Then there is always earth and
sky and sea!
The insistent earth with thistle
and thorn and thirst;
The patient sky that can
outwait the worst
And then produce another
hopeful day;
The sea that outtalks whatever
you have to say!

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

realized how useful Mr. Kuhara could be to them. Premier Chou En-lai talked with him several times and Mr. Kuhara was finally received by China's No. 1 communist, Mao Tse-tung, who rarely sees any foreigners. Mr. Kuhara was the first Japanese capitalist whom Mao Tse-tung has welcomed. After their first meeting the Chinese leader got so much interested that he arranged another session with Mr. Kuhara which lasted several hours. A large group of top Chinese communists participated.

Mr. Kuhara refuses to reveal what subjects were discussed. I don't know whether the recent steady increase in Japanese exports of hard goods to Red China had any connection with Mr. Kuhara's conferences in Peking. But it is obvious that Peking's Red leaders convinced their Japanese visitor that prospects are good for profitable Japanese co-operation with Red China—that much I learned in talks with Mr. Kuhara. He has been by all odds the most effective booster for closer relations between Tokyo and Peking. He has become more influential in his old age than he was in his spectacular youth—his speeches as well as radio and television talks give him an audience probably equal to that of the prime minister.

How has this old operator managed to become Red China's outstanding advocate in Japan? The explanation, I believe, is that he appeals to Japanese national pride as nobody else has done recently. He is one of the very few survivors of Japan's most glorious period in the nineteenth century, when the Japanese amazed the world by their abrupt transition from feudalism to the modern industrial age. Mr. Kuhara tells Japanese audiences what many of them yearn to hear. He argues that Japan became great because, unlike other Asiatic nations, she adapted herself to an industrial revolution in the nineteenth century. He declares that today the Far East is confronted with another revolution, this time in Red China. Unless the Japanese adapt themselves to this current revolution, he insists, they will be left out in the cold.

After watching Mr. Kuhara in action, I had my first interview with him. At the end of our conversation he invited me back for an unusual Japanese dinner. There is a certain poisonous fish in Japanese waters which has a delicious flavor, but can be dangerous unless it is skillfully prepared. Chefs must have special licenses in order to serve it, and few foreigners care to take the slight risks involved. When Mr. Kuhara asked me to dinner he asked me if I cared to try this curious dish. I suspected that the old gentleman was daring me to take a chance and I replied that I would be happy with anything he served me. So we ate the queer fish both in its raw and cooked states. Mr. Kuhara took a few bites before serving me. He explained that if the chef makes a mistake it is the host's duty to get poisoned instead of his guests.

In spite of his advanced age, Mr. Kuhara certainly is not senile. He looks and acts more like a man of sixty, he responds quickly to every question, his eyes shining brightly. He insists that his crusade for better relations with Red China does not make him anti-American. In fact, one of his daughters is married to an American, Hugh T. Patrick, son of Talbot Patrick, publisher of the Rock Hill, South Carolina, Evening Herald. Young Patrick married Miss Matsuno Kuhara in December, 1953, while he was working for the American Army in Tokyo. The elder Patricks flew from South Carolina to Tokyo for the wedding, and after the son's service in Japan ended he took his Japanese bride home with him. The young couple have been studying recently at the University of Michigan, and have two children. Another daughter, Miss Fumiko Kuhara, who accompanied her father to Peking, now hopes to visit her sister in America.

Mr. Kuhara candidly tells his audiences—as he did me—how much impressed he was by the brilliance of the top Red leaders in Peking. They reminded him, he says, of those nineteenth-century Japanese leaders who modernized Japan and made it a great nation. Undoubtedly this kind of talk makes a strong impression upon youthful Japanese looking for a more hopeful future. Mr. Kuhara's audiences listen intently and respectfully.

Now, this old man is merely one of scores of Japanese who have been permitted to visit Red China recently and have come back more or less enthusiastic. These noncommunists provide more formidable support for the Red Chinese psychological offensive aimed at Japan, going full blast since last summer, than all of the Japanese left-wingers combined. The Peking campaign is designed to convince the Japanese people that their future lies primarily in close association with Red China. The Red offensive began about eighteen months ago, after the present conservative Japanese Government removed the ban on travel to the Chinese mainland. Peking promptly sent invitations to all sorts of Japanese organizations to select delegations to visit China as official guests. Almost every week, these days, some group embarks on a tour of the China circuit. Peking cleverly

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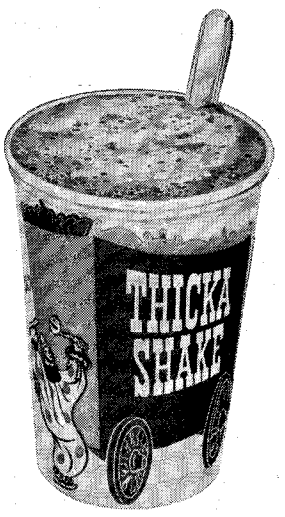


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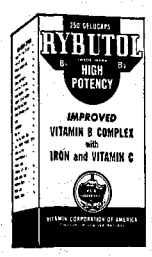


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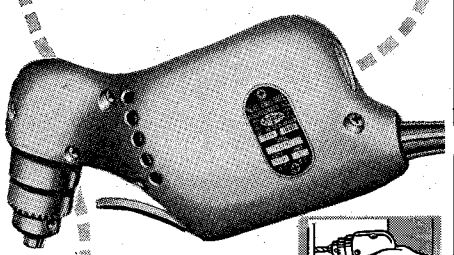

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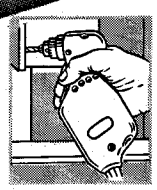
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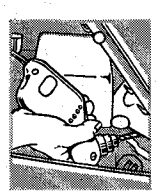
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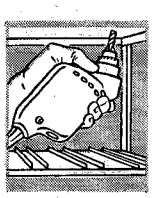
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refrains from interfering with the selection of these delegations, so that they can at least appear to be representative of all shades of political opinion. There have been separate delegations of journalists, scientists, mayors of large and then of small cities, members of parliament, students, actors, businessmen, doctors and men of letters. In return, Red China sends "cultural missions" to Japan.

A typical Japanese group consisted of fifteen journalists who spent a month in Red China last summer, and have been writing about their experiences ever since. All the large Japanese newspapers were permitted to send any reporters they liked. Most selected men who had worked in China before and during the war, and could compare conditions then and now. The result was that Japanese newspaper readers have received a more detailed and vivid picture of conditions in Red China than the people of Western countries. While the reporters were critical of many phases of the Red regime, the sum total of their impressions has been more favorable than unfavorable—also true of other delegations. Eyewitness reports of this kind are played up in the newspapers and on radio and television. At the same time the Japanese press recently has been highly critical of the activities of American businessmen in Japan. The feeling is thus being created that Japan will be foolish not to plan for closer co-operation with the Red regime in China.

Unlike Japanese communists and socialists, the nationalists whose influence is mounting in Japan do not advocate repudiating the American-Japanese security agreement permitting American troops to occupy Japanese bases until Japan is adequately rearmed. Most of the nationalists are just as strong for rearmament in Japan as the American Government is. They agree with American officials who complain that Japan's rearmament is proceeding at too slow a pace, and that the Japanese people should be willing to accept a larger share of the cost of rebuilding their own armed forces. However, these nationalists refuse to accept the American contention that the only real threat to Japan today comes from the communist bloc. On the contrary, they have been persuaded that neither Soviet Russia nor Red China contemplates direct aggression against Japan within the predictable future. As they see it, the chief threat to Far Eastern peace at the moment comes from frustrated leaders in Formosa and South Korea, whose armed forces have been steadily increased by American contributions.

Red China's campaign to win friends and influence people in Japan has been immeasurably assisted by recent moves initiated by Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, in Formosa, and by President Syngman Rhee, in South Korea. For one thing, General Chiang insisted upon exercising his veto in the United Nations last December, despite earnest appeals from President Eisenhower not to do so. This had the effect of blocking Japan's entry into the U.N., thus wounding Japanese national pride.

But that maneuver was relatively unimportant to the Japanese as compared with General Chiang's repeated threats to revive the Chinese civil war by counterattacking the mainland from which he and his troops were driven in 1949. Rightly or wrongly, most Japanese have concluded that General Chiang never will be able to set up an effective government again on the Chinese mainland. They are convinced that, if he tries it, one of two things will result: (1) either an ignominious defeat of Chiang's forces, which would have disastrous effect upon American prestige; or (2) a more prolonged struggle, in which Americans would be forced to try to rescue Chiang. The Japanese believe that such a rescue attempt would eventually involve them in what most of them believe would be the losing side in this particular conflict—or, even worse, in a third world war fought with atomic weapons.

Every day's newspapers in Tokyo make it clear that few, if any, Japanese want any part of revived civil wars in the Far East. The Japanese attitude has changed completely since 1950, when Gen. Douglas MacArthur confidently gambled on Japanese support for the Korean war, and his gamble paid off. But since then the Far Eastern situation has altered more drastically than some American policy makers seem to understand. Red China's prestige has risen by leaps and bounds as a result of the fighting in Korea, while Chiang Kai-shek's status has sagged. The Formosan regime has made a number of moves which convince many Japanese that it may be more of a menace to Japanese national interests than Red China is. For example, last Christmas Day twenty-eight members of Formosa's parliament resolved that Okinawa and the Ryukyu island chain be detached permanently from Japan and set up under a United Nations trusteeship, although the American-Japanese peace treaty provides that these islands will "eventually" be returned to Japan. Japanese newspapers broke out in a rash of bitter protests against the "insulting arrogance" of the Chinese exiles on Formosa. In this controversy Red Peking kept significantly silent.

But the elderly president of South Korea, Dr. Syngman Rhee, is the man who has done most to antagonize the Japanese during the past two years. Doctor Rhee has never concealed the fact that he hates Japanese as fiercely as he does communists, and this winter he created a dramatic incident which made it easy for agitators of all kinds to picture the crotchety old Korean as Japan's No. 1 enemy. One sunny day last December in Tokyo I watched a forlorn throng of poorly dressed Japanese women, many carrying children, standing quietly in front of the American Embassy. They had traveled all night from their fishing villages opposite Korea in order to beseech the American Government to obtain the release of several hundred Japanese fishermen who had been seized, with more than 100 fishing boats, by South Korean gunboats which were once the property of the United States. Without legal precedents for his mandate, Doctor Rhee decreed in 1953 that Japanese fishermen could not operate within sixty miles of any Korean coasts. This barred the Japanese from traditional fishing grounds, so that many of them defied the order. They were thereupon thrust into rough Korean prison camps, where some of them have been held for two years.

It was no use telling these fishermen's wives that they are suffering for the sins of their own stupid and immoral Japanese supernationalists and militarists, who led them into a series of disastrous wars which, among other things, elevated Syngman Rhee to his present position. All they knew was that their husbands were imprisoned and they had come to Tokyo because they had been assured that the Americans could, if they wished, get their husbands back for them. The American Embassy received their petitions politely, but nothing happened. During that same week there also arrived in Tokyo from Washington the Secretary of the Army, Wilber M. Brucker, who was quoted in the Japanese press as

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saying he would try to do something about the fishermen. But after Mr. Brucker had talked with Doctor Rhee in Korea he was completely silent about the fishery dispute. Japanese readers got the impression that he had failed to get anywhere with Rhee.

Then, during last Christmas week, the Red Chinese got into this act. They sent some of their own fishing boats into the same waters where the Japanese had been seized, and got into a fight with Korean gunboats. A South Korean spokesman accused the Japanese and Red Chinese of connivance. But the result was to convince many Japanese that Red China was doing more to protect Japanese fishing interests than the United States was doing.

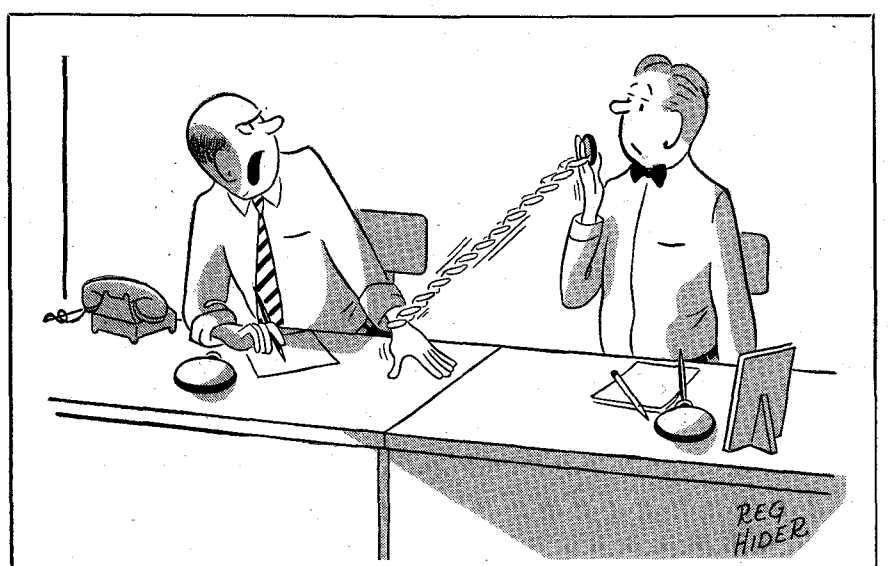
Most Americans, naturally, cannot bother to follow the details of such complicated disputes, thousands of miles from their shores. But American interests nevertheless are involved in such conflicts because they affect our military and political status in the Far East, and most of all in Japan. The United States Government is almost wholly responsible for the present regimes on Formosa and in South Korea, as the Japanese see it. Our military victories detached these territories from the prewar Japanese empire. And our political decisions made it possible for Chiang to set up an exile government in Formosa after he was driven out of China, and for Syngman Rhee to rule in Korea.

Washington is still providing massive military and economic support to both these regimes, and it is very difficult to persuade any Japanese that the American Government could not compel the Formosan or South Korean politicians to do anything which Washington really wanted them to do. Yet, time after time this past winter, the conservative Japanese Government has found itself dangerously embarrassed in domestic political battles because of moves made by Formosa and South Korea. When appeals for help were made to Washington, the reply came back that the American Government does not feel able to intervene in disputes involving our other allies. The feeling is thus strengthened in Japan that the unpredictable behavior of regimes wholly dependent upon the United States may drag the Japanese willy-nilly into wars which they believe would be contrary to their national interest.

This article is not concerned with whether the Japanese are right or wrong, but is merely reporting on the actual situation developing here. The mounting dissatisfaction with American policy toward Japan is recognized by all American observers here, although analyses of the causes somewhat differ. A great deal has been written abroad recently about what is called Japanese anti-Americanism. Some reporters have gone so far as to declare that the American military position in Japan already is insecure, and almost every day's newspapers print outbursts which can be quoted to support that thesis. But it is my impression—based upon many years of experience in Japan before and since World War II—that Japanese-American relations are not in immediate danger. But a trend, or cycle of events, has been started which could rapidly make them dangerous.

Since regaining their independence in 1952, the Japanese have placed increasing emphasis upon their Asiatic connections. There is nothing surprising in this because Japan's language, literature, art and principal religions have their roots in Asiatic countries, just as American culture derives from Britain and Europe. China is the cultural motherland of the Japanese, and their ancient ties with China were merely interrupted, not broken, by the series of disastrous wars the Japanese waged. These ties have persisted despite the years of American occupation when a Bamboo Curtain separated Japan and China.

But many Americans are inclined to exaggerate the effects of our occupation upon Japan. For example, last Christmas in Tokyo I heard some Americans claiming credit for the enthusiasm with which practically all of Tokyo's 8,000,000 people celebrated Christmas Eve. The Japanese capital had almost as many Christmas trees and Santa Clauses as New York did. This gave American newcomers the impression that our influence had heightened Japanese interest in the Christian religion. But official figures show that the number of Japanese Christians is about the same as before the war—approximately half a million. Considering the increase in population, the proportion of Christians has declined. But the Japanese are fond of festivals, and the trappings of the West's Christmas festival were eagerly adopted here long before the war. So the mass celebration of Christmas Eve has very little to do with Christianity. At one big movie house in Tokyo I watched a little Japanese girl, accompanied by a very jazzy orchestra, come out and sing in English the familiar American Sunday-school song, "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so." I was told that this professional blues singer is a Buddhist who learned her Christian song from a phonograph record and was singing it to Buddhist movie-goers because of its catchy tune.




"If you want the time—ask!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

About a year ago American intelligence analysts assigned to watch Soviet policies relating to Japan noted that Moscow was entrusting to Peking almost all the propaganda designed for Japanese consumption. That was clever, because the comparative inactivity of Russian propagandists in the Far East enhances Japanese confidence that they can deal safely with Red China without fear of Russian encroachment. The shrewd men in Peking have successfully planted the belief in the minds of Japanese visitors during recent weeks that Peking is more independent of Russia than Japan is of the United States. A former president of Tokyo University, the most respected school in Japan, declared, after visiting Peking, "The Chinese naturally are more independent than we are because they command their own armed forces, and there are no foreign garrisons in China."

Of course, none of these Japanese visitors to China can really know how many Russian advisers are there or how much influence they exert. But almost all travelers emphasize that the Russians who are there lean over backward to be inconspicuous. This presents an inevitable contrast to Japan, where American garrisons provide the only effective military power while the Japanese are retraining a modern defense corps. Since Japanese taxpayers help to pay for the "American mercenaries"—as left-wingers label our troops—a nonstop year-round debate in Parliament and the press over the military budget makes Americans look like an Old Man of the Sea carried on Japanese backs. This state of affairs will continue so long as the United States keeps bases and garrisons in Japan—and no target date has been set to change this situation.

What can Americans do about the new Red menace in Japan, a menace which is all the more dangerous because it is not confined to communists and fellow travelers? The answer, I believe, is that some way must be found to make the Japanese people feel that they are being given an independent role in long-range Far Eastern programs which is commensurate with Japan's size, ability and historical record. During the postwar decade the American Government has been improvising its Far Eastern policies from year to year and even from week to week. The war in Korea demanded even more improvisation and left a mass of loose ends. But now the time has arrived when improvisation will no longer satisfy either Japanese or American interests in this region. Red China has developed a long-range program which is not improvised.

A Japanese diplomat whom I have known for more than thirty years in various parts of the world, upon learning that I had flown from Washington to Tokyo, asked me, "What policy changes are being prepared by the American Government which will make it easier for the Japanese politicians who are trying to uphold the Japanese-American alliance?"

I replied that 1956 is an American election year, and nobody in Washington wants to tackle any controversial issue, in the Far East or elsewhere, which might split party ranks.

My Japanese acquaintance asked, "You mean nothing will be done before next November to reassure American supporters here?" When I nodded yes, he said, "In that case, 1956 will be a profitable year for those Japanese who never have had much confidence in a permanent alliance with the United States. They will be making hay while the sun shines, and that probably means, among other things, that pro-Americans will take a licking in the next Japanese elections."

THE END

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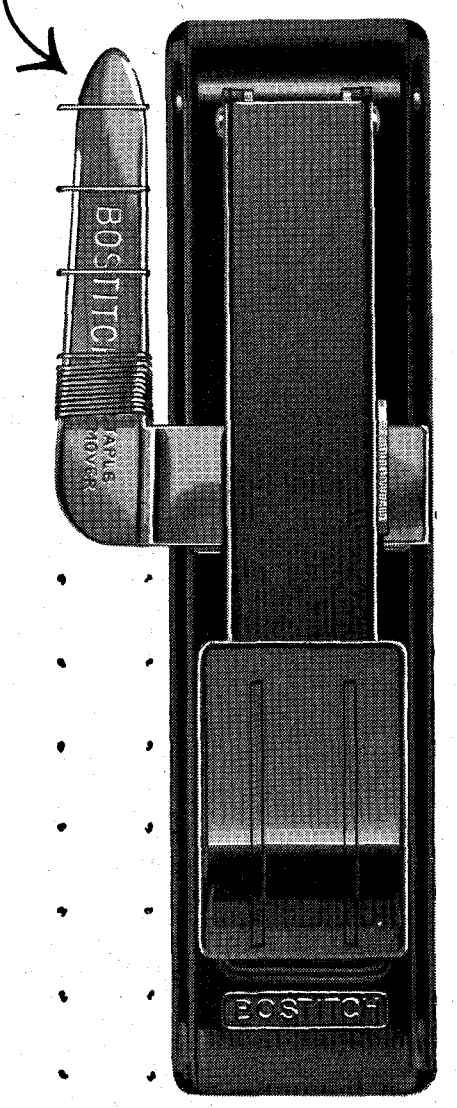


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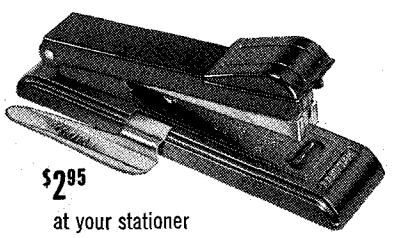

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# The Lighthearted Battler of TV

(Continued from Page 29)

One of his current employers recently said, "I hate agents. All of them. But I wish Daly had one. I have outsmarted agents."

Daly loses no sleep over this reaction. "I am just trying to get the best possible deal," he says. "Any businessman will tell you that is not a crime. It's just being a good businessman."

Being a good businessman certainly helps, but it's nice to be lucky too. And Daly was terribly lucky back in his anxious days of 1948 when he was searching for newspaper employment: he couldn't get a job. He was offered a couple of shots at TV, but spurned them. The remuneration seemed hardly sufficient for the humiliation Daly felt sure would follow when the cameras got through mauling his generally pleasant features. At this point, however, a friend asked him, "How do you know you'll look silly on TV? You've never been on it." Daly, although noted for a rocklike devotion to his own opinions, decided that this seemed reasonable. The next offer he accordingly accepted—jockeying the price up fifty dollars just to keep his hand in.

The show was called Celebrity Time, and like so many TV programs in 1949, it was a quiz show. Daly became a panelist, convinced that his worst fears were about to be realized. But a remarkable thing happened: the cameras that caught his moving image also caught his personality, a trick which had eluded the still cameras.

Celebrity Time convinced Daly of two things: that there was a place for him in TV, after all, but it wasn't the place he wanted. Even while scoring a mild success as a panelist, he kept his mind on getting some sort of news job. He still considered himself primarily a reporter. Perhaps this helps explain his misguided decision to try his hand at acting, in a TV series based on The Front Page. The show was a disaster from the start.

The New York Times' critic, Jack Gould, wrote, "The part of the managing editor calls for a tough and ruthless individual who has a vivid personality. Under the circumstances Mr. Daly's sonorous and pear-shaped tones coupled with an excessively suave and almost delicate interpretation are completely out of character."

In a brief note to Gould, Daly wrote, "When my scalp is dry, may I have it back? Ironically, your estimate of my talent as an actor coincides with mine."

The show folded in eighteen weeks. There was only one mourner, a stagehand. "I hated to see that show fold," he said. "I made thirty dollars a week extra every week playing poker with John Daly."

Shortly after this, however, Daly finally got the news job he wanted, when the American Broadcasting Company hired him away from CBS. Smaller ABC couldn't match Columbia's money, but it offered John virtual *carte blanche* on both radio and TV programs.

Happy as a dog rediscovering an old bone, Daly was hard at work getting his news programs in order when he got an offer to do another TV show. As it would take less than an hour of his time each week, he accepted. An inexpensive panel package that not even the producers expected would survive more than six months, it was to be called What's My Line?

That was in February of 1950. Within a matter of weeks What's My Line? was among the Top Ten rated shows, where it remained for three years. It made Daly a nationally popular figure and is at least partly responsible for the fact that today, at forty-two, he is vice-president of the American Broadcasting Company in charge of news, special events, public affairs, religious programs and sports.

Born in Johannesburg in 1914, Daly left South Africa in 1923—shortly after his Boston-born father, a geologist for whom Daly was named, died of yellow fever. Although Mrs. Daly's home and ties were in England, she brought John and his brother, Grant, two years his senior, to a land she neither knew, understood nor liked, because she felt their opportunities would be better here than in her own country. They settled in Boston.

Ten years later she died. But in that time, despite her loneliness, her widowhood and her own failing health, she managed to equip her sons to survive in a world where teen-age orphans need all the courage and confidence that anybody can give them. Daly speaks of his mother rarely, but when he does he never fails to say at least once, "She was a helluva woman."

John entered Tilton School in Tilton, New Hampshire, and twenty-nine years later the school magazine flatly stated that "John Daly, '30, is the institution's most famous alumnus." Certainly no one suspected he would be while he was there. Young John just couldn't make a friend at Tilton. With the savage finality that only the young command, John was dismissed by his classmates because he dressed funny and talked funny.

"I didn't know first base from center field when I got to Tilton," Daly recalls, without much amusement. "I said 'cawn't,' I pronounced 'schedule' the way it's spelled, and I dressed like a proper little English schoolboy—Buster Brown collar and everything."

Today John not only knows first base from center field, he considers his friend, Yogi Berra, one of the great men of our generation. Daly still does talk rather oddly, however, although he is not inclined to admit it. "I have a quaint illusion I don't sound funny," he insists.

After graduating from Tilton, Daly set his heart on medicine until the depression eliminated medical school as a serious possibility. Daly got in two years at Boston College, but had to quit when his salary as night elevator operator in the Lister Building was halved from twenty-five dollars a week. The days that followed were the most desperate of Daly's life. He missed meals and received a stern warning from his boardinghouse landlady that he would be evicted if he continued to wolf so much bread at the dining table. He finally found a twenty-five-dollar-a-week job sorting raw wool, one of the most odoriferous and unpleasant jobs known to man. And he fell in love.

The girl was—and is—Kit Neal. They met in Boston, but her home was in Washington, D. C., and the wooing presented a problem in logistics and finances that taxed Daly's resources to the limit. In 1935 he moved to Washington. "It was move or die," he says.

In Washington, Daly earned $27.50 a week working for Kit's father at the Capital Transit Company. He was a schedule engineer. "You count buses," he describes the job. Two years later, he and Kit were married, and Daly quit his job almost immediately, being temperamentally unsuited to the role of boss' son-in-law. People had always told him he talked just like a radio announcer, so he auditioned for a summer replacement job. He got it, but was released in the fall. Then, in October, 1937, he was hired for forty dollars a week as a regular member of the six-man announcing staff of station WJSV, the Columbia Broadcasting System's Washington outlet.

At WJSV Daly rapidly established what were to be the trade-marks of his career—a talent for ad-libbing and a congenital inability to agree with vested authority. Fortunately for his future, he established the first before the second. Ad-libbing has a variety of meanings in broadcasting, but in Daly's case it means an ability to describe a news event spontaneously as it unfolds. The trick isn't simply to keep talking—hundreds of broadcasters can do that—but to make sense and maintain syntax as well. Daly is one of the very few masters of the trick.

His first official disagreement centered about no less a figure than Arthur Godfrey, in those days virtually WJSV's sole means of support. Arthur had a richly sponsored early-morning show and on many mornings the show was just too early for Arthur. Staff announcers filled the void. The staffers didn't like the assignment because they didn't get a nickel for reading the commercials, and Arthur always listened on his way to work and frequently complained bitterly about the caliber of his nonpaid substitutes.

All the announcers had always found the criticism and the rate of pay equally painful, but they had been warned that to speak such thoughts meant banishment. Nevertheless, Daly objected and persuaded his senior colleagues to present a united front on the matter. Arthur held himself aloof from it all, and a coterie of protective brass gathered to resist Daly's troops. But the united front won and the announcers got a new agreement, including a small raise for handling the Godfrey commercials and other chores. It made Daly a lot of friends among the announcers, although none among his employers. Oddly, it also started a close and lasting friendship between Godfrey and Daly.

Daly's ad-libbing won him the coveted White House billet at CBS only a couple of months after he joined the WJSV staff. His first assignment was a Fireside Chat late in 1937. He got a long lecture in White House etiquette. He was to wear a white shirt, a sedate suit and tie, and when presented to the President he was to stand the proper ten paces away, bow slightly, and say, "How do you do, Mr. President?" Then he was to slink into the background. Daly got the proper clothes and nervously rehearsed the inspired greeting, testing every possible emphasis. He even rehearsed slinking backwards.

"But I never got a chance," Daly recalls. "As soon as I tiptoed into the Oval Room of the White House, F.D.R. spotted me. Obviously he had been briefed about the rookie, because he reached out his hand to grab mine and said, 'Welcome to the gang. Remember, I'll be your severest critic.'" Daly remembers shaking hands and retiring in a bemused glow, only to be jerked back to reality when F.D.R. grinned at him and said, "John, I forgot my stop watch again. May I use yours?"

F.D.R. and Daly became friends. Presumably the President found Daly's insouciance as amusing as TV audiences find it today. Daly was invited to a number of Hyde Park and presidential-train parties; far more, in fact, than many of his older colleagues.

These presidential invitations made a warming contrast to the chill days at Tilton, when Daly despaired of ever making a friend of an American. But even more enchanting to the twenty-four-year-old from South Africa were the White House correspondents. Daly saw these distinguished journalists at work and play, and decided that he wanted nothing more of life than to be just like them.

When Daly decided that he would be a journalist, he decided also that reading a commercial was inimical to impartiality, and he never read any more messages from the sponsor. His main source of income at the time was a daily recording he made for WJSV at various women's clubs in the interest of a bread company. Daly insisted that someone else do the commercials. Fellow named Arthur Godfrey accepted the onus—and the check.

Daly's open worship of all journalism, and of White House journalists in particular, failed to deter him from challenging the vested rights of White House newspaper reporters. The point at issue concerned the position in presidential cavalcades of the auto carrying the four radio correspondents. Men charged with covering the President want to ride as close to him as possible. They want to see every move (*Continued on Page 76*)

## The Perfect Squelch

The talkative new mother monopolized the conversation all evening with stories of her one child's cute doings and prodigious activities. Whatever he did, she made clear, was wonderful and unprecedented and far beyond the capacity of other children of his age.

"Just last night," she went on, "he cried for half an hour, without once stopping to catch his breath."

At that, Mrs. Jones, mother of four, could restrain herself no longer.

"Only half an hour?" she asked in a tone of surprise. "What is he, a quitter?"

Mary Dunlap

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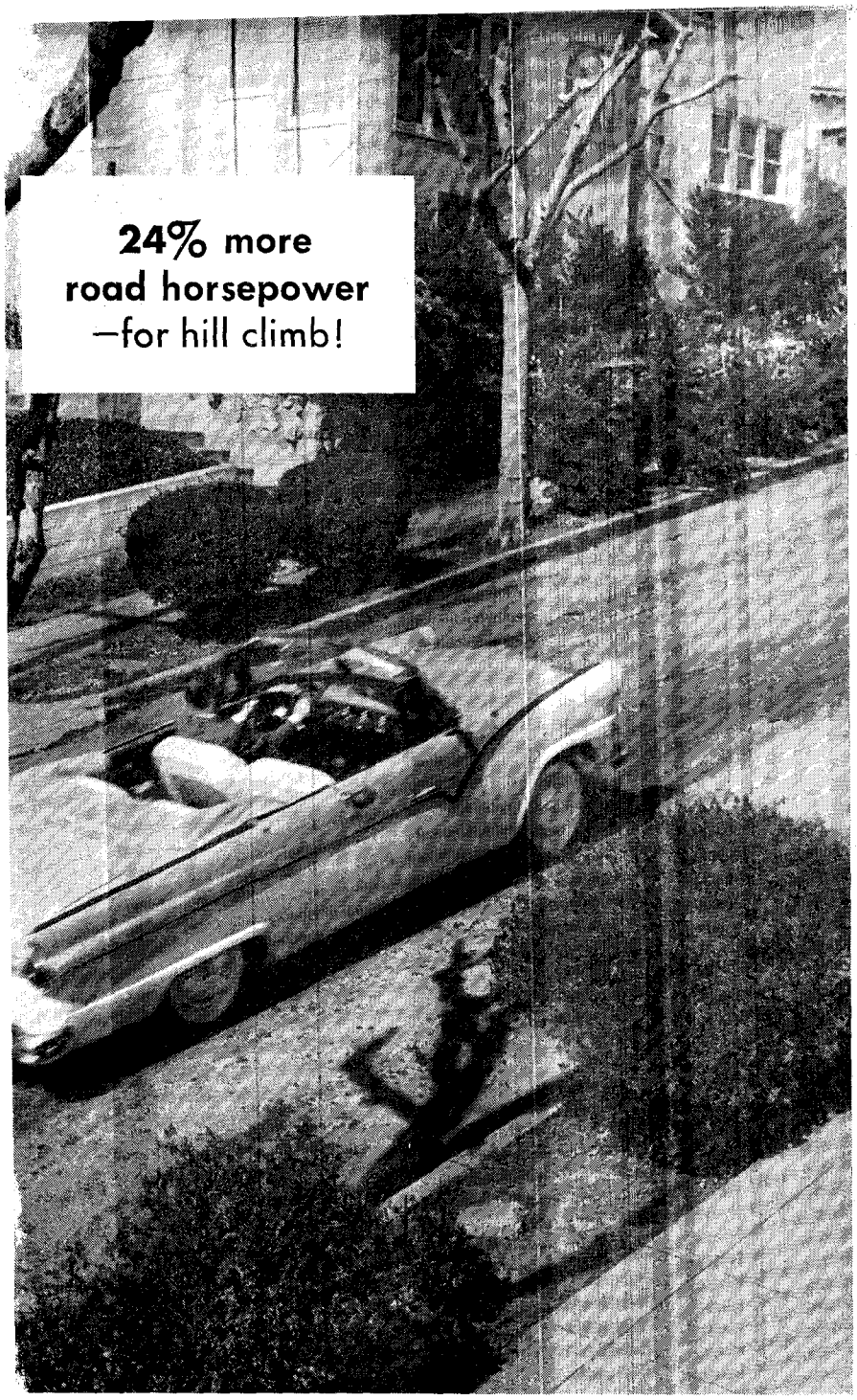
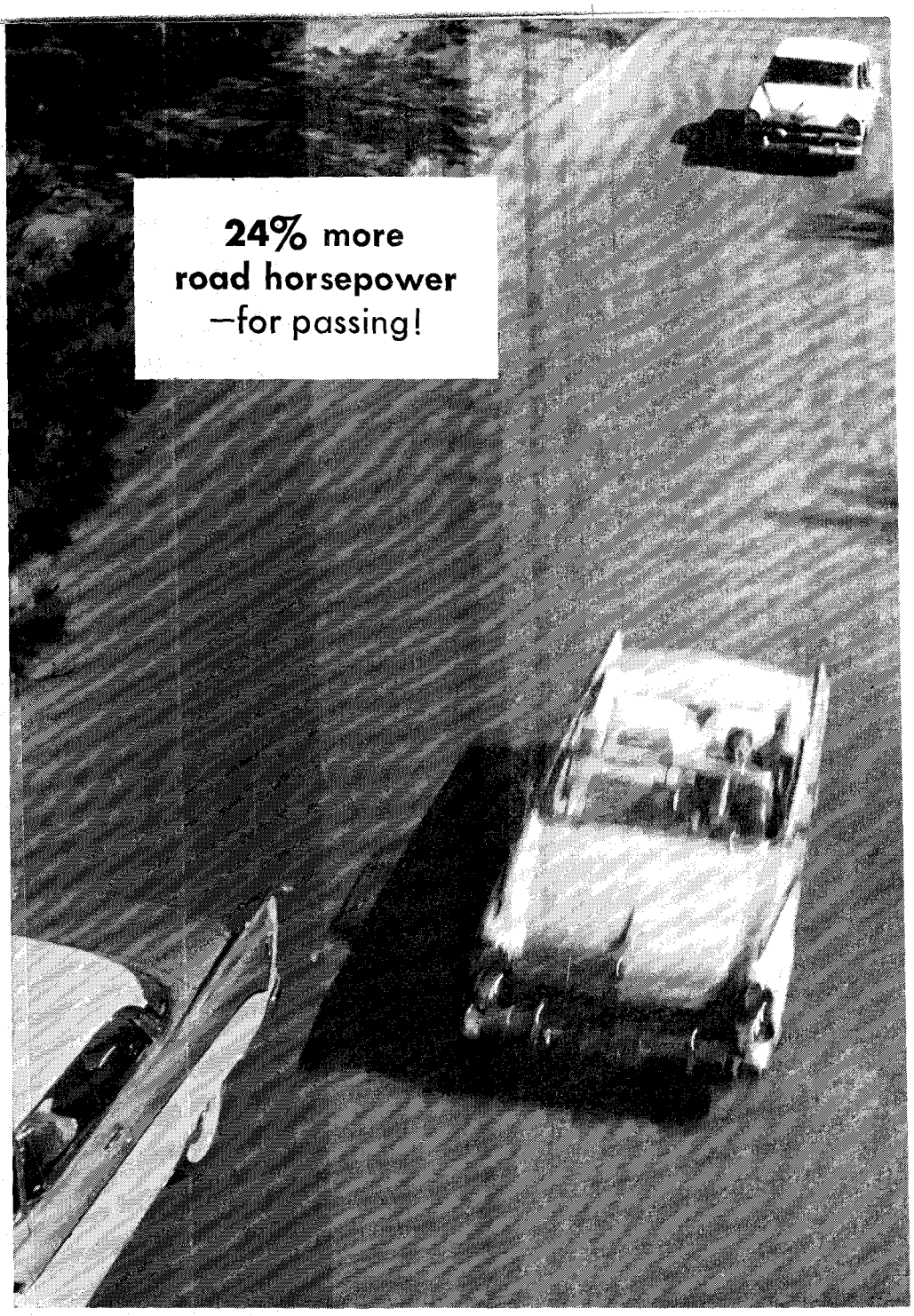



**In cars that have gone about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change—**

# New Champions can increase road horsepower by 24%!

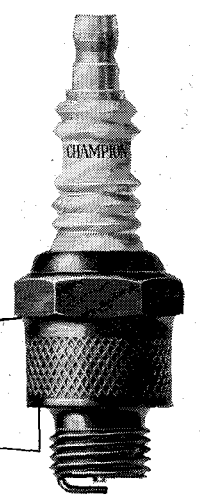
Tests with major makes of cars prove it!

Independent engineers took cars whose plugs had run 10,000 miles or so and tested them for horsepower—first with their regular plugs, then with 5-rib Champions with the new Powerfire electrodes.

*Nothing about these cars was changed except their spark plugs. Yet there was an immediate increase in their road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels!*

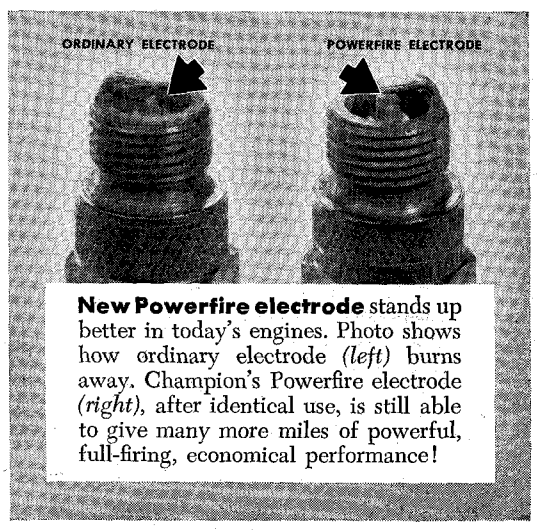
Some cars had remarkable gains. For example, a 1954 V-8 whose plugs had gone 12,000 miles got an increase of 53%. Some had smaller gains, like the 1955 V-8 with only 6%. *But the average road horsepower gain for all cars tested was 24%!*

It comes down to this: There just never has been a spark plug to match these new 5-rib Champions with their Powerfire electrodes! Replace your old plugs with new full-firing Champions today — and you'll feel the difference *at once!*



**CHAMPION**

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS




**New Powerfire electrode** stands up better in today's engines. Photo shows how ordinary electrode *(left)* burns away. Champion's Powerfire electrode *(right)*, after identical use, is still able to give many more miles of powerful, full-firing, economical performance!

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(*Continued from Page 74*) the Chief Executive makes. Or who takes a shot at him. And the radio car always wound up in the absolute rear of the procession.

Radio had resented this spot in the cavalcades for many years, but never dared broach the subject to Steve Early, F.D.R.'s testy press secretary. Daly, the new boy, confronted Steve. John conceded that the car carrying the three representatives of the press associations should be in front of the radio vehicle. These men presumably commanded a larger audience than the radio networks. But there wasn't a newspaper in the country that had the circulation of even the smallest radio network.

Daly's demand was met, at the cost to him of some friendships among the newspapermen. He sincerely regretted this, but he stood on his newly won rights. One veteran scribe, who worked for almost the biggest newspaper in the country, was so outraged that he flatly defied the order when it first went into operation. He climbed into the car reserved for radiomen, and Daly, more in sorrow than in anger, threw him out bodily.

Every news broadcaster in the country wanted to go to New York. The major shows were there, and so were the rich sponsors. Traditionally, therefore, men being transferred to Manhattan took whatever salary was offered them, just to get a chance at the real big time and the real big money. All the networks took advantage of this kind of thinking. In 1941 the CBS hierarchy deigned to order Daly to New York at ninety dollars a week, and John sent back a curt little message to the effect that he very much wanted to go to New York, but not to starve.

It was such a precedent-shattering situation that CBS sent a man down to negotiate. He pointed out that the salary offered was thirty dollars above Daly's base pay at the time. Daly answered that, with one thing and another, he made more than ninety dollars in Washington. The negotiator explained that CBS was offering Daly a great opportunity. Daly said he imagined that CBS had better reasons for transferring him to New York than simply to give him an opportunity. From the beginning, Daly has had a flair for judging what he was worth and the nerve to risk trying to get it. He went to New York for $125 a week.

In New York virtually every one of Daly's journalistic dreams came true. He covered a shooting war and traveled all over this country and much of the rest of the world on other major stories. The future looked rosy.

Then came TV, but even this turned out to be an unexpected ally. For wherever the camera went, it destroyed announcers who couldn't perform without a script in their hands. And it destroyed others—some of whom could ad-lib fully as well as Daly—because the lens mercilessly revealed character faults. One great ad-libber was an arrogant fathead and the camera revealed it all too clearly. Another was a diffident, Casper Milquetoast sort of fellow who honestly hated to perform before people. The camera showed that to the world too.

Daly came fully equipped for TV. He photographed acceptably, he could talk forever without a script, and he was lucky. His luck in this case lay in the fact that early TV programs consisted almost entirely of games and simulated parties, and the successful performer was the fellow who seemed to be enjoying himself. Daly had been in unconscious training for such a situation all his life. He loves parlor games and parties, even dull ones, because he is so completely gregarious and almost everybody at a party finds him fun. He is never that ghastly nuisance, the life of the party, and he almost never tells jokes.

Daly reaches his absolute peak of social desirability when he sits down at a card table. An enthusiastic gambler, he insists, "I am a good poker player. I just never get good cards." Good poker players will walk all night to meet anybody with that philosophy. Daly's sixteen-year-old son, Charles, says, "I will not play poker with dad. It just isn't fair." And New York State Supreme Court Justice Arthur D. Brennan, a friend of Daly's, states with judicial impartiality, "John Daly is the worst gin-rummy player in Westchester."

Many of Daly's friends are highly extroverted types like journalists and performers, all of whom love to talk. But they have to be pretty determined ever to outtalk Daly. Usually, in fact, they leave the talking to him, because he does it well, and almost always with good humor. He retains this humor even when engaged in argument, which is frequently.

He argues vehemently that he never argues just because he enjoys argument. However, an English publisher, Ronald Belasco, once disproved that theory to even Daly's satisfaction. Belasco goaded him into debate on two successive nights. Monday, Belasco was being very British and argued that we were doing ourselves a favor by sending Marshall Plan funds to Europe. Daly assured him it was money down the rathole. Tuesday, Belasco insisted Europe was a lost cause and foreign aid a waste. Daly gave him chapter and verse on the merits of the Marshall Plan.

Other friends are not above trapping Daly into argument for their own purposes. He sometimes drives home after What's My Line? with Franklin Heller, the show's director. Daly drives too fast. Heller simply says something unkind about F.D.R. or Ike or the Yankees. Daly reacts as expected. And since he needs at least one free arm and hand for emphasis when he argues, he slows down considerably while he sets Heller straight.

There is no record of Daly's ever losing a friend in these verbal jousts. Nor is there any record of his losing any of the friends he made before he became a success. His closest ties today remain with people he met on the way up. Daly likes to handle negotiations for these friends and, naturally, does quite well for them. Too well, according to one friend.

This fellow, a minor writer, had been negotiating with CBS and was pretty well pleased with the contract he had just been offered. But when he proudly showed it to Daly, the latter promptly found a half dozen clauses that he considered unsatisfactory. In ringing tones Daly demanded that his friend starve before signing so humiliating a document.

In the middle of this tirade the executive who had offered the contract—and who happened to be Daly's boss, too—entered the writer's office. The writer began flashing frantic little hand signals to warn John that he had an eavesdropper, but to no avail. Finally the boss tapped Daly on the shoulder. "Why, John," he said, his voice dripping with sarcasm, "I didn't know you were Eddie's lawyer."

Eddie tried to get under his desk, but Daly glared at the interloper and shrilled, "I'm not his lawyer! But when he's dealing with the likes of you he needs a lawyer!" Daly got the man to change three of the clauses and John and the interloper left arm-in-arm. None of this, of course, endeared the writer to the executive.

Daly likes to handle negotiations for his friends in restaurants too. He fancies himself an expert on food and particularly on meats and their preparation. Then he invariably outrages headwaiters by dousing whatever is ordered in the hottest English mustard procurable. Daly has always had a poor stomach, but he insists on eating rich foods and hot condiments, even though he knows he'll regret them. Apparently nothing in the world can stay Daly from doing exactly what he wants to do. No vice-president, no sponsor, not even his own stomach.

Despite his devotion to rich fodder, he remains a stylishly slim 175-pounder just over six feet tall. He finds his hair a matter of interest to a surprising number of people. Because he's starting to lose hair and covers his skull with a skillful combing job, there seems to be a general impression that he wears a toupee. One lady grabbed his thinning locks, yanked viciously and then apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Daly. I bet my husband it would come off."

"Toupees," Daly says, "are for actors." He takes regular treatments for his hair. These are given by a masseur who works on Daly's spine and never touches his pate. As an old premed student, Daly sometimes wonders about the logic of such treatment, but he continues it, saying, "It doesn't harm the hair any and it is wonderfully relaxing."

Actually, relaxing is not much of a problem for Daly. A gregarious fellow, he enjoys his busy life. And if he rarely takes a vacation, it's because he finds his work more fun than a vacation could be. Also he regards television as a precarious form of livelihood. Convinced that his current popularity will prove a fleeting thing, he proposes to mind the store while business stays good.

For all these doubts Daly refuses offers that offend his personal attitude toward broadcasting. He was first choice to M.C. the fabulously successful $64,000 Question, but spurned it because, "It's a giveaway show, and I don't think giveaways are good broadcasting." Apparently Daly has decided to take on no new work that isn't tied to news.

Daly's low regard for non-news shows has never been a secret or a source of self-delusion. He knows that 1000 people want autographs from the What's My Line? moderator for every one who wants a newsman's. So he has used his quiz-show popularity to battle, lever and browbeat his bosses into giving him the news opportunities he wants. He did just that in 1953.

In 1952, two years after the birth of What's My Line?, Daly was top-hand in the American Broadcasting Company's coverage of the two big political conventions. He attracted listeners beyond the expectations of either his own or the two rival networks. The fans he had built through What's My Line? and other light vehicles apparently followed him for his more serious convention coverage. And they stayed tuned to him.

CBS and the National Broadcasting Company both started sending messages to Daly. ABC couldn't meet these offers, but Daly had a suggestion. He knew that both CBS and NBC were top-heavy with vice-presidents—and vice-presidents had always been the people who interfered with Daly's efforts to do news the way he thought it should be done. So he determined to eliminate that occupational hazard by becoming Vice-President in charge of John Daly. That suited ABC fine, and Daly was given a classic ten-year contract.

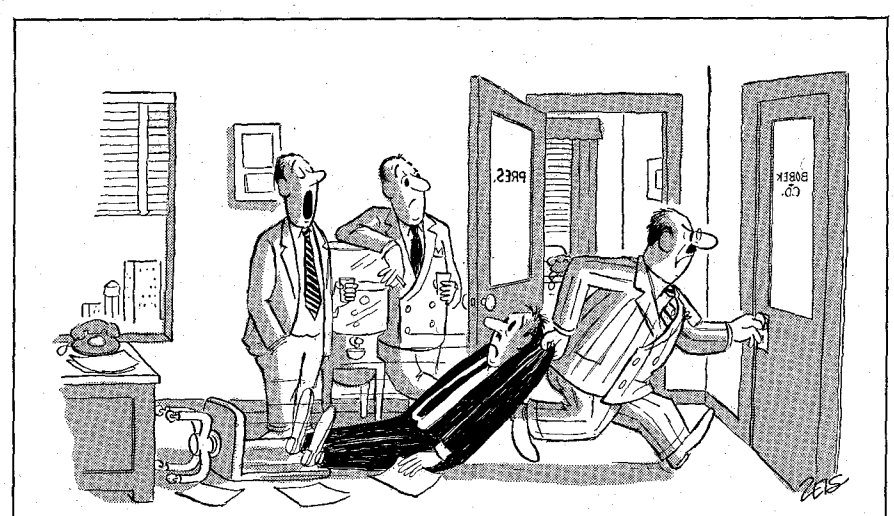
If the ABC brass thought they had hired a television name as a figurehead—and that's what most of them assumed—they were wrong. "I fooled 'em," Daly laughs. "They expected to see me once a week for an hour or so. They're getting me ten hours a day, five days a week. I can report no cheering in the executive corridors over this development. But I'm happy to say there have been no complaints, either."

Daly shrugs away questions about whether or not he has improved the ABC news setup. The ratings, the awards, and the new sponsors suggest that he has. Robert Kintner, ABC president and Daly's sole boss, has stated, "ABC will be on equal terms with the two bigger networks by 1958." In the meantime Daly must watch his budget in a highly competitive situation where his rivals have practically no money worries. Consider the show closest to Daly's heart, his fifteen-minute nightly news telecast at 7:15 P.M., EDT.

There are three such shows on national TV—Daly; Douglas Edwards, on CBS; and John Cameron Swayze, on NBC. To compete, Daly has about $15,000 a week, roughly one-third less than the Edwards or Swayze budget. What's more Swayze can be seen on 93 per cent of the nation's television sets, Edwards on 86 per cent, Daly on only 54 per cent. The three-way battle started in the fall of 1953 and as late as September, 1955, Daly's rating was only 4.1 to Edwards' 13.9 and Swayze's 14.4. But Daly started moving this year. By spring he had a 10.5 against Edwards' 14.1 and Swayze's 13.8. This was a very pleasant, indeed a startling, improvement, but Daly intends to do better yet.

Meanwhile, another personal plum of handsome proportions fell his way this spring. The Philco Company paid ABC $4,000,000 for the network's coverage of the two big political conventions. This is precisely twice what the package cost in 1952, and Kintner says flatly, "The reason they bought ABC is John Daly."

Even Daly will have a hard time improving on that rating. THE END



"Looks like Harry's two weeks are up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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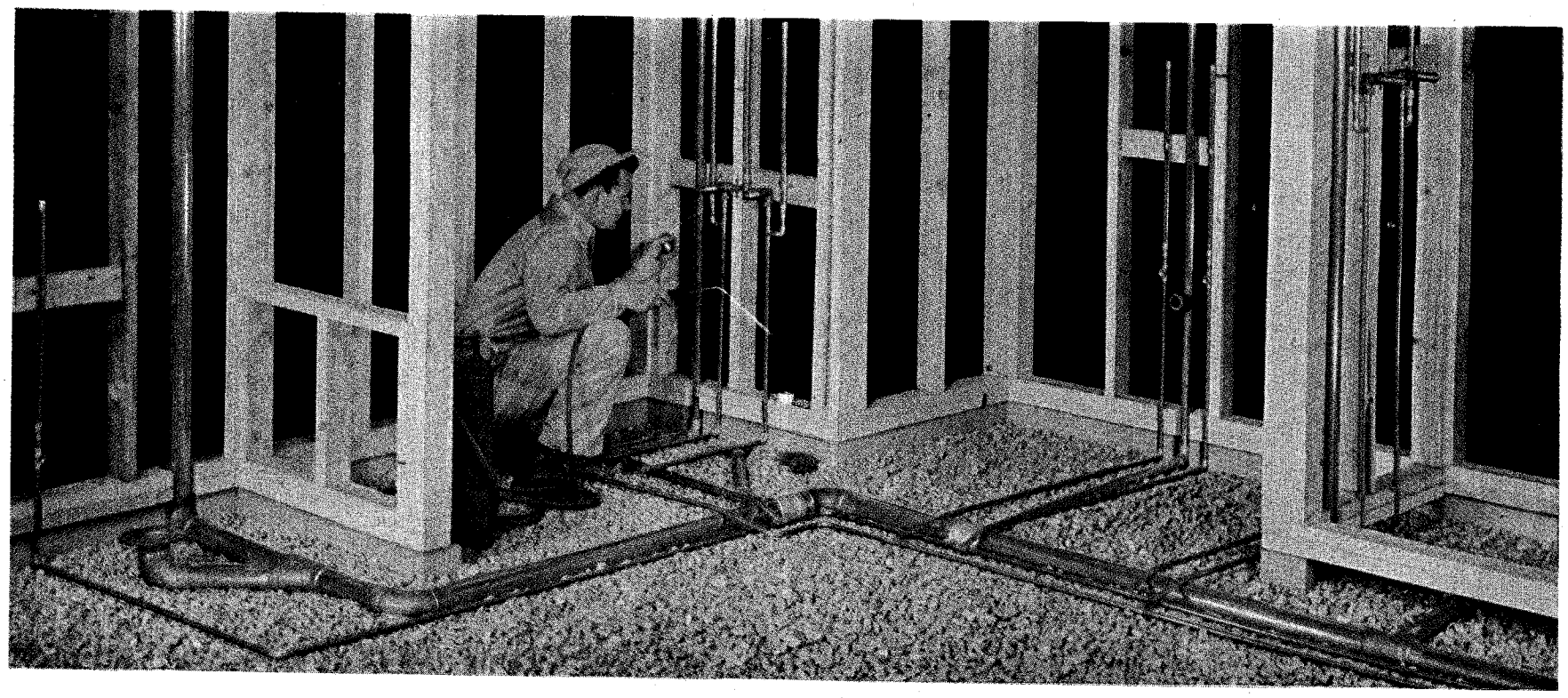
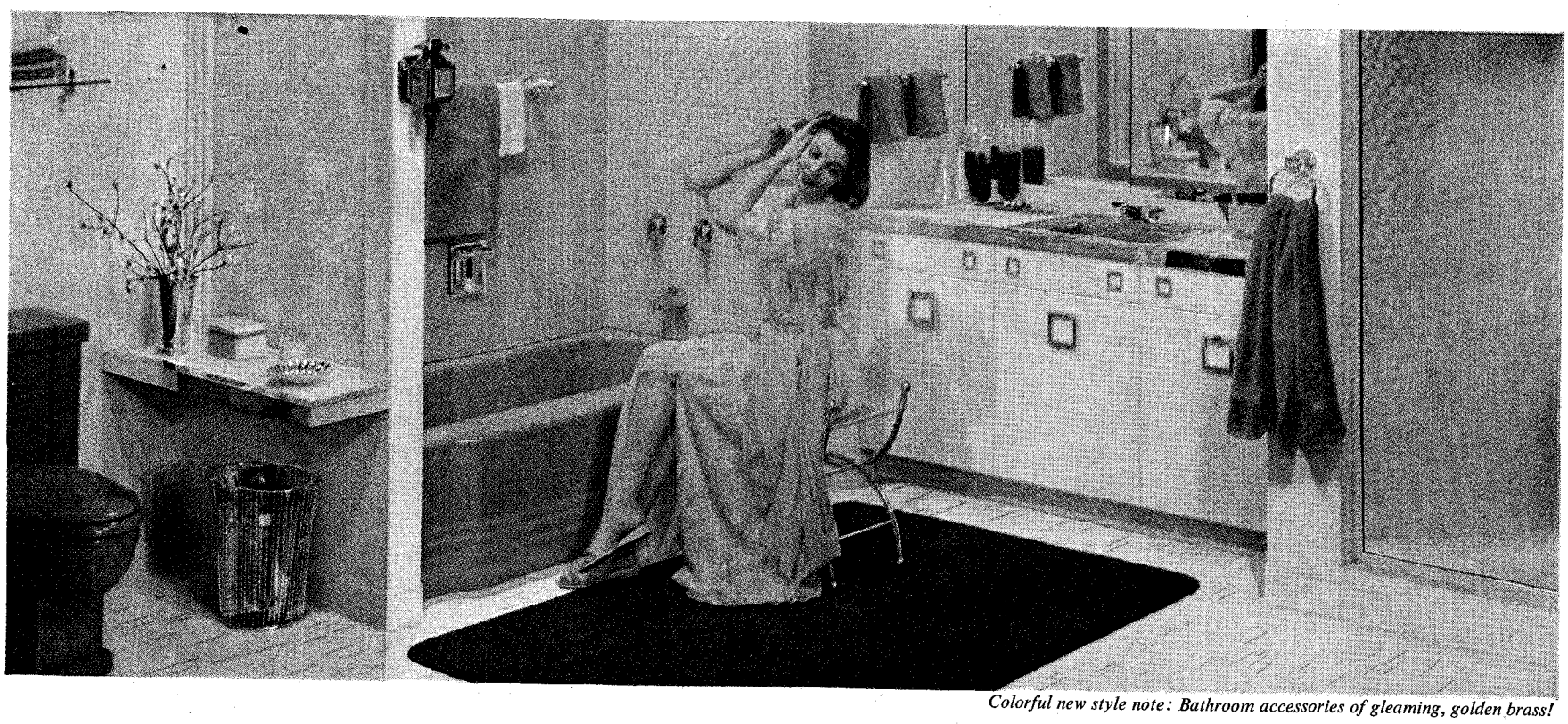


# Beginning of a better Bathroom...



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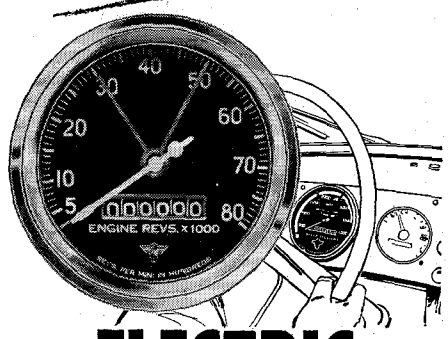


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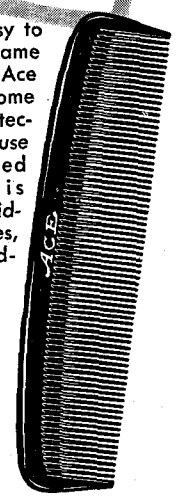


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# Morgan's Wife (Continued from Page 31)

Mary went upstairs and looked in on him. Johnny was almost a year old and at the moment crowded with sleep after an early awakening. One arm was flung wide and there was a small scowl on his face. She thought he was a very beautiful baby, but knew she was prejudiced. She blew him a kiss and went out.

She made up her bed and Lew's, then went in and straightened up Ellen's room. She went downstairs and Mrs. Monahan had done the breakfast dishes and was busy with some clothes in the washer. Mary said, "I'll help you."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Mrs. Monahan said, "since there's nothing to do. Get out of here. Go and take a drive. Do some shopping, and I don't mean for groceries. Have your hair done. I don' want a nervous woman standing around here biting her nails."

*Not a nervous woman,* Mary thought. *An angry woman.* But she didn't hesitate. "You're a darling, Mrs. M." She got a jacket and went out to the car again.

She was just about to make the right turn that would take her into town when the big black car, coming from the opposite direction, stopped close to her in the narrow road.

Mary said, "Hello, Mrs. Harrison," to the graying, beautifully groomed woman in the black car. "A lovely day."

The other woman's voice possessed a peculiar rigidity. "Isn't it, my dear? Just lovely." Then she said, "I understand that Mr. Morgan is—boxing—tonight."

Mary said, "That's right."

The other woman's smile was much too gracious. "Unusual, isn't it?"

"He's done a lot of it," Mary said.

"But, my dear, at his age!"

"Lew will be thirty-two on his next birthday. That's not very old."

"Of course, it isn't! But after all this time, isn't it a shock to you that he should be going back to—that?"

"No," Mary lied. "Not at all."

"Doctor Harrison was telling me ——" The graying woman started as a horn sounded in back of her. She waved and said, "Well, good-by," and the big car rolled along out of the way.

"That witch," Mary said to herself. The Harrisons had the place next door, but the doctor had offices on Park Avenue. It was an item that somehow frequently crept into his wife's conversation. Mary could imagine her talking to some little group. "Picture it, my dear! Living right next door to a prizefighter! Isn't it too delicious?"

What angered her most, she thought as she drove along, was that she hadn't even been consulted. Lew hadn't even asked her about it. She remembered the evening Vic Morano, who had been his manager, had come to the house. They had been in the living room and she had been upstairs putting Johnny to bed. Their voices had come to her distinctly.

"So Karns busts his ankle six weeks from fight time," Vic had said. "And they're stuck with the date."

"So they postpone it," Lew had said, "or they get someone else for Ferez."

"They postpone it and they postpone themselves out of a mint. The way they got it now, it's right in the middle of the week the convention is in town. The biggest convention in the country. All them old soldiers and sailors. They could pretty near fill the ball park with a good fight, they figure. And who else can they get? Edwards? Ferez beats him like a drum. Four times already. Castelli? He's knocked the guy out twice. They got nobody, Lew."

"It's been a long time," Lew's voice had come up to her, and it had seemed to Mary that it held a nostalgic tone.

"Two years! What's two years? You look in good shape as the day you quit. You don't hit the bottle; you don't stuff yourself like a pig. You work on them jobs of yours, liftin' stuff."

"I've been playing a lot of golf. Handball at the Y."

"You see? And you got six weeks. And the beauty part is, we got them over a barrel. I told them, 'Maybe, for thirty-five per cent.' They screamed like I was cuttin' their ears off with a dull knife. But they'll go for it if you give the word."

There had been a long silence; then Lew had said, "Vic, I've got to think about it. I'll give you a ring tomorrow."

Vic had gone, then, after saying good night to Mary and Ellen and taking a look at little Johnny. And when they had been alone, later, Lew hadn't mentioned the conversation at all. It was the next evening at dinner when he had announced, "Honey, I'm taking one more crack at it. In six weeks."

She had said, "I know. I heard you talking with Vic last night."

Lew had said, "Oh?" And that had been all. She had never told him what to do or when to do it or how to do it. She didn't understand this, and if he wanted to tell her he would. But he said nothing more about it.

In the village, she went to the bank and cashed a check, and the teller, Mr. Kenland, said, "I see that Mr. Morgan is fighting tonight." He said it as if this were the night Lew was to sell babies.

Mary said, "That's right," and she thought he gave her the money almost reluctantly.

She hadn't made an appointment, but she stopped in at Marie's and was lucky. Someone had canceled, so she could have her hair and nails done. Bessie, the girl who attended her, said, "Mrs. Morgan, I think it's thrilling. I really do. Jerry—that's the boy I go with—said that Ferez should beat Mr. Morgan, but I told him that was silly, because Mr. Morgan is so nice."

"Well, thank you, Bessie. I'll tell him that. He'll be pleased."

"And no matter what all the customers around here say, I can't see anything wrong with fighting. That Mrs. Newell. Hmmph! She thinks it's disgusting. If I could tell you about the black eye she came in here with one day and wanted fixed! And Mrs. Jennings. What difference does it make to the Ladies' Club, I say, if Mr. Morgan wants to prize-fight once in a while? What's it their business?"

Mrs. Newell's husband was chairman of the bank board. Alfred Jennings, Jr., was a very successful lawyer and the big wheel at the country club. Mary had, in the last few weeks, seen the storm gathering. It would soon break.

She bought a hat at Millicent's, but her heart wasn't in it. All they had built in a couple of years was going up in smoke tonight. The small things, the important things.

She picked Ellen up at noon and went home. There was another car in the driveway, and she recognized it as Dad Morgan's. Lew's father was a widower, retired, and lived in Elwood, much closer in toward the city. He visited them frequently, and Mary and he were fine friends. She went into the house, and he was in the living room, playing with Johnny. He looked up and his smile was like Lew's. He said, "Hello, girl." He was a big man, taller than Lew and heavier, and his eyes were sharply blue.

She said, "Hello, dad," and Mrs. Monahan had lunch ready, and they all ate. Ellen and Johnny were put upstairs for their afternoon naps and Mary and her father-in-law sat in the living room.

The big man lit a cigar. "I guess you don't like it. Tonight, I mean."

"I never like it," Mary said. "Tonight's worse than ever."

"Lew doesn't figure to get hurt bad. He never has been."

"There's always that chance. No matter how he's hurt, it's bad." But she knew that at the moment she was thinking of something else.

He said softly, "Guess the neighbors don't like it very much, eh?"

She looked at him. He always seemed to know what she was thinking. She said, "I wouldn't know about that."

His smile was gentle. "You always talked to me, Mary."

She thought of the recent weeks and of the morning. She said, "All right. They don't like it."

"Little uppity?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "A lot of the people around here are lawyers, doctors, fairly successful businessmen. There's

"Well, well, Charley Jones! Say, you look like you've put on a few ounces."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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a difference. We were just beginning to get along, and now Lew has to do this. Just when he was Morgan Construction Company, he has to become Lew Morgan, former middleweight champion." She paused. "They don't understand." And then she said, "And neither do I."

He said, "Want to tell me about it?"

She thought for a moment. "It might have started when you and Lew built the house." Lew had always worked for his father, a small building contractor, even between fights. It was the way he had learned the business. And it was why the house had cost so little, comparatively, with Lew and his father doing a lot of the work and all the buying. "When the house was finished and we moved in, people around here were surprised. I guess most of them thought Lew was just one of the workmen."

"And a good one," his father said.

"A good one. And then we were here, and they learned he was a fighter. And then he quit that entirely and started his business."

Mr. Morgan nodded. "Doing all right."

Mary said, "How long do you think it took them to recognize us as respectable people? Before they invited us to join the country club, and me the Ladies' Club? Before they even spoke to us?"

"I guess it was a little rough."

"A little lonesome. All right, they're small things and they don't mean much when you just say them, but they're important. And now he's thrown them out the window just because he feels like fighting again. It isn't fair. He didn't even ask me. I guess the country club is out again, and the other things. You get used to them. And he didn't ask me."

Mr. Morgan looked at his cigar. "He ever tell you what sort of an electrical circuit he's putting into a new house? What kind of flooring he's using? How much of a loan he has to swing from the bank?"

She was puzzled. "No."

He rubbed his chin. "Maybe I shouldn't tell you this, if he hasn't. But I guess maybe I will. You know that development he's doing over at Star Point?"

She nodded. "They're pretty houses."

"Well, a real-estate outfit owns the land, and Lew had to bid for the job, and won it. The only thing is, he figures he might have bid too low. Those things figure pretty close. This is insurance money he's fighting for, Mary."

She looked at him. "We saved plenty out of what Lew made. Plenty."

"And you know that most of it is in annuities for you and the kids. He doesn't fool with that. He was always a boy to make his own way."

It came as a slight shock. It was something that had not occurred to her. She had been worrying about things other than money. Lew seldom spoke to her about that. There had always been enough, and except for major expenditures, it had never been a point of discussion between them.

"I didn't know," she said. "Lew never said anything."

"I helped him figure the job, and I think he'll make a lot of money on it. But he's not sure. He's a worrier."

He was that, Mary knew. It was never expressed in words, but by silences, abstracted moments that were followed by the warm grin and, "What did you say, hon?"

"All right," she said. "But why didn't he tell me?"

The big man smiled. "I guess he figures he's big enough and ugly enough to do his own worrying. Never came to me with any of his troubles, either." Then he said, "Maybe you're exaggerating the importance of all these little social angles."

"Maybe," Mary said. "But it's nice to be a part of the place where you live, to do the things the other people do. Everyone thinks of a fighter as a man who wears a turtle-neck sweater and talks out of the corner of his mouth. It took us a long while to make them forget what business Lew had been in. And now they'll think about that again."

"I wouldn't let it worry me too much."

She was remembering the last month and a half. "For six weeks, now, he's been up at the camp on Gray Lake. The only way the children and I could see him was to drive a hundred and fifty miles each way. And when I saw him he was usually in dirty sweat clothes, with a head protector on, punching someone."

"You've seen him train before."

"I forgot what it was like." And it was true. She had forgotten. "And I don't like being alone here in the house."

"Well, he thinks it's important," his father said. "I don't think he's enjoying it."

She thought of Lew, of his side of it, for perhaps the first time. She knew with what intensity he worked at his building business, and with what pride. She remembered how he came home at night, tired and happy, not quite believing. There was one evening when they had been sitting together before a small fire, and he had looked at her and grinned. "What's the trouble?" she had asked. He had shaken his head. "Nothing." He had waved his hand in a gesture that included the house, the atmosphere of good and peace. "And I don't even have to get punched in the mouth," he had said.

How had he felt this morning, going down to the commission offices for the weigh-in, after his first night at home in six weeks? Knowing that he would eat, then rest in a hotel room until it was time to go up to the ball park, where he would walk in against Alzo Ferez, a good man, a tough puncher, and who had been campaigning these two years which Lew had spent building houses? What doubts would be gnawing at him, what glimpses of disaster had he viewed in his mind's eye?

She said to his father, the anger gone from her, "I've been stupid. I didn't know, but I should have guessed. Lew wouldn't do this unless he felt it necessary."

"He's never been foolish," the big man said. Then he smiled. "Still feel the same way about those clubs and things?"

She looked at him for a moment, then grinned. "The devil with Mrs. Harrison," she said.

"If you say so. You going to ask me to stay to dinner?"

"Of course. You knew it. And you can hold my hand while we watch the fight."

It was something she hated to do, but had to do. Viewing the reality, she had found, was certainly no worse than being alone with her blind imagining. She had seen Lew fight perhaps twenty times, from ringside or on TV. This was her man. What happened to him she wanted to know about.

"There's some shopping to do. Want to come with me?"

He shook his head. "I'll stick around in case the kids wake up." He grinned at her. "Might even have a nap myself."

At the supermarket she bought a big steak and other things she needed. The butcher balled a huge fist at her and said, "Hope Lew goes good tonight, Mrs. Morgan."

She said, "Thank you, Joe," and crossed her fingers.

She had completed her shopping and was crossing the sidewalk to the car when she met Helen Jennings, tall, slim, exquisite. Mary eyed the lovely brown tweed suit. From her alligator shoes to the black cloche atop her carefully coiffed


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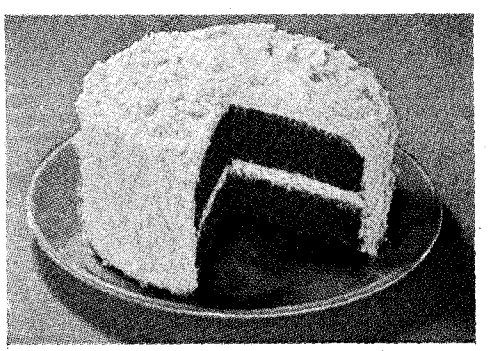

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PREAM


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head, Mary estimated, Jennings represented a very heavy dollar.

"Mary!" the woman said, as if they were meeting by chance on a desert island. "I'm so excited! I didn't know until I read this morning's paper! Aren't you thrilled?"

"I wouldn't put it just that way."

Helen Jennings' face became a solicitous mask. "Are things bad, darling, that your husband has to go back to that? Business falling off, dear?"

Mary decided she'd had enough for the day. From Mrs. Harrison, from Mrs. Alfred Jennings, Jr., from herself. "Business?" she said. "It's fine. It's just that Lew is vicious! He loves to fight!" She waved a hand. "See you." She put her bundle in the car, remembering the incredulous expression in the other woman's eyes. And remembering how gentle Lew was. As gentle outside the ring as he was tough inside it.

In the drugstore she met Mrs. Theodore Allgate. The older woman was at the cosmetics counter. Perennial president of the Ladies' Club, Mrs. Allgate was the high priestess of Island Heights society. The Allgates had lived in the town ever since the early eighteenth century, when it had been a famous, or infamous, smuggling port. Allgates had lived in the huge house on the hill for more than a century and a half. The illicit trade that had begotten the family fortune had become legitimatized. They now owned several steamship lines.

Mary was about to pass in back of the matriarch when the sharp voice said, "Mrs. Morgan!"

Mary stopped. "Hello, Mrs. Allgate."

The lorgnette—and Mary wondered if there were many in existence—was raised. "You're a very handsome woman," Mrs. Allgate said.

"Why, thank you," was all Mary could think to say.

The gray head with the ridiculous feathered hat nodded. "Extremely handsome. But that wasn't what I was going to say. Mr. Allgate observed to me this morning that your husband is—prize-fighting?—tonight."

"That's right, Mrs. Allgate."

The hand on Mary's arm was as gentle as a falling leaf. "I'm afraid I do not know much about it, but I understand it is quite violent." There was a slight pressure from the old fingers. "You are not to worry, my child. You understand? You are not to worry. Good men do what they must do. Everything will turn out all right. I know it will." Mary walked away in a slight state of shock.

The anger that had been with her all morning and for all the weeks had dissolved under the information Lew's father had tendered. She knew nothing but pride—pride in a good man who, as the ancient and proud Mrs. Allgate had reminded her, was doing what he must do. So she went through town with her chin high, and even if no one could see the chip on her shoulder, it was there.

The afternoon dragged. The children were impossible, and when she finally got them to bed she was exhausted but crowded with nervousness.

Dad Morgan said, "Slow down. You'd think you were fighting. Lew's done this before."

"And so have I," she said.

At eight o'clock the phone rang and she knew who it was. She answered it and said, "Hello, Lew." He always called at eight, the night of a fight.

"The kids all right?" he asked.

"They're unspeakable. As soon as they wake up in the morning I'm going to hang them by their thumbs."

"You're jumpy," he told her, and she could see the grin. "Slow down. This is just another payday. And what a payday. I just got to the ball park and they're hanging on the rafters already."

She knew that in a moment she would be tearful. She said, for the second time that day, "Take care of yourself, Lew."

He said, "Sure, kid. Relax. I'll see you as soon as I can get away."

"Your father is here."

"Hold his hand. He gets nervous. See you."

She put the phone back on the cradle. Now the pride that had replaced the anger was gone, and fear took its place. She walked through the next two hours in a fog of anxiety. She was aware of Lew's father speaking to her, and she knew she responded with the correct answers, but her mind was riveted to one thing—Lew. She smiled at the proper times and thought of absolutely nothing but Ferez and the murderous fists that had brought him so far so fast.

She heard Dad Morgan cough, then turn the TV set on, and she saw her father-in-law, really, for the first time in hours. His grin was much like Lew's.

He said, "It's about time for the kid to go to work."

There was a babble about razor blades before the camera was permitted to view the ring. The introductions of many fighters were made, the ring finally cleared. Lew was in the right-hand corner, Vic Morano and Joey Noonan tending to him in white sweaters with LEW MORGAN lettered across the back. The announcer went about his task. "The former undefeated middleweight champion of the world, Lew Morgan!" and the crowd roar. And then the present champion, Ferez, and another flood of sound. They went to the center of the ring and the brief instructions of the referee came into the room: ". . . and let's have a good fight."

She watched Lew as he went back to his corner and Joey took the robe from his shoulders. He shook hands with Vic; then turned and waited for a moment and came out to the center of the ring as the bell clanged.

Lew fought almost straight up, his hands high, moving loosely and easily. Ferez, swarthy and heavily muscled in the neck and shoulders, fought low, in a crouch, his chin tucked behind a guarding shoulder. Lew started with the left hand immediately, jamming it at the man who moved in on him, then backing away from the insistent approach. He took a left hook on his right elbow and put the left hand into Ferez's face again. The round went by quickly as both men tried to set the rhythm of the fight.

Lew sat in his corner as the camera examined him and the broadcaster quoted statistics regarding his career. Almost dispassionately Mary viewed the solid neck and sloping shoulders, the flat front, the heavy but smooth muscles in the arms and below the shoulders. His features were small, except for the mouth, and his face carried only a minimum of the marks of his trade. You could not see, on the screen, the small wounds she knew so well—the small ridge of scar tissue almost concealed by his left eyebrow, the cut on the left corner of his mouth, the small break in the nose which had not been quite correctly set and which gave him somehow a slightly amused expression.

The rounds went on. Mary knew fighting and she knew that Lew was having a tough time. Through the eighth round it was a very even fight, but they were both taking punishment. Ferez bulled in, hooking with the left and throwing the right hand to the head. Lew was lancing at him with the left, not quite able to keep him off and never getting a decent target for the right. He was hooking with the left hand, too, alternately to the head and body, but he could not persuade that chin to come out from behind the shoulder.

After the eighth, Dad Morgan got himself a beer from the kitchen. He shook his head. "Lew's been away from it too long. Six weeks wasn't nearly enough. He should have had at least one other fight."

"He had the best of them working with him in camp. Pete Navola, Castelli, Henny Long."

"It isn't the same thing. He'll tire." And Mary could see her own worry reflected in his eyes.

Lew went down midway through the ninth. He started a right hand and Ferez's hook came over it and Lew was suddenly on his pants in a corner. The crowd noise almost drowned out the broadcaster's hysterical shouting. Lew was hurt, Mary knew. He sat there, his back against the angle of the ropes, shaking his head, not to clear it, but as if he didn't believe it. He grabbed a rope and was on one knee at "six," and looking toward his corner. He got up slowly at "eight," and Ferez came to him deliberately and without hurry, stalking Lew like a big cat and, when he got in close, punching fast and with precision, no waste in his motions.

Lew weathered it. He almost went down again, but grabbed Ferez and hung on, and by the end of the round he was outside the danger, the smart left hand tipping Ferez off balance, the clever shoulders feinting the champion into missed punches.

When the bell rang ending the round, Lew's father breathed deeply. "I don't like it."

Mary's eyes were on the ring. The camera was focused on Lew's corner again, and the broadcaster's statement that Lew was cut over the right eye was confirmed by Vic, who worked on the cut with his cotton-tipped matchstick and his solution. Mary could see his lips moving and Lew nodded in answer to whatever he was saying.

He was fresh when he came out for the tenth, Mary could tell. He moved easily, gracefully. He jabbed the left at Ferez and the champion started a left hook as he moved in. She saw Lew throw the right hand, saw it connect, saw Ferez's mouthpiece fly out, looking like a butterfly under the heavy lights. She watched her husband go to work, coldly, methodically, with the efficiency of the master craftsman. There was a left and a right to the head, then both hands to the body to bring Ferez's hands down, then a shattering left hook that floored the champion. Lew moved slowly to a far corner.

## Look at the State They're In!

Insofar as the defense of the continental United States and the peace of mind of San Francisco's citizens are concerned, perhaps the most important real-estate deal in American history occurred 115 years ago between a Swiss rancher and a Russian company. If it had not taken place, there might be a Soviet air base today within seventy miles of San Francisco's City Hall.

Back in the time of the Empress Catherine the Great and thereafter, Russian explorers and administrators claimed parts of California. They wanted its fertile land to provide foodstuffs for Russian-owned Alaska, and they also sought its sea-otter pelts. To the dismay of the Spanish, who then held California as a part of Mexico, Americans joined with the Russians in co-operative sea-otter hunts beginning in 1803. The Russians also took secret steps to wrest California from Spain's weakening grasp. An 1808 expedition under Kuskof sailed as far south as Bodega Bay. At points along the shore it buried copper markers with the inscription "Land of Russian possession." Three years later, Kuskof bought land twenty miles north of Bodega Bay from the Indians and began erecting Fort Russ, a name later corrupted to Ross. When completed, the fort mounted twelve brass cannon and was the strong point of the Pacific coast.

Local officials protested in vain. They had nothing to outshoot the Russians. By 1835, the United States, too, was concerned. President Andrew Jackson offered Mexico $3,500,000 for the San Francisco Bay area and land north to Oregon, including the disputed Russian settlement, but was refused. Meanwhile, many Americans settled in California and resented the constant threat of Fort Ross.

The Russians, disappointed in the local crops and able to buy provisions for Alaska in Mexico, decided that the fort was more bother than it was worth. In 1841 they sold the entire property, including livestock and a twenty-ton schooner, to a Swiss named John Sutter. The deal was an international triumph for the installment-payment system, if nothing else. Sutter paid $2000 in cash, down, and agreed to pay $28,000 more in yearly installments of grain. But gold was found on Sutter's place lower on the coast, the great rush of 1849 began, and far from raising crops to pay off the Russians, Sutter was bankrupted while hordes of prospectors trampled his fields. The California Legislature later pensioned him with $250 a month. The Russians, fortunately for us, never repossessed Fort Ross for nonpayment.

Irving Petite

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Ferez got up at "nine," somehow, and Lew moved in. Mary did not watch. She closed her eyes and listened. This was something that had to be done, she knew, but it was not pleasurable to see. And within a half minute the broadcaster screamed, "It's over! It's over! In one of the most terrific fights we've seen in years, Lew Morgan has regained the middleweight championship of the world by knocking out Alzo Ferez in the tenth round! Seldom has ——"

She could open her eyes now, and they were not for Lew, at first. She sought for Ferez, found him in his corner, standing and shaking his head bewilderedly, smiling a sad smile that said he did not understand, that he did not believe —— But not hurt badly.

All right to look at Lew now. Vic was putting a towel around his throat, the robe around his body. He was walking across the ring to Ferez. His gloves had been cut off, and with his bandaged hand he shook Ferez's and patted the dark man on the shoulder. He went back to his own corner; then, in a moment, he was in the center of the ring and the announcer was saying, ". . . and once more middleweight champion of the world ——"

She looked at Dad Morgan. He said, "I guess you didn't watch the finish?"

She shook her head.

"I've got a rough son," he said. He grinned. "A good thing too. That was a tough turkey he was in with."

"He won't do it again?"

"He promised me," his father said. "This was the last, no matter what happened." He got up. "Well, I'll be running along, Mary. The dinner was fine."

"You'll be doing nothing of the sort," she said. "You'll wait here until Lew gets home. He shouldn't be more than an hour or two. I'll get you a drink."

And when she got to her feet, she discovered that her knees were made of rubber. Her body was weak and limp and she was perspiring. She made the kitchen and leaned heavily on the table. Her head was bowed and she found herself saying a small and involuntary prayer of thankfulness. Her strength came back quickly.

The time of waiting was unexpectedly frantic. The telephone would not stop ringing. There were calls from New York, and it seemed that everyone in Island Heights was anxious to speak with Lew or with her.

It was almost midnight when Mrs. Allgate's gray voice rasped over the wire, "Such a busy telephone. As I told you, my dear, there was nothing to worry about. I watched the program with Mr. Allgate. Quite exciting, I must say. Give Mr. Morgan our congratulations, or whatever is appropriate in a matter of this sort. And I must say he's a most attractive man, although Mr. Allgate termed him a rugged —— Well, we won't go into that. I will see you on Wednesday, of course." She hung up. Wednesday was Ladies' Club day.

It was a quarter of one when Lew came in. There was a small patch of tape over his right eye and his mouth was bruised. He grinned and said, "Still up? . . . Hello, pop."

She could only stare at him for this little while, the anger and the fear forgotten, her pride in him overshadowed by her love for him, but a part of it. He reached for her and she kissed him tenderly, her hands gentle on his face.

His father shook hands with him. "I'm very proud of you, Lew. It was a fine fight. And the last one?"

Lew nodded, the grin spreading. "They're growing them too tough and too young for me. That one was a dilly." Then he said seriously, "But we made a mint on it, and that was the idea."

His father said, "You earned it." He kissed Mary and smiled at her. "If they throw you out of that club, I know where we can open a poolroom. Give my love to the kids." Lew saw him to the door.

Mary told him, "From the moment the fight ended until ten minutes ago, the phone hasn't stopped ringing."

"They like a winner," Lew said.

"Just everybody," Mary said, knowing that what he had said was true, but knowing, too, that many of the calls would have been made even if Lew had lost. Mrs. Allgate's, for one. "Al Jennings, Tom Newell. And of all people, the mayor."

"It figures. I play golf with those guys."

She looked at him. In his goodness and confidence he had things simplified. Like Mrs. Allgate, she thought in surprise. And she said, "And Mrs. Allgate called to offer her congratulations."

That brought the grin back. "Why, that little old feather-hatted doll. I didn't know she cared."

"No party tonight?" she asked. On an occasion like this, it usually lasted until dawn. A big hotel suite, champagne.

"Sure, but Vic's taking care of it. I want to be out at that Star Point deal early in the morning. I've been neglecting it." He pulled her close to him. "How are the kids?"

And when she said they were fine, he nodded and said, "Let's go up and have a look at them." He turned out the lights and they went upstairs together, his arm around her again, and until now she would have sworn it was impossible to know such happiness. It was a wonderful thing, she thought, to have your man back from the wars. THE END


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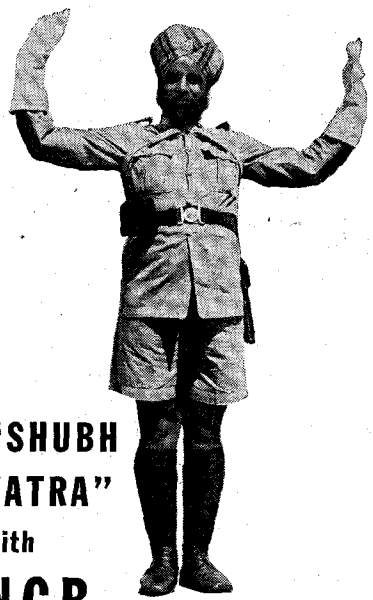

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# Reunion With Terror

(Continued from Page 38)

to bother with anybody's affairs. Not until he had found Nemec's abductors. And Nemec, he thought. There was a chance that he was still alive.

"You're not listening," said Lisa.

She was still standing next to him; now she turned to go back to the broken-down rocker where she had waited for him before. "I'll listen," he said.

"You see," she said, "I have been brought up to value justice above everything else, even if it interferes with loyalties. And now somebody very close to me is on an awful spot." She sighed. "I'm afraid it's rather a long story." He heard the urgency in her voice and nodded sympathetically.

"You are a reporter, and the press is always important. One can influence public opinion, can't one?"

"Sometimes. What's the spot and who's on it?"

"Somebody called Holm—George Holm," Lisa said, and closed her eyes. "He's been arrested."

Ward looked at his hand lying still on the typewriter keys. Must be a cramp, he thought, watching his fingers tighten. He had known since noon what had become common knowledge tonight—that a man by the name of Holm, a minor official in Linden's office, had been arrested and charged with high treason. But of course there had been no connection for him between this man, Holm, and the boy called George who had carried Lisa into the Hotel Consul that morning in Eisenstein.

"I know," he said; "charged with high treason."

"I knew you'd know." She stared unhappily at him. "I—please understand—I love my father. I do. He's everything a daughter could wish for and I know he acts according to his conscience, but ——"

She hesitated. Her misery was so obvious that he smiled at her encouragingly. "But?"

"My father believes Holm has failed in his job. I know he hasn't. I know he hasn't done any of the things he's accused of."

His hand was behaving itself again. Ward said quietly, "You know it?"

"If you mean, can I prove he is innocent? No. It's just that we've known each other since childhood. Nobody can convince me that he is guilty."

She loved him, thought Ward. All women in love were blind. Still, it was odd that she did not trust her father's word in so serious a matter.

"I first thought of going to a lawyer," Lisa said, "and then I thought about my father's position and how few would like to tackle the case." She looked at him imploringly. "You must help us."

For a moment Ward said nothing. Colonel Harrison had told him there could be no doubt about Holm's part in the Nemec affair, and had given him the facts that had led to Holm's arrest.

As if she were reading his mind, Lisa said, smiling sadly, "You don't believe me, do you? You think, like my father, that the facts speak too overwhelmingly against him. You think I ——" Suddenly sadness left her, despair showed in her face. "If only you could talk to him. If only you could manage to see him, you'd know that he couldn't have done it."

Ward wanted to take her hand, to tell her quietly that the press would not be allowed to interview Holm, but could publish only official releases, when Lisa's expression changed again. Now she was looking at him almost with contempt.

"You are not interested, are you, if someone suffers unjustly? I thought newspapermen could work certain things that are impossible for others. Oh, maybe it's too much to ask; maybe I shouldn't have come. But it is a mistake, I tell you."

"Tell me more about Holm," said Ward.

"Thank you for coming so quickly," Kozlov said, offering a middle-aged, rather nondescript-looking man a chair opposite his desk in the study; then he sat down himself, opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out an envelope.

Half an hour before, he had looked into Lisa's room, found that she was not there, asked the servants, been told she had gone out without saying where she was going and, after reflecting for a moment, had decided not to use one of the men in the police force or bother Willie Lange with it, but rather to call a private detective bureau.

"So glad to oblige, Herr Doktor," the man said.

Kozlov smiled absent-mindedly. The smile was hard work. "Your name is Mueller? Correct?"

"Augustus Mueller."

Kozlov took a couple of photographs from the envelope he had laid down in front of him. "Now this is a delicate matter," he said. "I must be assured of the fullest discretion. In a moment you will understand why I preferred to have you handle it. You know my daughter?"

"I've had the honor of seeing her several times," said Mueller.

"Since her mother's tragic death," Kozlov said, "she's ——" He seemed to have difficulty with his phrasing. "She has never quite recovered from it."

"It's only four weeks," Mueller said consolingly.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

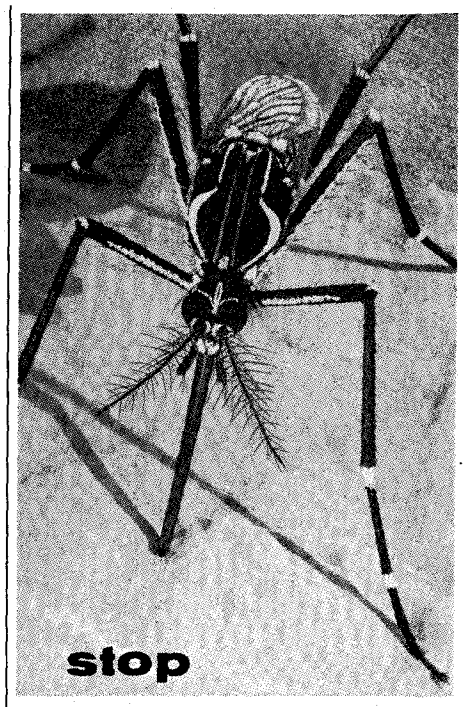
## Bus Journey

By Frederick Ebright

This is a little town you'll never know
Beyond a glimpse of maple-shaded streets,
A distant bank clock chiming with its slow
And ponderously reminiscent beats;
These children playing ball will never age,
The fountain in the square will always sing
Above these bright petunias, scarlet sage,
And ice-cream vendor's bell forever ring.

Time is suspended here; the evening news
Will hit the rocking chairs with light impact;
This is a peaceful town, a place you'd choose
To linger for a while, or stay, in fact.
Here, given space, you could relive your youth;
But no, your bus reads DALLAS, or DULUTH.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...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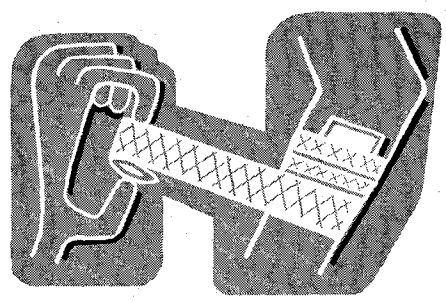

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Kozlov nodded. "Yes. That's what I tell myself. We know time heals all wounds, and that's what I'm counting on—time. If we can get her through the next couple of months —— But she is so depressed, locks herself in, takes long walks by herself, at times forgets to come home for meals. Friends have seen her by the river, just staring at it."

"You want me to watch her, then, so's she won't do anything to herself?"

"Precisely," said Kozlov.

"Rest assured, Herr Doktor, I shall watch over her as if she were my own child."

"Thank you," said Kozlov. He seemed too moved to speak. Two or three days, he thought. That would be enough to find out where she's going, whom she's seeing; and if, in the end, she was found a suicide, Mueller's knowledge of the situation would do no harm.

"Rest assured, Herr Doktor," Mueller said again, getting up and gently crossing the wide, quiet room. After the door had closed behind him, Kozlov lighted a cigar.

"Sometimes I can't understand you." Colonel Harrison tapped a pencil angrily against his nicotine-stained teeth.

Large teeth, thought Kenneth Ward. He did look like a horse and, like a stubborn horse, he was refusing to jump a hurdle.

"What do you want to see this Holm for? We've got it all here." He stopped tapping his teeth and pointed to the papers on his desk. "Holm's data, Security sent over. There it is, black on white—the agent Picco's statement that Holm had called him; then met him and told him that Nemec was having dinner with Linden, that he'd been put up at the hotel, that only one man was guarding him during the night. If Linden had not been so alert and found out by some lucky chance that Holm had committed perjury last year in the trial of this German girl who was spying for the Russians, we might still be looking for the traitor and we couldn't have arrested Picco. There are two witnesses against Holm and ——"

"I know that," said Ward. "I've read the dossier."

Harrison went on as though he had not been interrupted, "And there is the interview Linden had with Holm after they brought him in."

"I know that too."

Harrison looked up and shook his head. "That's why I can't understand why you insist on seeing Holm. Don't you know what that involves? It's the greatest effrontery possible. It means going over Linden's head. It will look as if we weren't satisfied with Linden's investigation and were applying for a special permit from the Ministry of Justice behind his back. If Linden should hear about it he'd be perfectly justified in trying to get you removed. Do you want to be declared *persona non grata?*"

"Nemec is worth risking a scandal," Ward said. "Holm might not have told Linden everything he knows. I might be able to find out something or other."

Ward was young, Harrison thought. He still had illusions or, rather, he was an optimist. He sighed. "Ward," he said, "won't you get it into that wooden head of yours that your assumption that Nemec is still in West Germany has been disproved? We know from Picco that he has been taken to East Berlin. We know that the getaway car passed Helmstedt in the morning. We even have the number of the brown Volkswagen bus; we know that it was driven by a swarthy man; we have the description of its two passengers—a rather tall, fat man sitting next to a little old man in a Loden cape, which fits Nemec to a T."

Yes, thought Ward. Apparently Nemec's presence in Munich had not been discovered until shortly before he was kidnaped, and because there had been no time to get the professor across the heavily guarded border, back into Czechoslovakia, his abductors had taken the risk of driving through the night into East Berlin to bring him behind the Iron Curtain.

"What do you want to see him for?" said Harrison again, scratching himself behind his left ear with the little wart on its lobe. "They've got Nemec back behind the Iron Curtain and no miracle can save him now. We have the traitor. We have to regard the matter as closed. And we'd better start working on new contacts."

Harrison, when one matter was closed, went on to the next as if the previous one had never existed. For Ward, however, the Nemec case was not closed. But then ——

Perhaps Harrison was right, after all. The facts spoke for his attitude. What could he possibly find out from Holm? He thought of what Lisa had said—Lisa, whom, of course, he hadn't mentioned.

"Holm insists he is innocent."

"Sure," said Harrison. "So did Hiss; so did many others. You didn't expect him to break down and confess, did you? The trial will prove his guilt."

Two witnesses—one a trusted man; the other, Picco, the agent, turned state witness to save his skin. Holm, in his interview with Linden, was not even denying that he had called Picco from the concert hall and had met him immediately afterwards at a dump called the Trapeze.

"I'd like to make up my own mind about him, just for my own satisfaction."

Harrison knew the kind of tone Ward was using. When he spoke in that casual, quiet, self-mocking voice, it meant he would keep on pestering him until he got what he wanted. "I wish," he said, "that you would not attach so much importance to your own satisfaction."

Holm had never been able to stand confinement of any sort. During the first hours he had spent in the cell in Stadelheim, he had been able to control this feeling of claustrophobia. He had been too stunned, too bewildered to have any reaction, either to his situation or to his surroundings. But, toward morning, a fit beyond all control had seized him. Like a madman, he had battered his head against the wall until the prison guard had subdued him. Ward, looking at the bandage around Holm's head, thought he was either an accomplished actor or suffering a nervous breakdown. Or ——

He pushed the thought away and held out his hand. "I am Doctor Stift," he said, "a lawyer."

"Thank God," said Holm, jumping up from his narrow bed. "I was afraid, the way my case is being treated, that they wouldn't even do anything about my request to see a lawyer."

Ward waited until the guard had locked the door before he said, lowering his voice, "Lisa asked me to see you. She believes you are innocent."

"Of course," Holm said, as if Lisa's faith in him were something to be taken for granted. He was still looking at Ward, the greenish-blue eyes in the narrow, noble face intent.

"Where have I seen you before? Wasn't it in Eisenstein?"

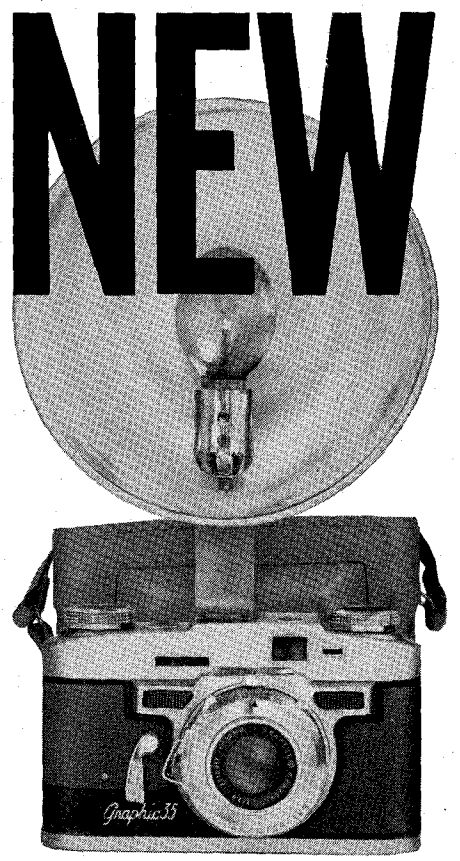
Ward had counted on the fact that he would be recognized, but had hoped Holm might have forgotten where and when they had met. Holm had seemed too stunned then by the shocking news of Tilly Linden's fatal accident to have noticed anything. But Ward rather liked it that the other's memory could be impressed even under great emotional strain.

"Who are you?" said Holm.

"Sorry, my husband isn't here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST


NEW

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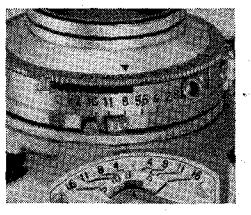

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"I am a lawyer," Ward said, "and Lisa did send me. Let's not bother now about how I was able to secure permission to see you. I am informed about the charges against you. Now tell me your version; tell me anything you think might be important."

Holm sat down again on the bed, the hope that had begun to fill him with Ward's entry draining away. If this man was here without Linden's permission, it meant that the office was still denying his request to see a lawyer.

"I have no story to tell," he said. "I can only repeat what I have said all along, what I told Doctor Linden—the whole thing is a frame-up. Picco is lying. This preposterous story ——" In spite of himself, his voice was rising.

"I understand," said Ward smoothly, but watching Holm sharply, "that this agent, Picco, was suspected of playing a double game."

Holm seemed well aware of Picco's reputation. "He probably was. Nevertheless, I was able to get valuable information from him."

"And you are sure that—well, you never, in turn, gave him some?"

Holm looked at him with something close to contempt. "I guess you have to ask an idiotic question like that for your own satisfaction."

Ward sat down next to a bare wooden table, resting his arms on it. Very possibly Holm had not been told of the man who had sworn Holm had perjured himself a year ago in the case of the girl who had been convicted of spying for Russia. Ward was not quite certain whether he should mention him or not.

But finally he said, "You were in a mess last year because of a young woman who was later condemned by an American military court."

And immediately Holm knew what he was driving at. "I saw her six times exactly. I had orders to keep in touch with her. And each time I reported every word of our conversation."

"You know a man called Herman?"

"I know of his existence," said Holm. "Why?"

"He has accused you of perjury. During the trial you said under oath what you just told me, but Herman swears that you saw the girl, not six, but ten times. And that she told him about certain information you gave her."

Holm made a little movement with his hands as if he were suffocating. Very clearly he remembered the girl refusing, at her trial, to name the source of her information. Now, suddenly, he had become that source.

"That, too, is a lie," he said, almost inaudibly.

"You can't think of any explanation?"

"None."

He was very pale and breathing heavily. A spot of red began to color the bandage. Whatever wounds he had inflicted on himself were starting to bleed again.

Watching the spot grow bigger, Ward said, "Believe me, I am trying to be objective; I am not prejudiced by the facts that speak against you. If I am prejudiced at all, then perhaps through Lisa, who spoke so highly of you. Can't you think of anything that might clear you?"

The feeling of panic started to close in on Holm again. "But I've got nothing to say except that I am innocent. That everything that's being held against me is a lie. Yes, I knew Nemec was in Munich. Yes, I saw him at Doctor Linden's, quite unexpectedly. Yes, I did call Picco and I met him. He wanted to see me about an entirely different matter. He wanted to give me a message from a man in Bulgaria."

Restlessly, unable to sit quietly, he began to pace the narrow cell from the barred window to the opposite wall and back again to the window. Ward, listening to his steps, thought, *They all deny their guilt; they all swear that they are innocent.*

"A frame-up," Holm was saying. "I tell you, the whole thing is a frame-up." He looked at Ward, saw the question forming on his lips, and laughed. "The great unknown. A frame-up. Why is it that guilty and innocent alike are doomed to use the same line?" He turned away, took a few more steps; then stopped and beat his fists against the wall.

"Stop that," Ward said sharply. "If you are innocent you have nothing to fear. Then your innocence will be proved." But even as he said it, he felt like a fool. Both of them knew that, under certain circumstances, it was easier to prove a man's guilt.

Surprised, he caught his trend of thought. What made him doubt Holm's guilt? What was there about this boy that struck him as Lisa had said it would? "Just watch his eyes and you'll know he is unable to lie." Could his opinion be influenced by Lisa, by a twenty-year-old girl who was in love with this young man and eager to believe in him? Impossible. But was it?

"I'm not being hysterical." Holm stared at the knuckles of his fists, where the skin had broken. "At least, I wasn't until early this morning, when it suddenly occurred to me that you don't frame a man unless you're pretty sure of being successful. And when I thought it through, I knew that the only proof I have would dis-


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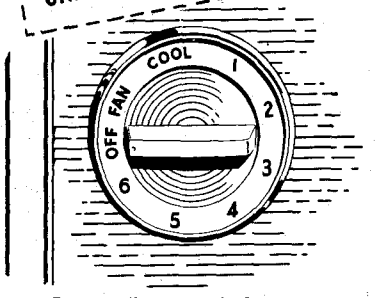


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appear too." He spoke evenly now, almost impersonally.

"What proof?"

"You mentioned before that Picco was suspected of being a double agent. For that very reason I made recordings of every conversation I had with him. I've kept them in my room. But this morning I started to wonder what if they were no longer there? What will my lot be then? This, here?"

He came back to the bed and threw himself full length on it, burying his face in the pillow.

Recordings, thought Ward. There had been no mention of any recordings in the copy of Doctor Linden's interview with Holm. If it was a frame-up, they would never be found.

"I wouldn't count too much on them," he said slowly. "If you are right, Picco will make up some conversation which you couldn't have recorded because it never took place. He'll swear to it, though. Then it would be your word against his. Whom can you name as character witnesses?"

"Doctor Scholle, the only man who knew me well and who recommended me for the job with Security, is dead."

Doctor Scholle, Ward thought, the one connection Holm had used of the many Tilly Linden had offered. Harrison had pointed to this as a clear indication of opportunism. Ward sighed without knowing he did.

"And your family perished during the war, except for a few far-removed relatives you haven't seen in years?"

"Correct."

The aftermath of war, thought Ward. People without background, flotsam. "But who could be interested in framing you?"

Holm shrugged. "Russian espionage," he said. "You tell me why they picked on me. But that's the only explanation I can find. Much as I've racked my brains, there's nobody I can think of whom I might suspect; not in the office, not among my acquaintances."

"You know, of course, what you're saying?" Ward bent forward. "That your boss, Doctor Linden, might have been taken in."

"And who could blame him?" Holm said, turning around to face Ward. "If I were in his boots and someone came to me, not two weeks after I'd taken over the office, and seemed to be able to prove that one of my minor officials had committed perjury and had betrayed the knowledge of Nemec's whereabouts——" He sat up, his eyes despondent. "In spite of everything, he was very kind to me. And it couldn't have been easy for him. Who, in his position, would not have been enormously upset over Nemec's abduction? But he seemed really personally disappointed in me. But, of course, he had to act."

Unlike Harrison, whose strength lay in accepting adversity without rebellion or self-pity, Ward did not believe in a blind fate. He could suddenly identify himself with Holm, helpless, frustrated, as he was frustrated as far as Nemec was concerned. Both of them caught in the same case. Just as Ward refused to believe that Nemec's abduction was the end of Nemec, he could not believe that by sending this innocent young man to prison anything was being solved. Innocent, he thought. Innocent.

"Why do they think I've done it?" Holm cried suddenly. "What motive do they think I could possibly have had?"

"I don't know exactly," said Ward, "but—well, your salary is not very large, is it?"

"If I had wanted money," said Holm, "I wouldn't have worked myself to death at odd jobs. Even a youngster of sixteen could make money on the black market quite easily during the first years after the war. There was nobody to keep me straight. I was on my own. That I didn't take the easy way isn't to my credit, either, but thanks to the way my parents somehow managed to raise me."

*Or innate in you,* thought Ward, and, for a split second, he was sixteen, parentless, homeless, moneyless, wandering through a devastated country. Perhaps it was weakness on his part that he could visualize somebody else's life that easily.

"Many people," he said, "even if they don't admit it publicly, are in favor of Germany working more closely with the Russians. You may have changed your political point of view during the last years."

"You mean to say they think I might have been spying for the Russians because I believe secretly in communism?" Holm started to laugh, and for a long while he didn't seem able to stop. "I saw them come into Königsberg. I had a sister two years younger than I. Both of us had been kept in school during a bombardment—that's how we got away with our lives. She wasn't even fourteen. She died that night. Shock. Heart failure. Call it what you will. I tried to defend her. Look."

He opened his shirt. Ward stared at the badly healed scar that looked like a bayonet wound. "But I can't even prove that I came from Königsberg," said Holm. "Churches, registries with all records were burned by the hundreds. I didn't have any papers when I got here. But even if I didn't hate communism emotionally, everybody who knows me knows that I believe Germany belongs culturally and historically to the West."

"And who could be character witnesses?"

"There's only Lisa," Holm said. "Darling Lisa. She should not be drawn into this mess."

Lisa had never been so conscious of the city in which she had lived most of her life as this morning, when she walked through its streets. With almost a third of its buildings gone, Munich was still untidy. Empty spaces formed ugly gaps. Some, cleared of rubble, had been put to use as parking lots; some had become open-air cafés and beer gardens; others were built up with stalls or small, one-story shops. Spires, towers and cupolas had fallen from churches; some of the monuments and buildings still had the sad, exasperated look of something left unfinished. Everywhere, houses were in repair. Here and there, a lone skyscraper dwarfed a gabled house.

While she waited for the tram she looked at some of the showcases that displayed wares as beautiful and elegant as anything to be found in Paris or New York. On a round pillar, plastered from top to bottom with advertisements, she could read what theaters, opera and concert halls had to offer. When Street Car No. 7 came, she got into the first car. It wasn't crowded. She sat down, napped a little until, at the end station, Perlacher Forst, she got out.

Here, on the one side, there were a few little flower shops, while on the other lay the cemetery. She walked on until she came to Stadelheim, the prison where Holm was being held. There she stopped. She was completely unaware of the fact that she had been followed.

Opposite the entrance of the prison she noticed a huge snowman with a carrot for a nose, two pieces of coal for eyes and a very shabby bowler hat. She didn't know why he had been built just there, an obstacle in the street, until a woman, holding a child high in the air, warned two small boys not to touch him and ruin the little fun the prisoners might have if they had a chance to look out of their windows.

There were, she noticed, quite a few people. An old woman waving a tiny Christmas tree in the air like a flag. "He always liked to have a tree all to himself," she said. "I'm just showing him that I won't forget this year." And a mother with two children dressed in their Sunday best walking to and fro. A half-grown boy leaning against the wall of a house, smoking and staring up at the prison. A rather stout man in white knee-length stockings, leather *Buxen* and a fur-lined jacket looking uncertainly from one to the other as though he were ashamed to be seen here; two young girls, arm in arm; and the woman with the baby next to her.

"He's not seen the child yet," she said to Lisa. "You're new here, aren't you? You'd better watch it that the guards don't shoo you away. It's strictly forbidden, you know, but we all do it."

Lisa smiled to herself. She, too, had come in the hope that Holm would look out of the window, in the hope that to see her would give him confidence.

"Yes, I'm new here," she said, and thought, *Oh, darling Holm. What silly things have you done to get yourself into this spot?*

"So is that man," said the woman, pointing to the man with the immaculately white knee-length stockings. "Well, I've been here an hour. I'm going now."

Lisa looked at the snowman. A sparrow had settled on his nose and was picking at the carrot.

She was hoping that Holm would look out of his window; hoping he would see

"Just browsing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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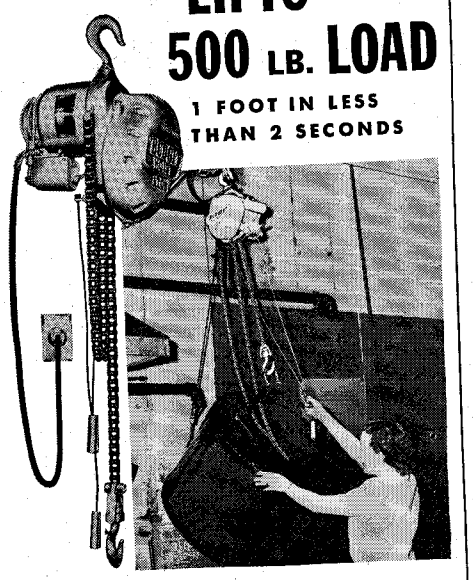

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her standing there and know that she believed in him.

She hated to have secrets, but what could she do? She knew her father's point of view and she knew he believed in facts. He had told her so. How worried he was, poor papa, because she went out without telling him where. She must try not to worry him. But she must help Holm. He had nobody except her.

Then she thought of Ward, but she thought of him as the newspaperman, Martin, and Martin hadn't made her feel he could do very much. He'd been so vague, so different from what she had expected. As if justice didn't mean much to him. Well, maybe it was too delicate a matter—and then she saw him.

He didn't look at all the way she remembered him, but very businesslike, in a blue suit and blue topcoat, with a hat on and a brief case under his arm and a silk scarf knotted carefully around his neck. She recognized him only by the way he moved from the arched gate of the prison entrance, rushing toward the curb. But the taxi he hailed went by. Now he was crossing in her direction. Seeing her, he stopped short, then walked on.

For a second Lisa was too surprised to move. Had she made a mistake or had he actually not seen her? Then she started to run and caught up with him near the building that housed the United States Military Headquarters.

"Why don't you want to talk to me, Martin? So you did go to see Holm? You have seen him, haven't you?"

"What are you doing here?" Ward said. "Why are you following me?" Momentarily, he was irritated. They should not be seen together; at least not in the neighborhood of the prison.

"I wasn't following you. I came only because ——" She explained hastily; then repeated her question, "Have you seen him? How is he? What do you think?"

Ward was tempted to answer shortly, tempted even to end the matter then and there; to say, "Look, Lisa, I'm sorry, but I don't know what to think." Then he saw her eyes and, against his better judgment, could not say it. He took her arm. "We can't talk here very well, can we? Let's go someplace."

"Pardon me a thousand times, *mein Herr!*" said the man with the white knee-length stockings, and bent to pick up the brief case, which had slipped from under Ward's elbow when he had bumped into him. He pulled a blue handkerchief from the pocket of his short, fur-lined jacket, carefully wiped the soft, shiny leather and handed it back then; watching them get into a taxi, he walked over to a public telephone booth and dialed Dr. Franz Linden's private number.

"You don't have to worry, Herr Doktor," he said. "She took a long walk all by herself. A real long walk. Then she took a tram. At first I thought she was just going for a ride, but then I was happily disappointed. She was on her way to meet a young man—I suppose the young man you mentioned. Looks as if they've made up. Where? At the Stadelheim prison, of all places. What did you ask? Why, of course, I know what he looks like," and, inserting another coin, Augustus Mueller slowly, thoughtfully, went on to describe Kenneth Ward.

By temperament and education Kozlov was not a man who took being crossed philosophically. He had to remind himself sharply that Doctor Franz Linden's patience, kindness and graciousness had been characteristics that had been generally known and admired.

It had taken him exactly an hour to find out that Augustus Mueller's description of the young man Lisa had met fitted that of Captain Ward, American, working with the Gehlen outfit. The same Ward whom Nemec had said he would enjoy meeting, the same Ward who had made Nemec's escape possible. Until the moment he had answered the telephone, he had felt himself absolute master of the situation. He had already congratulated himself on bringing the Nemec case to such a quick and efficient close. Everybody seemed satisfied with the way he had conducted himself and the evidence he had been able to produce. He had even succeeded in making Colonel Harrison and everybody else believe that Nemec was out of their reach behind the Iron Curtain. Now he had to be on the alert again.

He banged his powerful fist so hard against the desk that some drops of ink from the open well rose above the brim and spotted the shiny wood. Righteously, as the real Linden might have felt, he was deeply offended by the action of the Ministry of Justice. How had anyone dared go over his head? Nobody could have counted on such a disregard of protocol. Who dared doubt his ability or judgment in the Holm case? Ward, he thought. That Ward had been granted permission to see Holm in the guise of a lawyer proved that Intelligence was not entirely satisfied; that they might have some doubt about Holm's part in Nemec's abduction.

Forcing himself to be calm, Kozlov went over every step he had taken. Gradually a grim smile appeared in his eyes. He had made no mistake. Not even acted too quickly. There was nothing Holm could have said in his defense but that he was innocent. Even if he had mentioned the recordings of his conversations with Picco—a fact Kozlov had deleted from his interview with Holm. Kozlov shrugged. It could not harm him. And otherwise? Nothing.

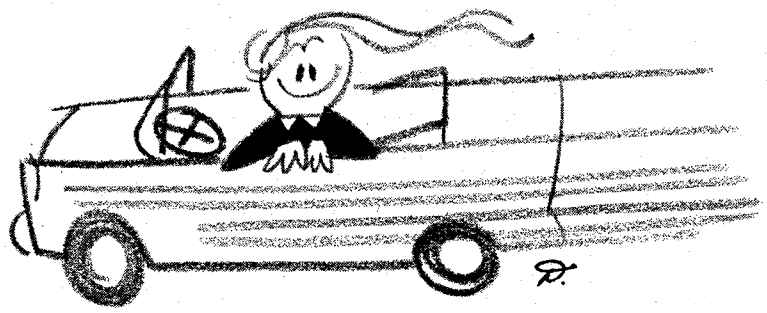
"Nothing," Kozlov said aloud. "Nothing." Yet he had to fear that Ward might have formed a favorable opinion of Holm and might start an investigation secretly. Investigations, he knew, could lead to anything.

A sudden nervousness made his spine tingle. He pushed back his chair and walked over to the window and stood there, looking out across the garden at the river, motionless, as he had stood on the first day, when he had moved into this house.

In his country, any man in Holm's position, faced with such overpowering evidence that spoke against him, would have committed suicide. Kozlov had done his best to suggest that he had no chance, but Holm, apparently, had not understood that the only way to repent was being pointed out to him. He had not been at all moved by the disgrace threatening him, but, like a fool, had repeated, "I've kept the oath I swore. I'm not a traitor. I am not a spy. That I even made a slip of the tongue is impossible. I am innocent."

Innocent. How naïve people were in this country. Then his mind fastened once more on the fact that, powerful as his position was, his power did not extend into prison walls. It was Holm's decision if he wanted to live or not, not his. He could not even wear him down. Besides, Ward had seen him.

Ward! Ward! How had it been possible for Lisa to contact Ward? Even just thinking of Lisa made Kozlov's throat go dry with fury. That golden-eyed little beast! Yes, papa; I see, papa; I love you so much, papa. And behind that angel face, an iron will, an independent mind, a faith he could not shake. Burrowing into his arms like a little animal seeking shelter from the pains of life and, at the same time, rebelling against those pains and doing something about it. All on her own. He hadn't thought she would, though she had warned him. How did she know Ward? When had she met him? Where?



## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Everyone doubted that Nellie ever would learn to drive, but after ten easy lessons the instructors at the driving school slapped her on the back and told her to go ahead. No sooner did Nellie step on the gas for her driving-license examination, however, than she rammed a tree. Battered, she sued her instructors.

"It was murder to let me think I could drive when I couldn't," she contended. "You should have told me."

"It was our job to build up your confidence, not destroy it," the instructors retorted. "You knew better than we did whether you really were capable. Nobody made you believe us."

If you were the judge, would you make the instructors pay Nellie?

. . . . . .

Nellie lost. The court ruled that as an adult person of average intelligence, she should have known whether or not she could drive. Hence the instructors were not responsible for her accident.

*Based upon a 1953 Ohio decision.*

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If he had been a friend of hers and Holm's, Kozlov would have known about it. Lisa had spread her life so openly before him, mentioning every person she knew well, once she had recovered from the shock of her mother's death. But she had not mentioned Ward. Ward, then, Kozlov concluded, could only be a recent acquaintance.

But did she know he was in Intelligence? Kozlov shook his head. She loved him—of that much he was sure. Even wanting to help Holm, she would never have gone so far as to risk hurting her father's reputation or done anything knowingly to harm his position. She was too smart not to know that she might cause difficulties if she voiced doubt in her father's judgment officially. Therefore she would have shied away from Ward had she been aware of the fact that he was with Intelligence.

Then had Ward contacted her? Kozlov's eyes narrowed. Not impossible. But if he had, he would most certainly not have approached Lisa in his professional capacity, but under a cover name. What cover was Ward using to hide his activities as an Intelligence officer?

Kozlov walked back to his desk and sat down again. It was no longer important how the two had met. It was imperative to find out who Ward pretended to be when circumstances made it necessary to conceal his true identity. Kozlov smiled grimly. Ward had seen Holm as Doctor Stift, lawyer. There was no Doctor Stift, lawyer, in Munich's phone book. Slowly he moved the telephone closer. Dialing, he decided to ignore what had happened, as far as the Ministry of Justice was concerned and the permission granted by Harrison's office. Ward had to be stopped from opening the Nemec case again. And Kozlov knew the man who could do it.

Ward closed the window separating the passengers from the taxi driver and, looking into the golden-brown eyes so anxiously searching his, he said, "Maybe I'm no judge of people, maybe we're both mistaken, but, like you, I cannot believe that Holm is guilty."

For a moment Lisa did not answer, she just kept looking at him, and Ward, watching her face, saw the tension slowly drain from it. Her mouth, compressed into a narrow line, opened to its normal, lovely shape, the jawbone relaxed and the pupils of her eyes grew quiet. Then her hand, ungloved, came to lie in his in silent gratitude. And it was when he felt the strong, even pressure of her fingers that he knew, with something akin to shock, that he was in love with her.

She withdrew her hand and said, "You know, I wasn't sure until you spoke that I had begun to feel just a little uneasy. Oh, not that I could ever have believed Holm had betrayed his country. Maybe it was just my father's influence that made me think suddenly that Holm might have made a slip of the tongue that could explain the horrible error. Oh, I'm so ashamed."

She was blushing. Ward said, "All of us have our moments of doubt, even if we are fundamentally convinced we are right. It's not the other person we doubt; it's our own judgment. It's only human, Lisa." Then, realizing the irony of the situation—his defending the man who stood between them—he smiled to himself.

How complicated life could be, how intricate! If he had not been involved with Nemec he would never have met Lisa that night in Eisenstein. Holm would have meant nothing to him. He would, in all probability, have been satisfied with Linden's investigation, just like everybody else, and never gone to see Holm. Now another angle was added to the search for Nemec's true abductors: Holm had to be cleared. He would have to clear Holm before his pride allowed him to court the girl he loved.

"And what are we going to do now?"

How quickly she came to the point. Ward sighed. "That's very difficult to say. All efforts, of course, should be made to find those who committed the crime with which Holm is charged."

He had to be careful how he phrased it. She must be kept in the belief that he was merely a reporter on the Munich News. Harrison, he thought. He could almost see Harrison's face as he told him he was convinced that Holm was being used as a scapegoat.

Lisa, looking out the window, thought of her father. What would it do to him if his judgment was officially doubted; if, in due time, it turned out that the new chief of Security had acted too rashly, and, too easily content, had possibly let the true criminals escape? He was so vulnerable.

"Don't you think I should speak to papa?" she asked. "We are two, now, who doubt Holm's guilt. Maybe he'll trust your opinion, Martin, more than mine. And if we can convince him, he's got all the means at his disposal ——"

"No." Ward shook his head. "Not yet. I don't think he would be too favorably disposed toward a newspaperman sticking his nose into affairs that are none of his business. Wait. Wait a day or two." He smiled at her. "As you said, a reporter has certain channels through which he can work."

She breathed a sigh of relief. Yes, she thought, she would wait. Maybe Martin would discover some definite trace, some fact that had escaped papa. Then Martin must work it so that papa's reputation wasn't harmed. Papa would be able to say he was never convinced of Holm's misconduct and merely had him arrested to fool the others into believing themselves safe, while he went on quietly with investigations.

"How is Holm? How is he taking it?"

"Not quite so downhearted as when I found him."

Again her hand grasped his, quickly, warmly. Then the taxi stopped and, to her surprise, Lisa saw that they were in front of the house in which Holm lived.

Ward answered the question in her eyes before she asked it. "I'd like to see the way he lives."

Immediately he saw her mouth become a little tight again. "You don't believe fully in him?"

"It isn't that." Ward looked up at the old, gabled house. "But you never know what might be important. If it should come to a trial and I have to write full length about him, I'll need all sorts of details to present a true picture of him."

He turned to the entrance, but Lisa drew him back. "I've got a key," she said. "Let's go in the back way."

She opened a small gate in a wooden fence. A little square courtyard with laundry hanging over several lines, an iron fire escape extending almost to the ground, but Ward, though seeing it all, was aware only of the key in her hand, with which she unlocked the balcony door to which the first ladder led. Then, sharply, taken aback, he realized that he was standing in Holm's apartment and that it didn't look like anything he had expected.

The two rooms—an enormous studio flooded with light, and a fantastic view onto the park, where, in May, the great fair took place, and a bedroom—were furnished with expensive taste. On a small salary? thought Ward. The salary of a civil servant?

TO BE CONTINUED

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# The Black Pool (Continued from Page 23)

After a hundred yards of slipping on the pine needles and turning his ankles on buried rocks, he found himself panting. Ahead of him, the eight little boys, led by his stepson, in their blue uniforms, yellow scarves and blue caps who were his charges for the day marched up the hill almost in step—as though it weren't a hill at all. Presently they began to sing the Davy Crockett song in a variety of keys.

"I feel like I'm scaling the Empire State Building—and they sing!" John Larkin gasped. "Why was I born? How on earth did I let myself in for this?"

He knew how he'd let himself in for it. This Cub Scout hike to Cannon Falls had been planned for months, and Danny Keever—whose mother was the Den mother—had told him that on the telephone the night before. He had told him, too, that the regular Den father had to go away on business, and then had said, "And, gosh, Mr. Larkin, mummy's telephoned kids' fathers till her voice is hoarse, so she asked me to call you. You're our last chance, Mr. Larkin."

"Why didn't Robert ask me?" he said sharply.

"Because in scouting, Mr. Larkin, it's the Den mothers' duty to arrange Den fathers."

"Very clear thinking," John had said. "Matter of fact, all mothers arrange all fathers. But look, Danny, I'm no good at all at that sort of thing. I'm a pretty good advertising man, but as a woodsman, I'm simply nonexistent."

"Then it's no use? You mean you won't do it?" The small voice on the phone had sounded as if the small boy who owned it were fighting back tears. "You mean—you mean we can't go?"

The voice had raised an echo of memory of his own childhood disappointments some thirty years ago. He suddenly understood how much this Cannon Falls trip meant to a whole gang of eight-year-old boys, balanced that against the thought of all the delightful things he had planned to do the next day, then remembered Marion's voice as she had said, "Please keep trying . . . for our sake." Doing this would be trying.

"What the heck!" he said. "Sure I'll do it, Danny."

"Gee, Mr. Larkin, you're swell!"

John Larkin, as he cradled the telephone, was surprised to find he felt almost as pleased as if he'd just made an extra five thousand dollars on a new account.

He wiped sweat from his forehead. "But, boy! I'm earning it!" he said. He looked up the trail; the boys were still singing.

"Hi! Scouts! I'm going to pull up for a cigarette! Company halt!"

The small company obediently halted. All except Robert, who was at the head of the line. He kept going, turning to call over his shoulder, "Aw, come on, you guys! We can wait for him at the top!"

"Robert!" John Larkin's voice snapped the name angrily. Then he remembered Marion's plea again, and continued in falsely hearty tones, "Look, son, these woods are real and big. Much too big if a guy gets lost in them alone, and the falls are doggone dangerous. Anybody who falls in the deep pool at the bottom of them is a goner. We'll all stick together. That's an order." Seven of the little boys dropped down onto the pine needles. "And at the moment, Robert," he went on, "your pop is bushed."

Seven of the little boys chortled with glee. This was humor at their own level.

"Your pop is bushed!" they cried. "That's hot, Mr. Larkin! Your pop is bushed!"

Robert flushed. His face grew defiant. He turned to Danny Keever, who was nearest him.

"He's not my pop," he said, quite loudly enough for John and the others to hear. "My pop's dead. He's not my pop at all."

John Larkin winced.

"Aw, clam up, Bobby!" said Danny, and then, with rare tact, "Besides, he's pop for all of us today. He's the Den pop and if it weren't for him, we wouldn't even of got here."

John Larkin lighted a cigarette, the smoke from it coiled upward, a blue and unbroken stream in the still air, and he thought with a heavy heart, *If Robert were Danny. Danny likes me. If* —— He inhaled deeply, blew the smoke out in a gray cloud. He looked at Robert. The boy was staring at him with that same twisted expression he had worn the evening before as he turned in the doorway of the house. John Larkin looked away.

After a moment, he started to flick off his cigarette, caught a contemptuous look in Robert's eyes, and clearing away the pine needles, ground the cigarette out in the damp earth instead.

"I'll bet he was just praying for me to make a Boy Scout boo-boo," he muttered. "So he could make a fool of me." He got to his feet. "O.K., men!" he said. "Pikes Peak or bust."

The boy nearest him said, "Will you say it again, Mr. Larkin? When we get to the top? About pop's bushed, I mean? It sounds so darn funny the way you say it. Will you?"

"No, Jackie," said John Larkin. He answered the boy's grin with a twisted one of his own. "As a matter of fact, I doubt if I ever say that again. Let's go."

At the top of the mountainous hill the deep woods suddenly opened, as though forced apart by the strength of the Cannon River, sweeping deep and strong and black toward the lip of the falls that lay half a mile to the south.

"This is a pretty place, at that," John Larkin said, "in a primitive, untidy sort of way."

*But*, he thought, *nothing like as pretty as a nice smooth golf course.*

"Are there fish in there, Mr. Larkin?" It was Danny again.

"Oh, sure."

"What kind?"

John Larkin looked at the dark, almost viscous water.

"Black fish," he said.

Robert laughed. "Black fish here?" he said. "In fresh water?"

John Larkin reddened. He had made a Boy Scout boo-boo.

"Certainly," he said. "That water makes them black—it's the—the tannin from the pine needles that does it."

Robert bent down, scooped up a double handful of the water, held it out to his stepfather. In his hands it was crystal clear. He flung it into the air. In the bright sunshine the scattered drops became tiny flashing diamonds. And his face, bright in the sunshine, wore a secret sly look.

John Larkin controlled himself with a visible effort. *This is absurd*, he thought, catching the boy's odd expression. *Me. A vice-president of one of the biggest firms on Madison Avenue. Carrying on a running feud with an eight-year-old kid. What does he want? What is he trying to accomplish? He's up to something.*

He stepped close to the boy, rested a hand on his shoulder.

"Look, Robert." John kept his voice discreetly low. "Let's call a truce, just for today. Shall we?"

The other boys, standing along the riverbank, trying not to watch or at least not to look as if they were watching, shifted uncomfortably, nervously, from foot to foot, as though the mounting tension between the man and the boy were something physical and vaguely frightening that they could feel, like the heaviness in the air before a thunderstorm. Robert stepped away from John Larkin, ignoring the peace offer, his face closed away from expression again.

"Why did you say anybody who fell into that pool at the bottom of the falls would be a goner?" he asked.

John Larkin gave up. "Because it's ice cold and deep and it's a whirlpool."

"Suppose a guy could swim. Would he still be a goner?"

"How the devil would I know?"

"Has anybody ever drowned in there?"

"Yes," said John Larkin. "Two people drowned there last summer. I read about it in the papers."

"Gee!" said Jackie in an awed voice. "How'd it happen, Mr. Larkin?"

"Some kid fell in, Jackie, and his father went in after him to try and save him. I guess maybe the kid's father couldn't swim, but I don't remember."

"Can you swim, Mr. Larkin?" asked Danny.

"After a fashion," he said. He laughed and slapped Danny's shoulder. "Look, fella, let's talk about something pleasant for a change, shall we? Something like lunch?"

Instantly seven of the small faces brightened into seven big grins.

"Can we build a fire, Mr. Larkin?"

"Well, you're scouts, aren't you?"

"Come on, gang! Foraging party forming for firewood! Let's go!"

The Den scattered. John Larkin sat down on a reasonably flat rock. An uncomfortable, prickly sensation made him look up. A few yards away, Robert was standing perfectly still, staring at him again, and he was smiling the kind of smile kids smile at a dirty joke. John Larkin shook his head as though to dispel the prickly feeling.

"Bobby," he said, his voice mild and deliberately soft, "you'd better get busy about the firewood. The rest of the gang won't like you if you goldbrick."

"All right," said Robert.

As John led his little line of blue-and-yellow gnomes on the half-mile hike along the riverbank to the falls, he chuckled.

"Well," he murmured, "I've passed the three-quarter post and I'm in the home-stretch and running easily. Brother, that steak I cooked 'em was an inspiration. It made my reputation! Even Robert was impressed!"

He silently blessed Marion for thinking that one up. Next to golf, grilling steaks was his major outdoor sport. He chuckled again. He was thinking that knowing how to barbecue good steaks was as essential a part of a Madison Avenue advertising executive's equipment as having an attractive secretary. In fact, his gnomes still wore some of the steak on their faces, and Danny, stuffed solid, had said, "Gee, I wish you were our regular Den father, Mr. Larkin." And the other boys had taken it up and said, "Yeah, Mr. Larkin, how about that for next year?"

John Larkin smiled.

"Finally I have scored a major victory over my stepson," he said smugly—and instantly was unhappy for even thinking it.

He led the way around a bend in the dark river, and now, like distant thunder, the sound of the falls filled the woods. It was an exciting sound. He found himself hurrying toward it. At each step it grew louder. Around the next bend the trees gave way to high walls of gray lichened rocks with a man-made trail hewn along their base.

He turned and shouted, "Stay close together now, kids! This is it!"

The boys nodded and bunched up. As they stepped onto the narrow ledgelike trail, each boy walked within touching distance of the one ahead of him. In a few moments more the ledge widened into a platform with a low iron railing around it. John stepped up to the railing and looked down at the river, falling foaming through space beneath him into the deep pool a hundred feet below, where the water boiled and churned, and curtains of spray, atomized to gray mist, rose into the air. He stared at the water rushing white over the edge (*Continued on Page 90*)

"Now don't adopt that chairman-of-the-board tone with me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# Three ways it pays to have Armco Stainless Steel on your new car

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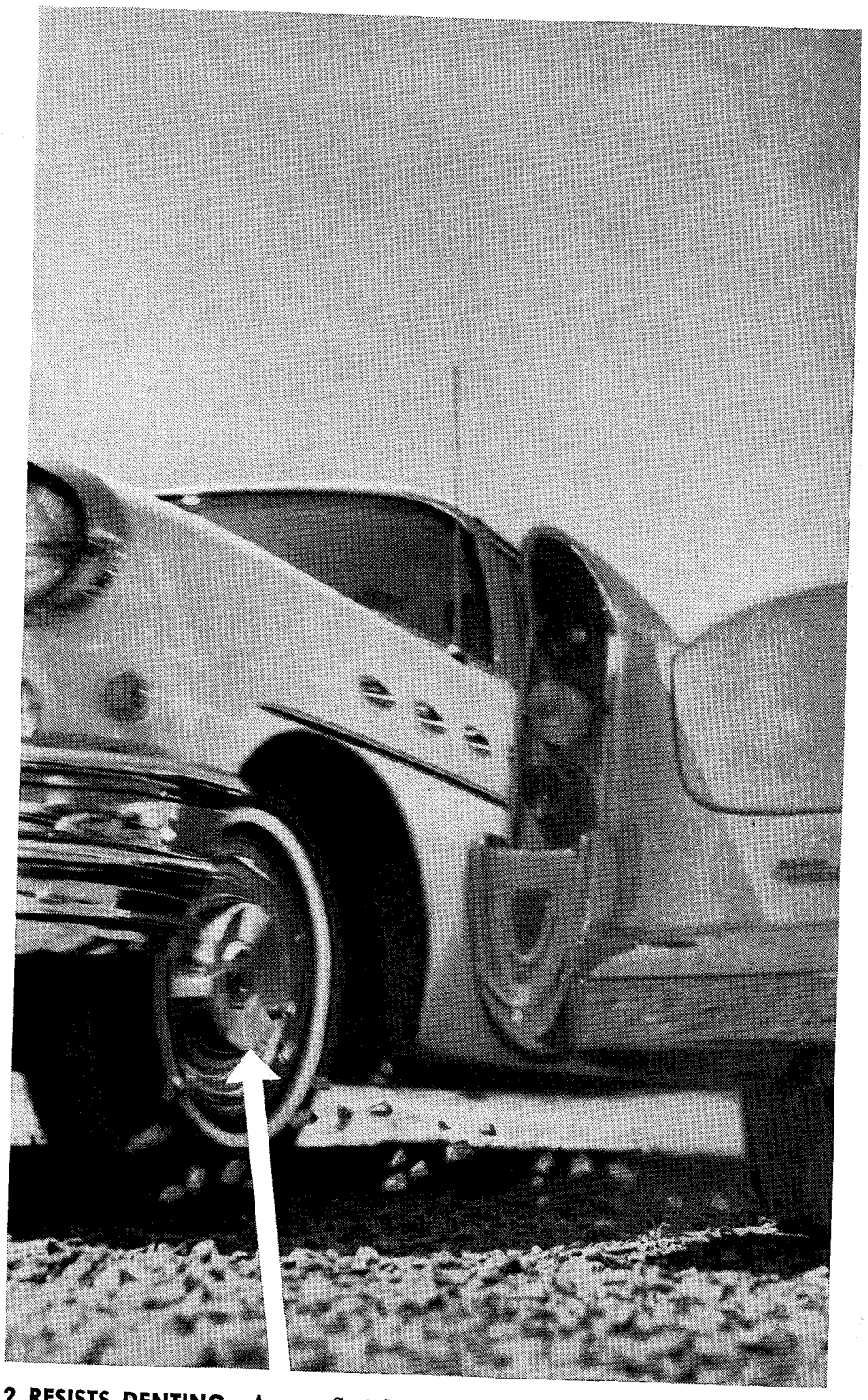

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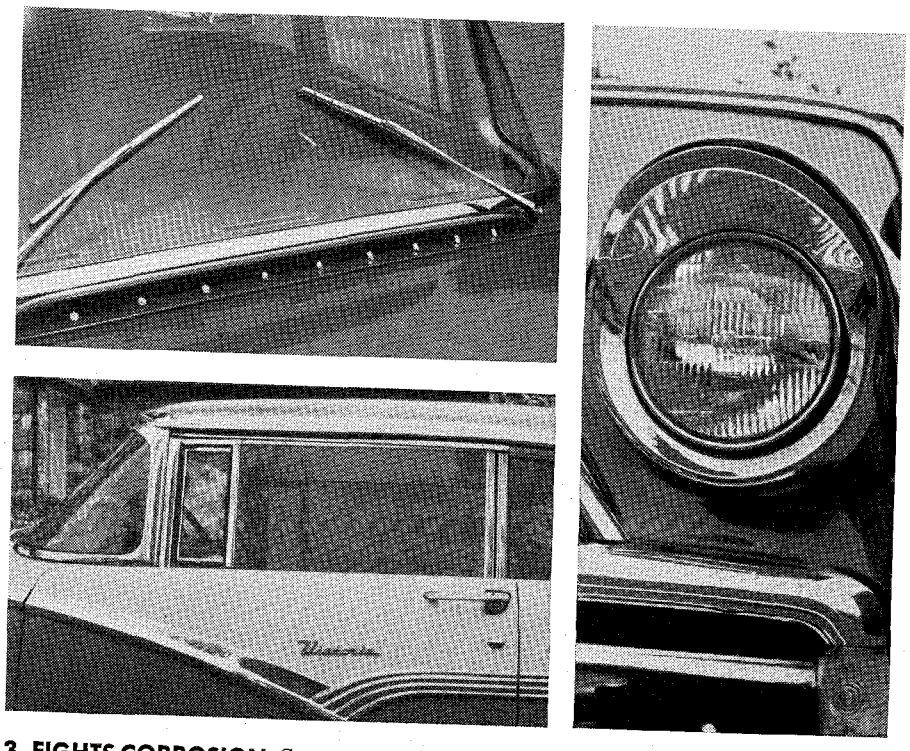

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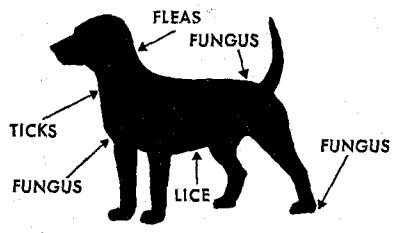


1. Fleas, lice, ticks attack any part of dog. SCRATCHEX kills these insects.

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(*Continued from Page 88*) of the falls, felt himself being hypnotized and stepped back from the railing.

"Nature bothers me," he said. "It's always so darn violent."

He looked around and found the trail that led down to the bottom of the gorge. He turned, counted steak-smeared noses, motioned to the gnomes to follow him and started the descent.

In less than a minute he'd forgotten his smugness of a little while before. The trail wound in and out around boulders, at one moment skirting the edge of the falls, at another veering inland. There were rough natural steps here and there, and sometimes trees made handholds where there was nothing but slippery pine needles underfoot.

"This place is lousy with pine needles," he muttered. "Somebody ought to get in here with a vacuum cleaner." He thought about the golf course he had expected to be on at this moment, and said, "Nature left to herself is simply not neat!"

After a period of acute physical agony, he passed around a final boulder and found he was standing on level ground beside the pool at the foot of the falls. The thunderous roar here was deafening. He looked up at the tons of falling water and, as a sort of gesture of apology to nature, nodded. He turned and began the formality of a final nose count.

"One, two, three ——"

He stopped. There was no need to count. Robert was not there. His lips clamped in a tight, angry line.

*This is* too *much*, he thought. *Stalling around somewhere up there on that trail just for the fun of making me climb back up to look for him. This time I've had it. For once I'm going to tell him off.*

"You boys!" He shouted to be heard above the thunder of watery sound. "Where's Robert?"

Each boy looked around, shook his head.

"Well, we'll just stay here and let him come to us."

He angrily lighted a cigarette, flipped the match into the pool, watched it twist in the whirlpool currents and, after a few seconds, disappear. He felt a sudden tug on his arm. It was Danny Keever and he was pointing at the water. John Larkin looked in the direction Danny was pointing and felt as if a vise had clutched around his heart. Just drifting out of the fury of foam at the very foot of the falls was a small blue Cub Scout cap.

"Oh, God, no!"

It was a cry of pure agony wrung out of him. Without pausing to think or to reason, John Larkin kicked off his moccasins and dived into the cold blackness of the pool. But in his desperation he did not feel the cold of the swirling currents that tore at his body. He was aware only of the great, frustrating blackness. He came up for air, dived again. His hand touched something bulky. He struggled to lift it and it was a log. He dived again and again and again, each dive making him more desperate, each dive weakening him, until finally, in despair and defeat, he used his last strength to reach the bank, where Danny and Jackie, using all their young strength, dragged him out to lie gasping and vomiting on the pine needles until finally his lungs were replenished and his stomach quieted.

He sat up. The boys stood around him, the white and wide-eyed awe of death making their faces into masks. He couldn't bear seeing that look on their faces, nor bear knowing that because of this day, because of him, a trace of it would always mark them. He turned away toward the tall pine forest and a flash of yellow caught his eye. He stared. There, partly hidden by a tree, was Robert—and he was grinning. John Larkin reached him in the space of seconds, and the grin became a grimace of fear. John Larkin's anger was terrible to behold.

"I didn't mean any harm! Honest I didn't!"

"You meant to kill me!"

"No, I didn't, sir! Honest!" He held up his hand, the first two fingers spread in the Cub Scout gesture of oath. "I swear it! Cub Scout honor!"

John's eyes, black with fury, bored into the frightened blue ones.

"Why should I believe you?"

"Because you know I know at college you were a champ swimmer! All those cups around the house!"

"Then why did you throw that cap into the falls?"

The fear was gone from Robert's face. It held that curious, defiant expression again.

"I just wanted to see what would happen."

"That," said John Larkin, "is what you are going to find out right now."

With the solemnity of an anger so great it had become completely impersonal, he spun his stepson around, whipped down the blue shorts and turned him over his knee. Then he spanked him as most children have not been spanked since the invention of the progressive school. It was the classic, woodshed type of spanking.

The Cub Scout hike to Cannon Falls ended in complete and sticky silence. Even during the long drive back to Meadowmere in John Larkin's shiny new station wagon, even as each boy was dropped off at his home, not an unnecessary word was spoken, and those were spoken in whispers.

As John Larkin drove slowly through the new darkness toward his country place, with his stepson beside him, the silence became more than mere silence. It was filled now with emotions so deep they could be felt. He turned into the dirt road leading to his house, dreading the moment that was coming—the moment of telling Marion. He heard a small choking sound beside him. Instinctively he reached out a comforting hand to touch the boy's knee. He felt small hot fingers clutching his. He blinked. The choking sound came again. The fingers clutched his tighter and a very small tentative voice broke the silence.

"I'm—I'm awful sorry." There was a long pause; then Bobby gasped out jumbled words, "I—I thought you didn't care about me at all. You never made me do anything, or scolded me, or licked me, like other kids' fathers do, or seemed to care what I said. I wanted—I wanted to see if you cared enough even to try and save me." Then emotion overwhelmed him again, and John Larkin put his arm around the small, bony shoulders, and now the boy's arms flashed around his neck, clinging, and his dirt-smeared face burrowed into John Larkin's shoulder and the tears wet his shirt. John Larkin stopped the car and sat perfectly still, holding the boy close to him.

After a long time, when the sobbing had abated to sniffles, he said, "Here, use my handkerchief."

"Thanks." There was a long pause; then a single word spoken very softly, "Pop."

"Would you mind saying that again?" In the darkness, John Larkin's voice was yearningly tender.

"Saying what, pop?"

"Thanks," said John Larkin. "Thanks—son."

THE END

## The Perfect Squelch

Mr. Breem always fussed about the weather, but when he visited his favorite resort his complaints became louder and longer, because he felt he was paying for a superior climate. Each day he would stop at the drugstore and groan to the patient druggist about how the place was letting him down. It was always either too hot or too cold, too cloudy or too windy or too wet.

Then came a freak cold spell and Breem grew violent. "This is terrible," he said to the druggist. "I'm freezing. I'm miserable. I never saw such horrible weather. And they call this a resort!"

"Well," the druggist said, when Breem finally paused, "at least you have one advantage on me."

"Advantage," Breem snorted. "What's that?"

"You," the druggist pointed out gently, "can go home if you don't like it."

E. Reinhold Rogers, Jr.

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# The Things They Ask Me to Do!

(Continued from Page 32)

green and yellow! Yes, ma'am, we'll take care of it.

The Lady in Distress. Mrs. B. is coming home from a matinee and has misplaced the key to her front door. Would one of your boys mind grabbing a monkey wrench or something and running down to jimmy the lock on the cellar door so she can get dinner started before Mr. B. comes home? Of course, Mrs. B., somebody will be right there.

The Emergency Meeter. Mr. S. has to dash away unexpectedly on an important trip. But Mrs. S. is expecting a baby almost any day now. How about alerting your service-station crew to be ready for an emergency telephone call to rush her to the hospital? You bet, Mr. S., we'll be standing by.

The Missing-Persons Bureau. Mrs. G., who lives on the outskirts of town, telephones to ask whether we've seen her husband go past the station. We haven't. Oh, dear! Well, would you mind taking a quick look down Main Street—after all, you're on Main Street—to see whether you can sight his car? Mrs. G. clear forgot to tell him to stop at the dry cleaner. And, by the way, tell him to bring a loaf of bread.

The Appointment Keeper. Mr. X. telephones at seven A.M. after a windstorm. He has a vitally important business meeting in the city. But his driveway is blocked by a fallen tree. Well, you fellows have a jeep with a chain at your station. Would somebody dash around and clear the driveway so Mr. X can catch the eight o'clock train? Sure, Mr. X. We're in a highly competitive business; we want to give our customers every possible service.

All of these are actual cases culled from run-of-the-mine experiences at service stations, which in recent years have taken on all kinds of trouble shooting for their regular customers and neighbors. Or perhaps I should say that the really successful stations have done so in order to build up business. The boy with a flat tire on his bicycle naturally brings it to us and we fix it for free because one day he's going to be a customer, we hope. The woman with a blade off her electric mixer drops by to see whether we can put it on again. The man who is trying to fix a leaky water pipe at home wants to borrow a special wrench. "Service," I like to say, "is our most important product."

Several years ago a car with a Pennsylvania license plate pulled up to my station about dusk and the man at the wheel said he'd like to talk to me. The previous night he and his wife had stopped at a motel—he didn't know its name—not far from Ocala, Florida. His wife had most of their money in a purse that she put under her pillow when she went to sleep. The next morning she forgot to pick it up. They drove northward all day without missing the purse until the man had spent all of the cash he had in his pocket on food and gasoline. In Manning they discovered they were without funds.

"I wondered if you would take a check for gasoline?" he asked.

I said that a tank of gasoline wouldn't get him back to Pennsylvania and that maybe I could do better than that. I picked up the telephone and called the Florida state police and told them what had happened. All we knew was that the motel was on the left side of the highway somewhere around Ocala and Silver Springs. About an hour later the police called back. They had the pocketbook and were telegraphing the money to Manning. I filled up my customer's gasoline tank, directed him to a motel and told him all would be well the next day. I still get a Christmas card from him every year. In fact, I get about three dozen Christmas cards each year from strangers I've helped out in one way or another.

About 95 per cent of our customers are friendly people and appreciative of good service. But the other 5 per cent merely take advantage of you and devote a lot of effort to making life difficult.

A woman driver skidded up to the gasoline pumps the other day and blew her horn before the wheels stopped turning. I was making change for another customer and I reckon it took me all of fifteen or twenty seconds to get around to her car. By that time she had leaped out, an indignant expression on her face, grabbed up a towel and started cleaning her own windshield.

"I'm in a hurry!" she snapped, when I rushed over. I got the idea without any further urging, and turned on a little extra speed. While the gasoline was running into the tank, I checked the oil. It needed changing. I mentioned that fact to her and she replied impatiently that she didn't have time for an oil change. I replaced the oil stick, quickly closed the hood and started around to look at the gasoline meter. But suddenly my customer was no longer in such a hurry.

"Young man!" she cried. "You didn't look at the battery! And please check the tires!"

Well, you have to expect a few customers of that kind.

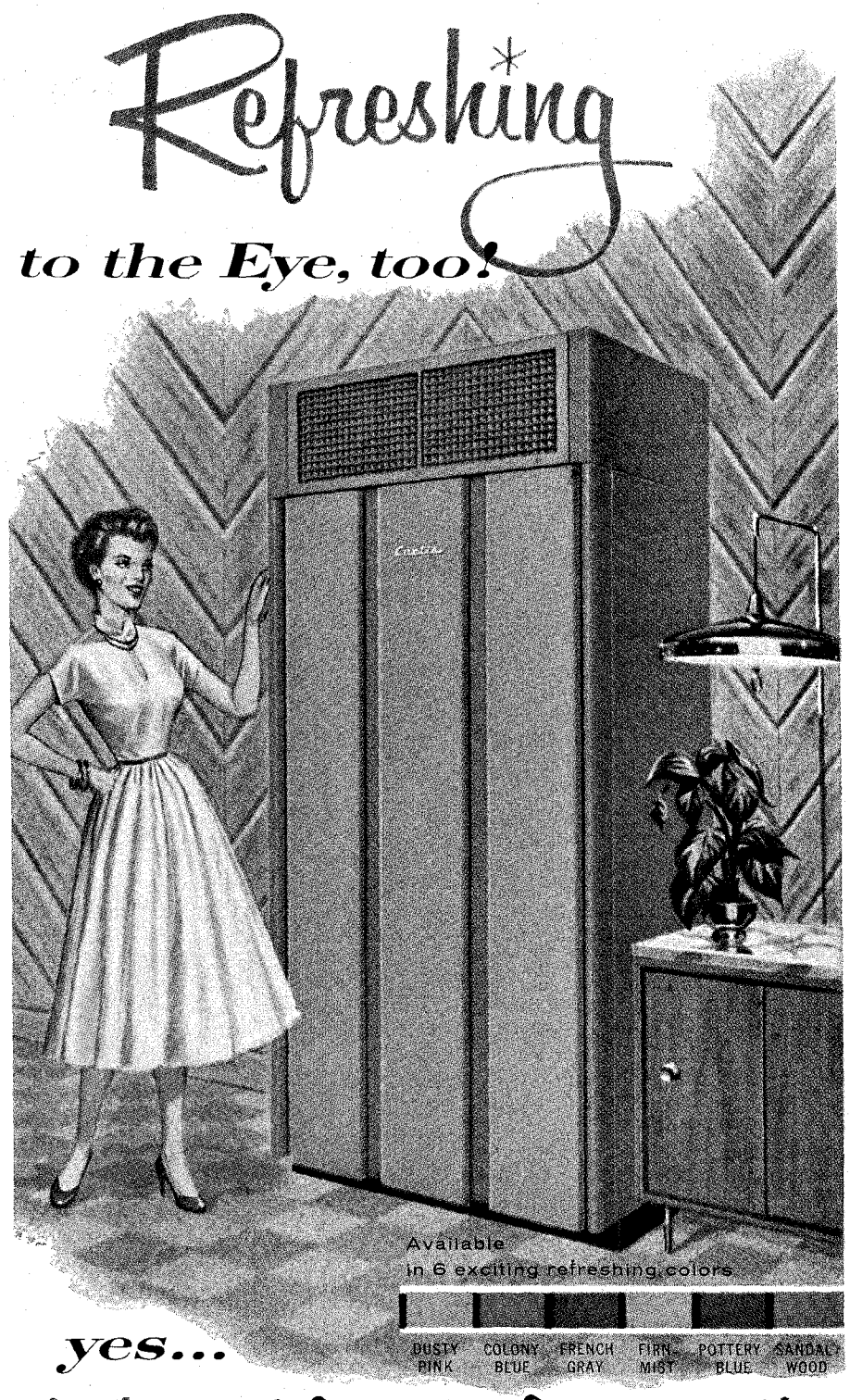
There's another kind of patron who has long been familiar to service-station men. Some of them call him the I.W.W. Customer—Information, Water and Wind—and others know him as the Breeze Customer. He breezes into your station and picks up several road maps—the kids in his car usually want a few extra—and he asks a lot of questions about

## Dissenting Opinion

By S. OMAR BARKER

The Prophet Isaiah was
heard to complain
That womanly trappings
were scanty and vain.
Concerning frills of the
female tribe,
Chaucer inscribed ye
pungente jybe.
Addison added his critical
peck
At undue exposure of
feminine neck.
Lowell bemoaned a similar
item—
Quote . . . unquote ad
infinitum,
Down through ages the
theme's the same:
"Too much in sight on the
giddy dame!"

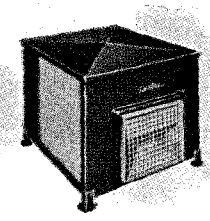
Leave my indictment out of
the book—
*I'm* one of those guys who
like to look!


yes... this beautiful Curtis Air Conditioning Unit deserves to be seen!

No question about it. The new CURTIS packaged air conditioner *is* refreshing. It is also silent, dependable, efficient and economical to install and operate. It *refreshes* by circulating huge volumes of clean, crisp, dry, cool air every minute of the day. CURTIS packaged air conditioners are now available in a wide range of tasteful, appealing, pastel colors, at no extra cost! The new CURTIS air conditioner in *color* deserves to be seen! For the very *finest* air conditioner in the world, at *very* modest prices, better see your Curtis dealer today. You'll be glad you did! Look in the yellow pages of the phone book for your Curtis dealer.

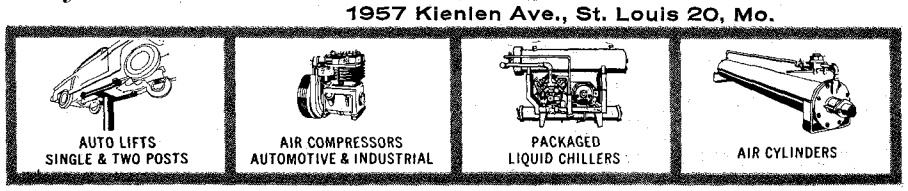
...and where water is a problem... here's the answer!



Curtis Packaged Air Cooled, Air Conditioning Units 2 thru 7½ tons. Residential and commercial applications.

Remember... You can count on Curtis our 102nd year

MANUFACTURING COMPANY • REFRIGERATION DIV.
1957 Kienlen Ave., St. Louis 20, Mo.





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road conditions. He needs water for his radiator and air for his tires. Then he departs without making a purchase since he had just filled up his gas tank at a cut-rate place down the road. Or maybe he pulls in about noon and parks near the rest rooms while he and his family eat a picnic luncheon in their car. In that case, his contribution to business usually is a quarter for soft drinks from the automatic dispenser. The Breeze Customer ranks in popularity just above the man who drives his automobile in for an oil change and then reveals that he has brought along his own oil.

We get all kinds. For instance, the fellow with a big cigar, a Florida suntan and a lavender convertible. He hardly has time to jerk on the hand brake before he has the door open and is jumping out, shouting crisp instructions—like an overworked big-business executive—to the attendants. Then he is at the door of the office, asking anybody in sight where the telephone is located. He shouts at the telephone operator to get him New York, or maybe Hollywood, or possibly just Atlanta, Georgia—but in a hurry. Then he puffs his cigar and talks for ten minutes.

Meantime, his car has been serviced, but it's still standing beside the pumps, blocking traffic. Other automobiles on the highway aren't going to stop at a station where the lanes are jammed. Old patrons, seeing that there's a delay, decide to go elsewhere for their gasoline. But our big-business executive is long-winded, and by the time he has straightened out things in Hollywood, gone to the rest room and bought a package of cigarettes, traffic is chaotic at the gas pumps, business is off and several faithful customers are in a bad mood.

This fellow has a cousin who has been showing up in increasing numbers in the last few years—the driver we call a log hog. He waits until his car has been serviced and then fumbles around in the glove compartment until he finds his logbook. He puts down the date, checks his speedometer and reckons the mileage he has covered since his last stop, enters all of the statistics, notes that the tank took twelve gallons of gasoline and jots down the cost. Oh, yes, and how much oil? And the cost? Finally, with a good deal of fussing, he gets everything entered and added up. By that time there may be three cars tied up in the line behind him. And a fourth is pretty sure to come along before he has fumbled out his pocketbook and paid the bill. A deliberate log keeper can take up at least three times as many minutes as is normal at the pump.

All of these customers are pretty familiar to service-station men and if you stop to think about them for a moment you can probably see why they sometimes make it tough for an attendant to keep a happy smile on his mug and a cheery note in his voice, the way they say in the advertisements. But the customers who really edge us toward an early grave are the ones—comparatively few, to be sure—who seem determined to wreck the rest rooms.

There are times, even if you check the rest rooms a dozen times a day, when you will find the floor littered with paper towels and water splashed all over the place. Some transients seem to believe the rest room is a good place to take a bath. They think nothing of leaving half an inch of water on the floor. The women's rest room, incidentally, is almost always given the worst treatment. Lipstick apparently tempts certain girls to scribble on the wall, and about the only way that can be cleaned up is to repaint the room. It isn't unusual for light bulbs, soap dispensers or a whole roll of paper towels to disappear suddenly. In fact, I know of service stations where anything removable—including soap dishes and mirrors screwed to the wall—has been stolen while the owner was selling five gallons of gasoline.

Well, I guess any business has its headaches. Perhaps we should not complain too bitterly of abuses by a small minority of thoughtless customers who take advantage of the fact that you can get more free service at our stations than at probably any other spot in the world. In addition to the ordinary attention to your automobile, from cleaning the windshield to sweeping the floorboards, we have to know the answers to questions about the roads for a hundred miles around, about the best motels and restaurants and even about the best hunting and fishing spots, including whether the fish are biting this week. We have to keep cigarettes, cigars, candy, camera film, flashlights and batteries, dark glasses and a dozen other such items on hand. I've got a machine that provides chipped ice to fill picnic hampers and I've even got swings and slides for kids to play on while the family car is being lubricated.

In our town it is also a good idea to know something about such odd subjects as shrubs and flowers. A lot of tourists are impressed by the beauty and variety of camellias, azaleas and other flowers in Manning. They stop to take pictures and then they want to know what kind of flower they've taken pictures of. Naturally, they ask the man who fills their gas tank. I always give them a selling talk about our town, tell them that Walter Winchell described it as the prettiest spot between Maine and Florida. Sometimes the customers kid me about my enthusiasm.

"The way you talk," one man said recently, "a fellow would think you were the chamber of commerce or the mayor of this place!"

"Yes, sir," I replied. "I'm the mayor."

This fellow took a quick look at my crew cut, my jacket, my work shoes and the towel with which I was polishing the windshield—and had a good laugh. But I noticed that when he drove out of the station he stopped at the curb and asked a question of a passer-by, pointing his thumb back at me. He got his answer, shook his head and drove on. I guess he got the right answer, however, because I am the mayor of Manning and last March I was elected to a third term.

I was only thirty years old when I was first elected—I'm thirty-four now—but I've always been pretty active in town affairs and both my uncle and my grandfather were officeholders in this county for many years. Being mayor and running a service station at the same time hasn't been easy. I have to preside at court on Monday mornings and I have to spend part of every day at city hall worrying about important things like town finances and less important things like somebody's dog scratching up a neighbor's garden. But, all in all, I enjoy it and I think we've done pretty well.

When I took office the town was $40,000 in debt and the city hall and fire station were about to collapse into wreckage. Today we have a handsome new $50,000 city hall, we've spent $40,000 extending the sewage system, we've greatly improved our street-lighting system and we've got enough money put aside to retire what remains of our indebtedness just as rapidly as the bonds mature. My wife and I both grew up in this area and we expect to see the town growing and improving every year as our three children grow up.

It may surprise some people that the man who runs the service station is mayor because you don't ordinarily think of his honor as a fellow who gets grease on his hands at regular intervals every day. But I know a large number of service-station operators who are prominent political and civic leaders in their communities, including members of state legislatures, presidents of school boards, mayors, city councilmen, presidents of service clubs, bank directors and members of state boards. Among my own acquaintances in South Carolina are a lawyer and an educator who gave up the professions for which they had been trained to operate stations.

The point is that the business has grown tremendously in the last dozen years or so. It wasn't so long ago that the man who sold you gasoline was doing a small-time job, often because he couldn't find anything better. Today the nation's service stations represent big business, pumping out some 48,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline each year—and gasoline sales represent an important but secondary part of our business. The average station operator now owns or has charge of a $25,000 or $40,000 establishment even in a small town—comparable to the investment of most businessmen in the community—and he carries a stock inventory of close to $10,000. His income, if he operates efficiently, is likely to be in the neighborhood of $10,000 a year, and it might run more than $20,000 in particularly good locations.

I don't want to suggest that there are no failures in this business. There are plenty. But if a man is willing to learn and to work hard, he can get a lot of help from his oil company in building up trade. When I took over the lease on my present station in 1944, I was just out of the Army Air Force because of a physical disability. I had to borrow $325 from a friend in order to pay for $376 worth of stock and make a deposit on the telephone. The next day I got a wartime allotment of six tires and sold them for enough to pay my first gasoline bill. Although I sold only 5000 gallons of gasoline that first month, I've never run behind financially on the station. Today I sell between 25,000 and 30,000 gallons a month, and do an annual business of around $120,000. With a staff of four, I manage to keep the station open fourteen hours every weekday, but we are closed on Sundays.

Today it probably wouldn't be possible to start a station like mine without several thousand dollars' capital. However, the big oil companies spend a lot of time and money looking for capable independent businessmen to operate stations; when they find one, they can make it fairly easy for him to get started. I believe most of the major companies follow similar policies, but I can talk best about my own company, which is Standard Oil of New Jersey, better known to you as Esso. The company operates very few stations nowadays. Almost all stations owned by the company are leased to independent operators. In other instances, the operator owns his station outright.

The company works as closely as possible with the operator or dealer to build up sales. For example, Esso runs twenty different schools and has thirty others planned for the purpose of training dealers and attendants in everything from how to greet a customer to the proper way to service the latest type of automatic transmission. There are three such schools in South Carolina alone where you can get a week of classroom work and a week of actual experience at a specially built station. In addition, company salesmen hold regional meetings for a dozen or so dealers at regular intervals in

## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Months after Louis married Babette, he suddenly learned that she had been married before. Calmly Babette explained, "It was only to a sailor, who must be dead because his ship sank two years ago." Enraged, Louis sued to annul their marriage.

"I'm sure I was entitled to wed Louis," Babette testified, "because I looked all over for my other husband without finding a trace of him. I even advertised in the newspapers."

"Not hearing from a man for two years doesn't prove he is dead," Louis countered. "The law says you must wait seven years, not two. So you're just a bigamist and I want to be free of you."

If you were the judge, would you grant Louis an annulment?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Louis lost. The court pointed out that the second marriage is presumed to be valid unless proved otherwise. "It was not up to the wife to prove that her first husband was dead," it said, "but for the second husband to prove that the first one was alive."

*Based upon a 1951 New York decision.*

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order to keep them up to date on new ideas in advertising, new mechanical developments in automobiles and new methods of salesmanship.

The importance of such training soon becomes apparent to the dealer who wants to build up his business. There was a period, for instance, when sales of oil for automatic transmissions fell off sharply. The company began looking around for the reason and soon discovered that a good many service-station men were hesitant about servicing the new and complicated transmissions because they didn't know enough about them and were afraid of making mistakes.

Classes were promptly started to bring dealers up to date on all new features that were making their appearance in automobiles. Within a short time sales picked up again. One dealer I know had changed the oil in only one automatic transmission in six months. After taking the course he got busy again and changed six in one week.

Other classes and dealers' meetings include lectures and motion pictures and discussions on how to run a station efficiently and profitably, and how to sell. Sales of gasoline are an indicator of business, but a successful dealer makes his main profits on lubrication, oil changes and sales of tires, batteries and accessories. There's a lot more to salesmanship at a service station than the casual customer realizes.

The customer, for instance, sees only that the attendant or a couple of attendants are putting gasoline in the tank, polishing the windshield or perhaps brushing off the floorboards. But the well-trained attendant is doing a lot more than that. He takes a good look at the tread on your tires and if one of them has reached the danger point for high-speed driving, he mentions it to you as a safety factor. When he scrubs the windshield, he also inspects your windshield wipers. If they are badly worn, you can save yourself a lot of annoyance and possible danger by having them replaced in a few seconds and at a small cost. When the attendant checks your oil, he holds a rag under the stick and brings it around for your inspection. At the same time he takes a quick look at the tag on your front door frame—showing when you last had an oil change and a lubrication job—and at your speedometer. By comparing the two, he knows whether to remind you that you're due or overdue for an oil change and lubrication. If your oil is dirty, he reminds you that a new oil filter will save money in the long run. We boosted filter sales 25 per cent in one period by such reminders. If there's a lot of mileage on your speedometer, he may point out what few car owners remember—that it is important to change the automatic-transmission oil every 15,000 miles.

Such salesmanship, for my money, is not just a matter of boosting business this week or this month. In the long run it is the difference between satisfied and dissatisfied customers, most of whom know virtually nothing about what goes on under the hoods of their automobiles. They depend on the service station to keep them out of trouble on the road.

My theory is that if a service-station man tells you that you have a weak battery or a leaky brake cylinder, he is trying to help you avoid a breakdown on the road some dark night when you will have to telephone for a rescue crew at a high price.

I try to keep the men in our station thinking along that line, and usually it works out pretty well. In one test period, for instance, we all made a special effort to check the windshield wipers on every car that came into the station and to suggest replacing worn blades. In that period, we boosted sales of wipers by more than 30 per cent.

Well, I've been talking a lot about our customers because I thought there were some things that might amuse them and because I thought there were other things that might be helpful. But I don't want to give the idea that we think we know it all just because the service-station business has grown bigger and more complicated and more high powered. In fact, something happened only a year or so ago that made it clear that station operators have to keep on learning, too, if they want to stay in business.

Esso developed a product called a "motor cleaner." When mixed with the oil, it cleans out the sludge that is likely to form on the bottom of the crankcase pan, especially on cars that are driven only short distances each day. This product was sent on trial to a number of dealers, including one fellow named Harry who runs a station in a small town not far from here. A few days later a salesman visited Harry's station and ran into a torrent of complaint.

"Don't ever send me any more of that motor cleaner!" Harry shouted. "It's no good! In fact, it's terrible!"

The salesman was surprised, because the cleaner had been highly praised elsewhere. He asked Harry how much cleaner he had mixed with the oil.

"Mixed with the oil?" Harry replied. "Hell, I didn't mix it in the oil! It said 'motor cleaner' on the can—so I poured it over the outside of the motor! Never saw such a mess in my life!" THE END

Take a vacation! Professional laundering can save almost two full months of your time spent in washing and ironing . . . every year!

# "You just can't beat the expert touch of a professional laundry"

"Honestly, it's such a treat to open my laundry each week! Shirts, wearing apparel, sheets, pillowcases, towels—all the family work—just *couldn't* be done better than the wonderful job my laundry does for me."

That's why the professional laundryman is so popular with modern homemakers. And he takes such a big workload off their shoulders!

Professional laundries have the facilities for doing the *whole* family wash the way it should be done. New scientific laundering techniques and special laundering products make it possible—products like Wyandotte HALOX,* the newest development in safety bleaching. HALOX is made especially for use in professional laundries.

The same modern methods and products are used by diaper services, too. And what a convenience *they* are to young homemakers!

Why don't you do as millions do? This week—and every week—send *your* family wash to the laundry! You just can't beat the expert touch of a professional laundry!

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

**WYANDOTTE CHEMICALS**
J. B. FORD DIVISION
Wyandotte, Michigan • Los Nietos, California

**Mr. Businessman:**

Get to know linen suppliers—clean *linen* pleases and invites customers. Use a linen-supply service for: crisp, clean restaurant table linens; white cotton uniforms and coats; towels and cotton articles for businesses. Linen-supply service is economical, efficient, dependable. Call in a representative . . . soon!

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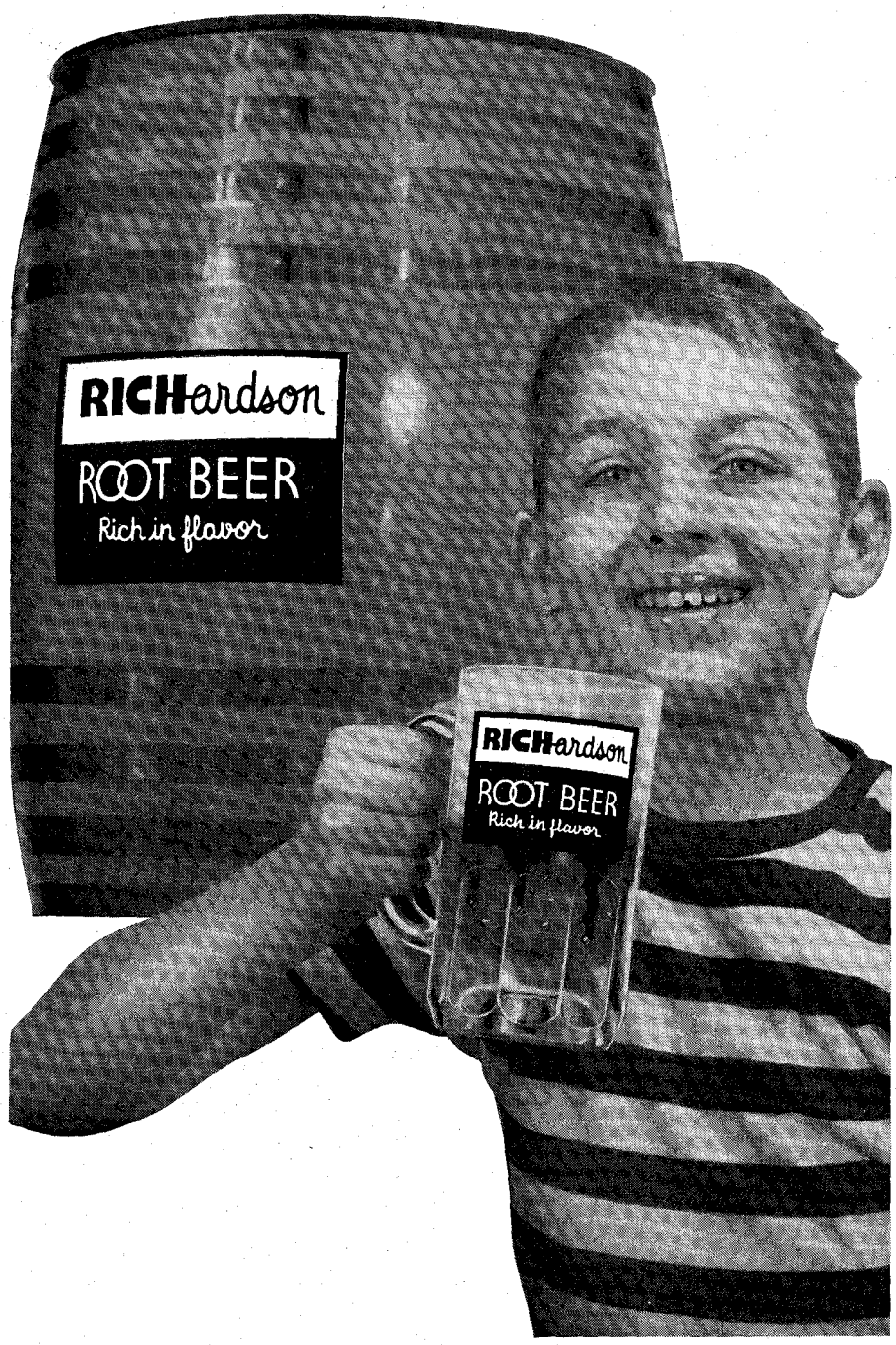
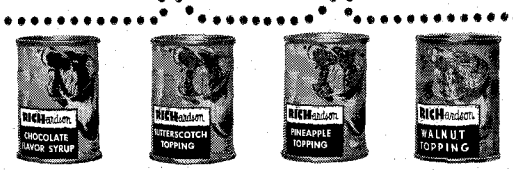



Feel fresh again fast!

(RICHardson's cool, rich, zippy flavor does it)




Now--enjoy 'em at home

Your favorite soda fountain milk shakes, sundaes, sodas in five take-home flavors!

Chocolate • Butterscotch • Strawberry • Pineapple • Walnut

RICHardson Corporation
Rochester 3, N. Y.

# The Case of Prisoner No. 16688

(Continued from Page 21)

The indictment charged not bootlegging but car theft, which entailed heavier penalties. Eaton pleaded guilty and was sentenced to three to ten years in the Indiana State Reformatory at Pendleton. "I didn't steal anything," he still insists, "but if I'd given the real story, me and my partner would have lost the car for using it to bootleg. Anyhow, there was no sense both of us taking the rap. So we both kept mum."

Eaton saw his second wife for the last time in court. While he was serving his sentence she divorced him for another man.

Paroled after twenty-three months, he headed west, riding the rails. There were no jobs. Everywhere the depression lay like a black fog. Along with tens of thousands of other derelicts, he depended for food and a bed at night on the transit camps which the Federal Emergency Relief Administration had set up across the country. In one of them a hobo informed him that those who did find work were expected to repay the Government, and advised him to do what many others did—change his name. The alias he chose was "Carl Rogers." Few sinners ever paid a harsher penalty for petty dishonesty.

As Carl Rogers he drifted to Lordsburg in the spring of 1934. A prospector named Oliver Montgomery, who had leased a silver mine nearby, hired him to operate a hoist at forty cents an hour. Toiling eight to ten hours a day, Eaton earned enough to rent rooms in a ramshackle, Mexican-owned boardinghouse. He fell in love with a Mexican girl, Manuella Villalovos, and took her to live with him.

Montgomery's venture failed, throwing Eaton back on relief. He hit the bottle a good deal. In the course of a lost weekend he took a joy ride with a WPA truck driver. Stopping for gas at a country store, the truck driver helped himself to four used tires. The upshot was a conviction for grand larceny to which they both pleaded guilty. Eaton served almost two years in the state prison at Santa Fe.

From July through the early fall of 1938 "Carl Rogers" worked for the Slick Mining Company, at Lordsburg. In the light of what happened to him two years later, his movements during the first week of October were of crucial importance.

*October 1:* He owed the First National Bank of Lordsburg a six-dollar balance on a ten-dollar loan. He had not yet collected his pay check and the bank granted him an extension. Eaton so notified the two men who had endorsed the note—Harold Scofield, a businessman, and H. Vearle Payne, a lawyer and elder of the Mormon Church.

*October 2:* He worked at the mine until 9:30 P.M. under the supervision of a foreman by the name of Stuhler. When he got back to his lodgings, a drinking party was under way. The guests included Manuella's brother, Frank, and a man named Baker. Eaton joined the merriment. He woke up next day at noon with a hangover. When he reported for work, Stuhler fired him. He hung around all that day and showed up for the night shift in hopes of being reinstated.

*October 3:* Again, he lingered hopefully at the mine. He was not restored to the payroll at that time.

*October 4* (The day Crooks was robbed): It was also what Eaton believed to be Frank Villalovos' birthday. The celebrants, among them two deputy city marshals, Joe McDonald and Joe Sanchez, adjourned to a saloon. A stranger tried to flirt with Manuella, precipitating a brawl. Sanchez and McDonald dragged Eaton away to jail to cool off.

*October 5:* A magistrate fined Eaton $8.75 for disorderly conduct. He did not pay it, but worked it off later cleaning streets.

He collected his pay check, met his bank debt and received the canceled note.

It was toward the end of the following year that coincidence played its most grotesque prank on Eaton. The case of tonic addressed to M. Rogers arrived in Lordsburg. Eaton had been receiving advertising samples from several mail-order houses. The postmaster knew of no other Rogers in the zone—though, in reality, there was a Marion Rogers. He assumed the case to be more of the same intended for "Carl Rogers," and, at his urging, Eaton, in all innocence, carted it away. He eventually distributed the contents among his friends.

That was the total substance of the "mail fraud," for which Eaton was arrested on February 15, 1940. The FBI agent turned up the following week. Realizing, after he interrogated the postmaster, that an honest mistake had been made, the FBI man pursued the investigation of mail fraud no further. But his interest in "Carl Rogers" persisted.

The FBI showed ten assorted rogues'-gallery photographs, among them Eaton's, to Crooks at his home office in Cincinnati. The salesman unhesitatingly picked Eaton's as the second man who had robbed him. Armed with a warrant against "Roy Eaton, alias Dick Wellington, alias Carl Rogers," alleging the Federal crimes of unlawful flight and kidnaping—that is, kidnaping Crooks—a United States deputy marshal escorted the prisoner to a jail at Deming.

Not until a Rock Island sheriff came to Deming after him did Eaton learn of the armed robbery in October, 1940. Though he knew he had been in Lordsburg around that time, he could not immediately dredge up from his memory exact dates or witnesses. He was hopelessly bewildered, ignorant of legal technicalities and unable to reach his friends. He was, moreover, suffering from an infected gall bladder.

Eaton arrived in Rock Island on April seventh. The trial, two months later, was brief and the testimony against him devastating. To his stupefaction, Crooks, looking him straight in the eye, identified him as "Dick Wellington." So did both Bellinger Drew, the Railway Express cashier from Council Bluffs, and W. E. Cunningham, the ticket agent.

Yet, had the local machinery embodied one basic safeguard, Eaton might still have escaped the net woven of coincidence, mischance and his own folly. Like most cities, Rock Island had no public defender or legal-aid system. (The Illinois legislature passed a Public Defender Act in 1950.) Such systems provide indigent defendants with experienced counsel, who receive fees for their services and, in some instances, funds to investigate and procure evidence. Under the alternative system, operating at present in all but sixty-seven cities, the court appoints counsel, who serves for a small fee or none, and usually without investigative funds. In the nature of things, these appointees are likely to be novices.

Eaton was assigned two lawyers, neither of whom had been out of law school more than a few weeks. When state's attorney King introduced his first exhibit—one of the stolen checks—they let it pass without questioning the endorsement. Handwriting analysis would

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have shown, and later did, that it was not Eaton's.

In the weeks preceding the trial, as Eaton began recovering fragments of memory, his lawyers did communicate with a number of Lordsburg people. Vearle Payne, the Mormon lawyer, inspected the Slick Mining payroll for October, 1938. It showed that Eaton had worked there through the second. Payne also questioned Frank Villalovos, who said that Eaton had attended his birthday party on the fourth. Villalovos and the other members of the party were willing to testify, but none of them could afford the trip.

Eaton did not have the price of a square meal, let alone fare for half a dozen witnesses. Nor could their depositions help. In criminal cases documents alone are not admissible. They must be accompanied by witnesses subject to examination. The rule is reasonable. Any well-organized gangster could produce documents by the carload. However, for a defendant with no means of bringing witnesses to court, the outlook can be bleak indeed. In effect, Eaton was penalized for poverty. A public-defense system could have prevented this.

The memories of two other episodes from his life in Lordsburg came back to Eaton—his disorderly-conduct arrest on October fourth, and the bank loan. But his luck ran bad to the last. The docket showed the dates he was under sentence—January 10 to 19, 1939, when he worked off the fine. It contained no reference, however, to the date of his conviction. As for the loan, while the bank officers and the endorsers all remembered it, they could not place the dates. Eaton had lost the canceled note. "I knew then I was licked," he says.

The sentence of one year to life which Judge Nels A. Larson imposed was then mandatory for armed robbery in Illinois. It would be up to the Parole Board to fix a "set," or period of time, before Eaton could be considered for parole. That kind of sentence has since been declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. Had Judge Larson been free to exercise discretion, it is unlikely that he would have given Eaton more than two or three years. The Parole Board fixed his set at fifteen years.

"When I went to Joliet," Eaton recalls, "I could hardly get through the alphabet without stumbling. I figured if I was ever going to clear myself, I'd have to get educated somehow."

Sickness impeded his early efforts. A prison surgeon removed his gall bladder. All his teeth had to be extracted. Later, he underwent a mastoid operation, and he developed ulcers from which he still suffers. But by the end of his second year behind bars he could read and write with facility. He used his new-found skills to study law books bought out of the eight to ten dollars a month he earned in the prison tailoring shop.

During the next decade Eaton launched a Niagara of motions and appeals, petitions for a writ of habeas corpus, a writ of error, a post-conviction hearing and damage suits against state and Federal officials.

Without exception, his arguments fell on skeptical ears. The officials named in the damage suits were not suable, and the only legal question raised by most of the petitions was whether his constitutional rights had been violated, which they had not. He refused to accept defeat.

Eaton came to be disliked by prison officials and other inmates alike as a querulous nuisance. Practically all new prisoners protest their innocence, but eventually resign themselves and adjust to prison life. Eaton showed no signs of ever subsiding. Prison psychiatrists diagnosed his persistence as psychopathic. Nothing, however, could break his spirit. "I thought I'd go insane," he says, "unless I could get somebody to believe me."

In 1947, seven years after his conviction, somebody did. Eaton at this point had a petition before the Federal Court in Chicago. The judge appointed Robert J. Gorman as *amicus curiae*, or friend of the court, to advise him as to its merits. Gorman was a twenty-nine-year-old lawyer with a wife and child who was struggling to rebuild his practice after serving overseas as an officer on General Eisenhower's staff. Plodding through Eaton's inexpert, tortuous plea, Gorman thought he discerned the ring of truth.

The petition was turned down, but Gorman could not dismiss his hunch. He finally visited Eaton in Joliet. The interview dispelled his last doubt, and he offered to fight for him. On that task he was to expend thousands of working hours and some $300 of his slim savings.

Eaton had already done an enormous amount of detective work in his own behalf. His memory of events on the day of the crime now intact, he had written for verification to everybody he knew in Lordsburg. Though inadmissible as trial evidence, he reasoned, their affidavits should at least weigh with the Parole Board. The trail was cold. Many witnesses, among them the Villalovoses, had left town. Others were dead. He tried to obtain a copy of the Slick Mining payroll. The company no longer existed, its records had been destroyed by fire. At the suggestion of a former company bookkeeper, Eaton had next applied to the Employment Security Commission of New Mexico. The reply verified his employment in Lordsburg on October 2, 1938.

Checking train, plane and auto routes, Gorman satisfied himself that even with unlimited funds and traveling nonstop, Eaton could not have covered the hundreds of miles to Rock Island by the fourth, let alone return to Lordsburg in time for the Villalovos shindig on that day. With this contention he hurried to the Parole Board. What he was told there staggered him—a bottle bearing Eaton's fingerprints had been found near the scene of the crime. In the state attorney general's office in Chicago he heard the same story. But a moment's reflection reassured him. Why, if such a damning piece of evidence existed, had not State's Attorney King introduced it at the trial? He announced that he would subpoena the bottle. At this the attorney general inquired further. The bottle, he then admitted, was a pure figment of rumor. Gorman demanded another parole hearing. He never got it.

In a maneuver of sheer desperation, Gorman helped Eaton file a scorching civil-rights suit in United States District Court, demanding damages of $200,000. There was little chance of victory, but Gorman hoped the resultant publicity would focus attention on Prisoner No. 16688. The gamble paid off. Gorman won an ally in an unexpected quarter—State's Attorney Bernard J. Moran, of Rock Island County, who had succeeded King on his death in 1948.

Nobody had opposed Eaton's petitions more vigorously than Moran. But, piqued by this latest blast, he re-examined the dossier. One fact struck him at once. In the entire mass of litigation Eaton had never varied his original story by a single detail, a consistency rare among the guilty. Meeting Gorman, he was further moved by the lawyer's passionate faith in his client.

Moran is a towering, ruggedly handsome man of forty-five, with a voice like a church organ and the bearing of a Roman senator. His political future is generally considered to be bright. During the war he served in the Pacific as a Navy lieutenant. Married to a former court stenographer, he has six children. He takes very seriously the dual function of his office, which is to protect the innocent as well as to prosecute the guilty. Accompanied by his wife, Elinor, who took notes, he went to see Eaton.

Moran made a promise. If Eaton would submit to a lie-detector test and it proved favorable—in itself not legally acceptable evidence—he would reopen the case. Eaton asked nothing better. The report of the test: "Roy Eaton did not commit the robbery and kidnaping of James L. Crooks."

Moran wrote to J. Edgar Hoover, requesting the co-operation of the FBI. He got it. "I doubt," Moran remarked recently, "that the FBI ever worked harder to catch a public enemy than they did to

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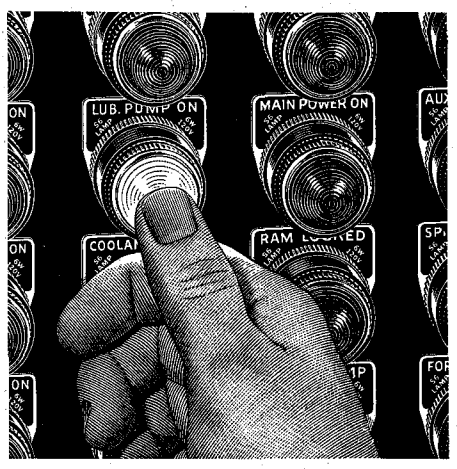


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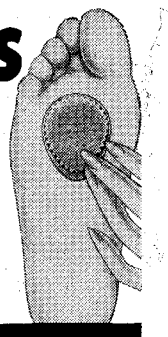

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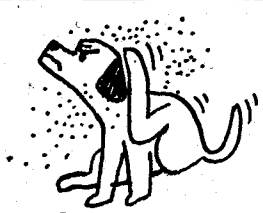

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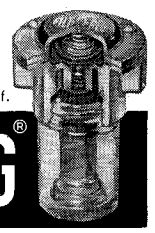

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confirm Eaton's alibi." More than thirty agents followed leads from Texas to Honolulu. In Honolulu they traced the real Carl Rogers, the listing of whose name had misdirected them in the first place. At about the same time Moran unearthed the long-buried letter from chief of detectives Taylor. They had the stolen checks analyzed, and learned that Eaton could not have endorsed them.

They also drew a good many blanks. They could not persuade Louis Burrall to talk. Frank and Manuella Villalovos, whom they located in El Paso, Texas, had undergone a strange change of heart toward Eaton. They denied carousing with him at any birthday party. Frank, in fact, said his birthday was March twenty-fifth, not October fourth, and Manuella indicated she would not succor her former lover if she could. The FBI report was assessed as inconclusive.

The last fading chance, Moran decided, narrowed down to Burrall. And in 1955 Burrall was granted a "conditional release" from Leavenworth. The qualifying adjective raised a hope in Moran's mind. He sent for the convict. He gently reminded him that he had never been indicted for either the Becker Army Store or the Crooks robbery. Burrall got the point. He dictated a full confession which stood up when he repeated it, at Moran's insistence, before a lie detector. He is at large today.

"Dick Wellington," the confession ran, was John Boyce Davis, a felon Burrall had met in the Iowa State Penitentiary. The Crooks robbery was mounted on the spur of the moment. The two bandits fled together as far as Denver, where they whacked up the proceeds and separated.

Moran had no difficulty finding Davis. Two months after parting from Burrall, Davis had robbed a post office in Irvington, Illinois—the latest of fifteen assorted burglaries and assaults with which he had been charged since 1925—and was now serving a sentence of twenty-five years in the Federal Penitentiary on McNeil Island, Washington. Moran, with his wife, flew there. At first sight of Davis, she gasped, "Why, you look like Roy Eaton!"

The resemblance was indeed startling—build, walk, eyes, hair receding at the temples, complexion, speech. It was no longer a mystery to the state's attorney how three witnesses came to misidentify Eaton.

Davis furiously repudiated Burrall's story. But Moran did not need his corroboration. He was confident that a parole or a pardon for Eaton would now be automatic. To his dismay, Eaton declined to accept either. "That would imply guilt," he protested. "I've fought too long to settle for less than complete vindication."

His obduracy posed a tough technical problem for Moran. How to free a prisoner who has already exhausted nearly every remedy under the law, but refuses both parole and pardon? Moran ransacked the legal cupboard. He could find but a single remaining remedy, and that a dubious one. When new evidence can be presented which, if known at the outset, would have prevented the sentence, the defendant can petition for a writ of *coram nobis* ("by the same court"). Such recourse is valid, however, only within two years of the trial, or if the prisoner suffered duress. "Had anybody chosen to contest the petition," Moran admitted afterward, "damned if I know how it could have been defended."

But after perusing Burrall's confession, Judge Leonard E. Telleen agreed to the unusual hearing. Moran and Gorman were waiting nervously in the Rock Island court, on the afternoon of last April fourth, when a deputy marshal delivered Eaton from Joliet in handcuffs. Moran moved that the original judgment be vacated. There was no discussion. The handcuffs came off, and Eaton, trembling, his eyes misted, walked out of the courtroom into a clear, bright evening, a free man at fifty-two.

Eaton's total capital was thirty-seven dollars he had saved from his prison labor, plus the stake—in his case fifty dollars—that prisoners receive when released. A road contractor has since offered him a job as a flagman, but his health will not permit it. He pins his future hopes on the state legislature, which will consider his request for compensation next January. He spends most of his time in Gorman's office planning his petition. Gorman found a doctor to give him sorely needed treatment without fee, and at last reports Gorman was still supporting Eaton.

The lesson of the case of Prisoner No. 16688, as state's attorney Moran himself sees it, is this: "It will forever illustrate that no case involving the liberty of a human being is routine, and that the defendant as well as the state often needs an investigation to secure evidence and experienced counsel to present it. Without this, the right of a constitutional trial may be empty." THE END

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# Our Tax Laws Make Us Dishonest

(Continued from Page 27)

so much controversy—matched only, perhaps, by the argument over whether a man like Cash McCall would ever really fall in love with a girl like Lory Austen—and the no less active debate over the naming of the best actor to play the Cash McCall role in the movie that RKO will make of the book.

Momentarily sidestepping such admittedly important questions, I'd like to suggest that there may be more involved in this novel than the quick and casual reader may see. In fact, I'll go as far as to say that, despite my use of Cash McCall's name as a title, the questions that are directly aroused by his actions are not the ones I regard as being the most vital.

At least they are not the questions that kept clawing at my mind during the three years when I was trying to think my way through the issues that are the real heart of the book. What I continually asked myself were the questions behind the questions. Why do we have a situation in this country where it is so often more profitable to sell a company—yes, even to destroy it by liquidation—than to go on operating it as a useful and productive entity? And why, on the other side of the coin, should it be so desirable for other companies to make corporate purchases and affect mergers that are so obviously a violation of common sense? Why should a wrecked and mismanaged company be more valuable because of the loss it has piled up, than as a sound and going concern? Why do we have men like Cash McCall? What circumstances produced them?

The single answer to all these questions is, I'm sure, quite obvious. The situations suggested, and hundreds of others no less pertinent, all arise from a common source. They are the surface symptoms of a malignant growth upon the social body—this cancerous thing that we will call the Federal tax structure—income, estate, et cetera.

And when I call it a malignant growth, I am not indulging in careless hyperbole. In my view, that's what it's been—the cancerous wild-cell spawning of confused and contradictory legislation, tax-court decisions and administrative acts. The charge of malignancy is further justified because, as is so often true of cancerous growths, its deadliness is frequently unobserved until the illness is far advanced. That, I think, is the case here. We do, of course, hear much talk about the financial inequities of our tax structure—they are obvious and admitted by all, and I shall not labor that point. What is apparently less obvious, but in my view even more important, is the plain fact that our Federal tax structure is responsible for a progressively more and more serious deterioration of the moral and ethical standards of a substantial segment of our citizenry. To me, the financial inequities of the tax structure are far outweighed by moral iniquities that it encourages.

Surely one of the prime purposes of law, at least in my layman's view, is to provide standards of acceptable conduct, reference points which will serve as guides to reasonable righteous action. Progress in the perfection of our legal system has been in the direction of improving the placement and legibility of those ethical signposts. That, most assuredly, has not been true in the growth of our Federal tax structure. Here the signposts are not only illegible—and becoming more so all the time—but they are so placed that they direct men away from doing things that we all accept as being right and just and sound, and send them on in the direction of the devious evasions and circumventions that the code actually encourages. Instead of the law being a guide to the clear road, it leads us into a maze—and the farther we go, the more confusing the maze becomes, and the harder it is to find the end point of fairness and justice. What we have created is not a good climate for the souls of men.

In a great many ways we have a situation much like the one that arose during Prohibition, where a general breakdown in mass morality and ethics eventually became more serious than the simple illegality of alcoholic beverages. Bad laws produce bad men. Even good men, in a bad moral climate, are inclined to lose their ethical orientation.

It was not until I was well into the writing of Cash McCall that I became acutely aware of how bad the situation really is. In the beginning, I was principally intrigued by the dramatic possibilities inherent in Cash McCall's activities. However, to get the background that was necessary if I was to write the book, I began to travel around the country, interviewing literally hundreds of men and women—business executives, investors, bankers, tax experts, management consultants, university professors, economists and, of course, a great many lawyers, because the farther I went, the more conscious I became that it was the legal structure—or more accurately, the lack of legal structure—that was basically responsible for the debasing of our ethical standards and the eroding of our traditional code of commercial morality. My interest in what was happening became so sharp that I was carried far beyond the boundaries of my original research intention, far beyond what I needed to write my book, far beyond anything that is reflected in the book.

I particularly recall a long interview one afternoon in New York when the president of a large corporation told me, in confidence, of a deal that his company was about to consummate—the setting up of a collapsible corporation, liquidating another corporation; then the merging of a corporate shell with no substantial assets other than an enormous accumulated operating loss. The end result, the whole purpose of this legal hocus-pocus, was to wind up exactly where they had started out, but, along the way, to avoid the payment of something like a million dollars in Federal taxes. It was a legally clever maneuver and I offered what I hoped was an appropriate compliment, and then asked, "But down in your heart, sir, don't you honestly feel that in chiseling the Government out of a million dollars you're doing something that is morally wrong?"

I shall never forget the look of shock on his face. It was obvious that the thought had never occurred to him. His self-protective reaction, of course, was to flash back angrily. "What do you mean—wrong? We retain one of the best law firms in New York and both they and our tax accountants assure us that what we are doing is absolutely legal."

And then I asked him this question: "Have we got to the point now where legality is our accepted definition of morality—where a thing is morally right simply because it is legally defensible?"

Has the income-tax code become the Bible of our faith? Does the voice of conscience speak only in the words of the Internal Revenue Service? If so, we've come to a bad state—and, in many quarters, I'm afraid we have.

In a somewhat similar case, differing in detail, but alike in its objective—they're not at all difficult to find, you know—I had a long and very revealing talk with one of the senior partners in the law firm that represented the corporation involved. I asked him substantially the same questions that I had asked the president of that first company. This lawyer's reply was a retort to which I had, by then, become well accustomed—that the concern of the bar had to be the law, that morals and ethics were something outside the province of the bar and better left to philosophers and ministers of the gospel. When I persisted, he shifted into his second-line defense—demanding precise and hair-splitting definitions of just what I meant by morality and legality. I didn't propose to be drawn into that intellectual chess game—one that has been practiced without tangible result by at least a dozen generations of legal philosophers—so I simply asked him this question: "When you pull off one of these fancy tax deals and it's all over, do you feel deep within yourself a great sense of satisfaction in having been called to this honorable profession of the practice of law?"

He came back with one of those brittle professional wisecracks—you can imagine its nature—but I let that pass and he sat there looking at me silently, the smile finally fading from his face. And then he said, "When I was a young man, I started out to practice criminal law. I dropped it because I found it personally distasteful. There are a great many times now when I'm sure I made the wrong decision."

A well-known Wilmington lawyer told me substantially the same thing—perhaps a little more colorfully—when he said to me, "The practice of tax law these days requires the constant taking of antiemetics."

Cynical humor is sometimes an effective sedative for the troubled mind, but it is poor balm for the souls of men.

Many lawyers to whom I talked, some privately and confidentially, but many quite openly, confessed their distaste for tax practice. Some have gone so far as simply to step out of the picture and let the tax accountants take over, by default if not by decision. It is difficult for the layman to escape the impression that, by so doing, they are rejecting an unrejectable professional requirement. The responsibility for the pursuit of justice cannot be so easily escaped.

But even there, I am not so certain that escape is more blameworthy than a blind acceptance of the status quo—common not only to the bar but to so many other professional, political and business groups. Everywhere there are men and women who recognize the state of affairs into which we have so blindly drifted, but the frightening thing is that so many of them are saying, "But what can we do about it? It's too late now. We're stuck with it. We have to live with it. What else can we do?"

Maybe they're right—maybe there is no choice under today's political situation—but I just don't happen to believe it. I'm not ready yet to abandon my faith in our democratic form of government. I'm not ready to believe that just because we've drifted into a mess like this, it's impossible to get out, that we have to go on forever submitting to a situation created by this aimless, pointless, planless hodgepodge of law, half-law and no-law, that the Federal tax structure has become. I still have faith in the American legal system. I'm not ready yet completely to hand over the pursuit of justice to bureaucratic administrators, tax accountants and Washington economists.

Now I haven't anything against the harassed and generally capable administrators of the Internal Revenue Service—they're doing their best to carry out an all but impossible assignment—and to paraphrase a common expression, some of my best friends are accountants and economists—but I just don't happen to like letting them run my life.

And some people, I fear, are failing to see how far we have gone in that direction—how far we have permitted our lives, both individual and corporate, to be molded to fit the accountants' tax return and the economists' dream plan for a Utopian world.

One of my more recent interviews provided a most revealing experience. I happened to be with the chairman of the board of a large Pittsburgh concern and, at my suggestion, we sat down and went over the minutes of their directors' meetings, examining every major action that had been taken over the past several years, and trying to determine how much each decision had been influenced by the Federal tax structure. When we were through, it was quite evident that almost every move had been substantially affected, if not primarily motivated, by tax considerations.

For example, two smaller companies were acquired and a whole new line of diversification opened up. Why? Because it was a good move from the standpoint of taxes. Would it have been done otherwise? No. A new factory was built. Why? Because a special depreciation situation made it desirable taxwise. Would it have been done otherwise? Probably not. An unusually large appropriation for some rather pointless research was voted. Why? Because that year's tax situation made it such a bargain that it couldn't be passed up. A stock-option plan was created for major executives. The minutes stated that it was done in order to give those executives a greater interest in the success of the company. Common sense said that it was an attempt to reduce their tax burdens. Would this have been done if our tax laws realistically faced the right of man to be adequately rewarded for his services, openly and honestly? No. And so it went, page after page, and decision after decision.

When we had finished, this chairman of the board looked at me with a strangely bewildered expression on his face and said, "This is a shock to me. I've known, of course, that the tax situation was affecting a lot of our decisions, but, frankly,

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## In a Hospital Nursery

By Vonna Hicks Adrian

The plate-glass barrier
muffled sound,
But not the flooding tide of
red
Anguish that your wailing
spread
Across your petal face. You
frowned

And tensed yourself, your
fist tight curled.
It was as if you only took
One filmy, out-of-focus
look—
And judged ill weather ruled
the world.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

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I never realized before how completely the tax code has become the real controlling force in the management of this business. It's a frightening thing to contemplate."

It is a frightening thing.

We Americans have risen upon more than one occasion to fight off threats of governmental planning and state control, but I submit that no scheme of master planning that has ever been dreamed up in this country has even proposed to go as far as the tax structure has already gone in its restrictive, warping, distorting effect upon sound business management. The result is no less noticeable upon the life of any materially successful individual.

There are times when I think that it might almost be better if we had had some Government planning, because most of the worst aspects of what we now have are the plain result of a lack of planning—this cancerlike wild-cell growth of law and pseudo-law so obviously unguided by policy or principle.

As almost invariably happens when you have bad law—not only unfair and blatantly discriminatory but also vague and ambiguous and contradictory—there is an almost inescapable tendency to look upon it as a challenge to ingenuity, a game to be played, a game to be won by cleverness and guile. In that circumstance, the very unfairness of the law becomes an accepted moral justification to break it, evade it or avoid it.

We have gone a very long way in that direction. If you want to know how far, start looking for a man whose conscience is really bothering him because he has discovered a way to do the Government out of some tax money and get away with it.

But what happens when you can't get away with it? Suppose you've lost your case in the tax court. There's still a remedy. You just go to Congress, plead special hardship or obvious discrimination, and you've an excellent chance of obtaining some kind of preferential treatment. Hundreds upon hundreds of individuals, corporations, industries and trade groups have done just that. Thus, the bad structure of the original code has been made even more flimsy by being shot through with preferential exceptions. Why has this happened? In the main, I am convinced, because the majority of congressmen feel in their hearts that present income-tax rates are grossly unfair to business enterprises and high-rating individuals. Political expediency, of course, counsels against openly reducing rates in those brackets, but conscience nudges our legislators into this endless granting of special preferential exceptions—which the mass of low-income voters are unlikely to hear about. Even when the preferences allowed are justifiable, as some are not, the end result is almost invariably that for every discrimination relieved, a dozen new ones are created. One man's loophole becomes another man's trap.

A particularly bad aspect of this situation is that every time someone is given preferential treatment a voice is silenced against crying out for the drafting of a new tax code, solidly based upon equity for all. The man who has beaten the game by getting the jump on his neighbor is usually content to lie back and preserve the status quo for fear that he'll lose his own special advantage. But in the end, of course, we wind up with everyone getting some kind of special treatment, and the result is a mess that gets worse and worse.

Recently, there seemed to be some hope that Congress was finally awakening to the need for some fundamental thinking on policy and principle. A committee on tax policy was created—a subcommittee of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report—and there were hearings for two weeks, the essence of which can be found in a document prepared for the subcommittee by eighty-four of the nation's leading economists and others who indulge in financially philosophic speculation. I doubt that many of you will follow my example in reading this rather astounding document—there are some 930 pages—but if you do you will find in it, as I did, the startling evidence of a whole new attitude toward taxation.

I had always naïvely thought that taxation was justified by the need to raise revenue. Oh, no! That's an old-fashioned view now. Revenue is a necessary but almost secondary consideration.

The really important function of taxation is to serve as a device for controlling the national economy—an instrument by which you preserve prosperity, guaranteeing just the right flow of investment capital, proprietary spending, consumer consumption, et cetera, et cetera—always maintaining precisely the correct pitch of inflation or deflation. All this is done, you see, by withdrawing a carefully calculated total amount of money from the economy. How you withdraw it, or from whom, is apparently judged to be relatively unimportant.

The shocking thing to me—I acknowledge as before to being a little naïve—was that the overwhelming bulk of that report witnesses absolutely no concern whatsoever for the right of the individual to be taxed with fairness and justice. I've gone on all these years laboring under the impression that, in a democracy, the individual is important. I thought there would be something repulsively un-American about submerging the individual and making him no more than a taxpayer's code number in a state-controlled master plan for the manipulation of the national economy. But apparently not. The Bill of Rights sounds a little strange after it has been rewritten by the economists.

But there is one truism that history teaches us—when law loses its respect for the individual, the individual loses his respect for the law. The ethical erosion usually starts mildly and on a small scale. Let's examine the progressive moral deterioration of a more or less typical individual. He usually begins by attempting a small evasion—takes a friend out for lunch and charges it up on his tax return as "entertainment." Why not? It's only five dollars—and his friend probably does it when he takes him out to lunch.

But the next time it's dinner at home. If a lunch at a restaurant is deductible, why not a dinner at home? Of course, there are ten other people invited, too, but who can say that they aren't all prospective customers—and, anyway, it's only fifty dollars. Reasonable? Of course.

The next week is his wedding anniversary, so he takes his wife to New York to see a few shows and have a little fling. New York is expensive these days—darned shame it can't be deductible—but wait! If they'd invite old Caleb Jones and his wife to go along, it would be deductible. Old Cal and his wife are dreadful bores— he'd never in the world suggest inviting them if it weren't for the tax situation—but old Cal does have a lot of connections—and if that doesn't make entertaining old Cal and his wife deductible, what does? Don't all businesses deduct the cost of maintaining their contacts with potentially important sources of new business?

Old Cal is a bore, but he isn't dumb. He's just bought a big motor cruiser—goes down to Florida every winter. How about coming down for a week in February? An imposition? No, you'd really be doing him a favor. You see, he has to have a certain number of names on the guest book in order to prove to the tax examiner that the cost of running his yacht is deductible—and the competition for legitimate guests is getting pretty rough these days, everyone's after them.

Well, they have a fine time in Florida—and, of course, they have to entertain Old Cal when they get back up North—and in a style to which Cal has accustomed them—and, of course, that has to be deductible, too—couldn't afford it otherwise—and, after all, there is such a thing as fairness and equity, putting every citizen on a comparable footing.

Along about now our subject may catch himself off guard and feel a slight twinge of conscience, but suddenly everything is clarified. He gets an announcement that this year's convention is going to be in London—hurrah, a deductible trip to Europe! And with the association sponsoring it—well, it must be all right. Some of the biggest men in the country are behind it, men of unquestioned integrity.

Now our friend is on firm ground. If he can get away with deducting a five-thousand-dollar trip to Europe, surely no tax examiner would ever have the nerve to say that the new rug for his office can't be charged off as repair and maintenance instead of a capital investment to be depreciated. After all, it's only four hundred dollars—with the Government paying half, it's really only two—and when you think what other people are getting away with—well, what's two hundred dollars? Peanuts!

And it's all kind of fun, too—sort of a game, just seeing how much you can get away with. Of course, you can never be sure—new decisions and rulings coming out all the time, you have to keep on your toes—but, after all, that just adds to the sport. If there's ever any doubt in his mind, he can always take today's standard counsel for a troubled taxpayer: "Try it and see what happens." That's Rule No. 1. Here's Rule No. 2: "Always be sure that you put a phony somewhere in your tax return, so the examiner will have something to knock out!"

Gradually—sometimes not so gradually—this attitude seeps over into other sections of our subject's brain—unconsciously, subconsciously, but inevitably corrosive. But why worry about it, he asks. Isn't everyone else doing it—living by their wits and letting the Government give them a wholesale discount on anything that's deductible?

The only fly in the ointment is that there are still a few stodgy old characters around who are saying that we ought to scrap the whole Federal tax structure and start over again, building a new code based on the same foundation of moral guidance and ethical dealing that we apply to the rest of our lives. Sure, you say, that all sounds very high-minded, but not very practical. And that would be a fine mess, wouldn't it? Just when we get all the deduction angles figured out, somebody comes along and tries to upset the applecart.

Why don't men like Cameron Hawley stick to writing novels and quit making speeches? What's the matter with him anyway? A writer ought to have a pretty good tax setup—lot of deductions. And he's got a big farm in Lancaster County—breeds beef cattle—capital gains on all the breeding stock he sells. What's the matter, doesn't he know when he's well off?

Do you know what's the matter with Cameron Hawley? He just doesn't like living in this kind of moral climate—and he's thoroughly convinced that there are hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of other old-fashioned Americans who don't like it either.

If I may presume to speak for those people, we would like some leadership in a movement to start something doing about it. We would like to restore personal integrity to this nation we love. We would like to return to the guidance of ethics and morality that has always been, and always must be, the cornerstone of a workable American democracy. And since we, as laymen, look to the practice of law as the pursuit of justice, we look to the American bar for that leadership. We hope we will find it. THE END

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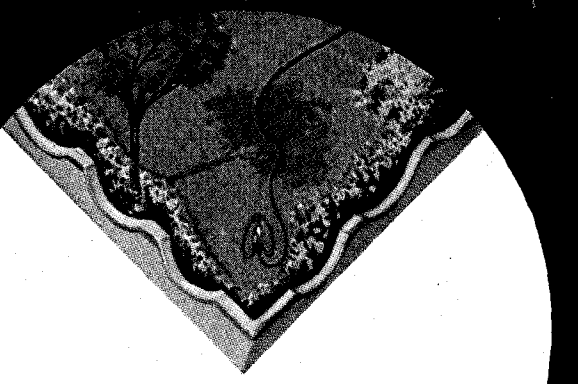
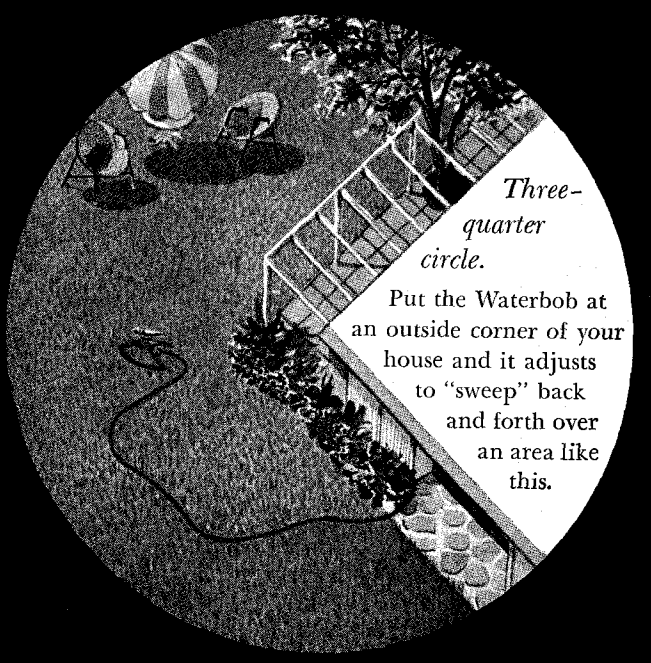


*Quarter circle.* You can adjust the Green Spot Waterbob to water a right-angled area like this—soaks the ground without wetting your neighbor's yard.

# CAN YOUR SPRINKLER MAKE



*Three-quarter circle.* Put the Waterbob at an outside corner of your house and it adjusts to "sweep" back and forth over an area like this.

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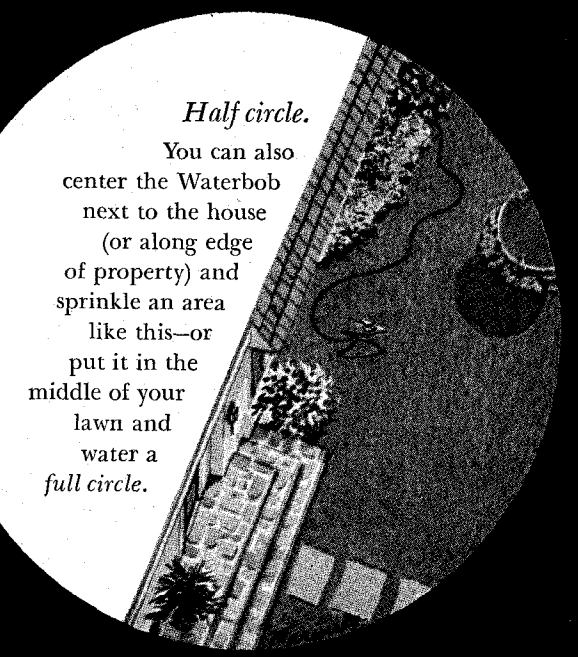

*Half circle.* You can also center the Waterbob next to the house (or along edge of property) and sprinkle an area like this—or put it in the middle of your lawn and water a *full circle.*

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# Keeping Posted

## That's One Broadcast John Daly Won't Forget

*Vintage photo of John Daly (left); a moment later, his life was in peril.*

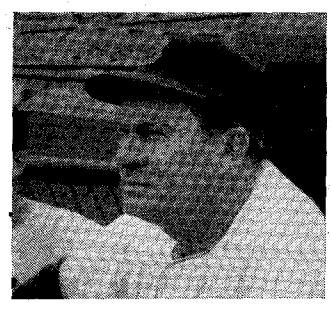
Let's begin with that photo; it shows a wartime CBS broadcast being made from Fort Benning, Georgia, in 1941, and it was taken just before an explosion scared the daylights out of all concerned. In the Army pontoon on the Chattahoochee River are: John Daly, now of ABC-TV fame, actor Burgess Meredith, the late Wyllis Cooper, who wrote the show being broadcast, and director Bill Slocum, who wrote the story about Daly being featured on page 28. Slocum says he appears to be giving orders like a director, but he can't believe he wasted time doing that to pros like Daly and Meredith. "Probably I was discussing our night's plans, for I am pointing longingly at that ancient Alabama citadel of refined amusement, Phenix City."

So then, as part of the broadcast, the Army engineers blew up a huge tree, and a fifty-pound chunk inadvertently went hurtling right past Daly's head, horribly close. Slocum recalls, "Daly turned green, but went right on talking without dropping a sylabble"—"syllable" was spelled that way in the author's letter, so he must still be trembling. Slocum calls attention to the luxuriant hair then possessed by Daly and himself; he says Daly still has about as much as he needs, whereas Slocum's own remains profuse, but has silver threads among the black, or blacks among the silver.

Slocum describes Daly as easy and hard to interview. Easy because Daly says what he believes; hard because, being a veteran journalist, he was wise to all of Slocum's low tricks of questioning. Being old friends was no help, for thus Daly lost an interviewee's right to dodge occasional questions with double-talk, and the interviewer couldn't slip over any verbal curve-ball. Still, that relationship seems more helpful than being old enemies.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

"Savvy Skipper of the Red Sox"



*In 1955, rookie manager Higgins surprised everybody by bidding for the flag. How far can the Boston pilot go this season?*

## Ben Stahl Wins Long-Distance Championship

*Kilker, stepladder, Stahl painting.*

The quality of art is not determined by the size of a canvas and the Post doesn't pay illustrators by the square foot. This being settled, let's report that one day a great packing case, shipped by Ben Stahl, was laboriously shoehorned into the office of Associate Art Editor Frank Kilker, and Kilker's first startled thought was that Stahl had sent him a ping-pong table. The contents proved to be the illustration which, hand in hand with Margaret Craven's story, journeys across pages 34 and 35. Stahl was promptly enshrined as the Post's all-time square-feet champion, and assured that he had painted very well to boot.

As many of this man's Post illustrations have been on medium, even small, canvases, why this cross-country operation? Stahl, usually to be found in Sarasota, Florida, was located for questioning near Malaga, Spain; there, temporarily, he is painting, his wife homemaking, his younger children tutoring, and the dog assimilating dog food. Stahl pointed out that the figures in his picture aren't especially big, but that when he came to plan the relative width of the composition to cross two Post pages, it went way over yonder. "Actually," he says, "I find I paint with more freedom when I paint large." Then, too, subject matter affects size. He says a still life of, say, some small jewels can't conceivably be done on a huge canvas—"On the other hand, can you imagine a miniature of the Grand Canyon?" By Stahl, it probably would be exquisite, but let's not start an argument.

The Stahls are dwelling in Spain while he continues work on illustrations for a series of Bibles which are being published by The Catholic Press of Chicago; he has done sixty-seven of them so far. He wanted to paint in Palestine, but the political situation there is too fidgety; besides, the Spanish landscape resembles Palestine, the Mediterranean is blue 200 feet below his house, and things that cost $5 in the U.S. are $1.50 there—an admirable Spanish condition extolled in a Post article last April twenty-first. "Also, the people are delightful—Spain is the only place in Europe where Americans get smiles and waves as they drive along." The Stahl children are now speaking with three accents simultaneously: British, from their current tutor; Southern drawl, from Florida, a native Yankee twang, from Connecticut. It sounds swell.

*The Stahls in fascinating Spain.*

## A Weatherman to End All Weathermen

The trouble with weather forecasters is that they have one-track minds; if they would predict several different kinds of weather, people could take their choice and be happy, and the forecasts would be right as well as wrong.

This trouble is rapidly being corrected by Eric Hatch of page 22. For years an admiring public has considered his profession to be writing. Now he imparts the startling information that, having moved his family northward from the tropics to live permanently in the lair of his forefathers, Connecticut, he has tacked on another profession by purchasing and voting himself president of radio station WBIS in Bristol. He voted his wife, Connie, vice-president and treasurer; and his sons, Kent and Jonathon are Cub Scouts. So it has come to pass that President Hatch, among his other duties, finds himself doing a daily weather show. And in order to give his forecasts liberal scientific support, he uses U.S. Weather Bureau reports, homemade meteorological instruments, and a Bavarian weather machine in which a little gent with an umbrella pops out of a house if it is going to rain. The magnificent result is that WBIS frequently issues three different forecasts on the same program for the same day. All contradictory.

The weather genius hedges, "I wouldn't really call myself a meteorologist, because so far I haven't had any meteors."

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